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THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

A CHRISTMAS SERMON

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I

WHEN I gave a lecture with this title to the Fabian Society in London, during the most miserable period of the war, my very chairman began by protesting that happiness must not be pursued. There we were, all of us unhappy together in the midst of a great unhappy city, with another great unhappy city hating us and plotting against us overseas — both cities doing their duty as bitterly as they could and preferring it to happiness, as men have always done for thousands of years; and still my chairman must needs protest against the temptation of my title. If I or anyone else, he thought, could once persuade men to pursue happiness, they would be following the shadow and losing the substance forever.

That is what the divines and moralists have been telling us for centuries. Even the painters — at least the bad ones — have supported them; they have painted their allegorical pictures of mankind vainly pursuing happiness in the form of a winged elf or will-o'-the-wisp; and men have looked at these pictures, however ill painted, and said, 'How true!'

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A

But were all these warnings needed? Were not the divines and moralists and painters preaching to the converted? If I read history, if I observe other men or myself to-day, it does not seem to me that we are in much danger of pursuing happiness, or that we have profited much in body or soul by our refusal to pursue it.

The Germans, for instance, refused firmly to pursue happiness when they seemed to have a good chance of attaining it. Mr. Owen Wister, in his *Pentecost of Calamity*, tells us how their orderly well-being before the war made him wish to be a German rather than an Englishman or a Frenchman or even an American. They seemed to have learned a secret unknown to the rest of us, a secret from their own orchestras, the best in the world; they did all things with momentum and purpose and power — and we know what use at last they chose to make of their power. If they had used it in the pursuit of happiness, would they have done worse by themselves or the rest of mankind? They have suffered so much that now there can be no word or feeling for them but pity. And we in England, who seemed to have the world at our feet after

Waterloo — should we have done worse if we had pursued happiness instead of riches? Should we have been less rich than we are? It may be that, if we pursued happiness, we should miss it; it is certain that, in pursuing riches, we made poverty, just as the Germans, in pursuing power, have put themselves at the mercy of their enemies.

But let us leave the present and the immediate past and consider the evidence of religion all through the ages. In all the diversity of religions many must be false; they must express the instincts rather than the reason of mankind. If men had ever been in danger of pursuing happiness, they would have made happy, false religions for themselves and would have rejected them only when they proved disastrous. If you must tell yourself lies about the nature of the universe, why not tell yourself pleasant lies? Why not believe that there is a God who likes mankind as they are and will reward them for being what they are? Why not believe that we shall all go to heaven when we die? But no religion that I know of has ever affirmed anything so pleasant as that.

There was the paganism of the ancient world, which many suppose to have been gay and careless. But Lucretius, like any modern agnostic, found, or tried to find, freedom in not believing it. He said that, if there were gods, they cared nothing about mankind; and this indifference seemed to him better for mankind than the caprices commonly attributed to the gods. The Greeks and Romans did not believe that their gods were good-natured, or that, when they died, they would all go to the Elysian Fields. And, as for the Jews, their God was a jealous God. He hated all other nations and did not care much for his own chosen people; at least, He was constantly angry with them and made them angry with each other. Their whole religion, except

that of a few great visionaries, commanded them to refuse happiness and to make themselves, and, still more, foreign nations, as unhappy as possible.

You may say that in all these religions mankind have expressed their experience of this life; but, if they had ever pursued happiness, they would have devised a religion to express something happier than this life. They would have said, unconsciously, 'Let us believe that which will make us happy.' Their very will to power, according to Nietzsche's theory of it, would have impelled them to assert about the unknown future what would have given them joy, vitality, in the present.

If the pursuit of happiness were instinctive in man, like the instinct of self-preservation, that pursuit would express itself in cheerful affirmations about the nature of the universe; and, since no primitive religion has ever made such affirmations, we need not fear the instinctive pursuit of happiness as a danger to the morality or the reason of mankind.

The instinct of self-preservation itself certainly does not impel men to the pursuit of happiness; the more they are subject to it, the more they are filled with fears rather than hopes. It was that instinct which made men and women sacrifice their first-born to Moloch; which made the German, like the lobster, incase himself in shining armor; which set the English toiling desperately against each other and refusing pity to the poor, because they said the nature of the universe was such that it made pity a dangerous, misleading passion. No doubt it seemed so to the fathers and mothers who sacrificed their children to Moloch. They would have pitied and spared if they had dared; but Moloch, that is, the nature of the Universe, was against pity, against happiness. And who told them that, except themselves? We do not believe

that Moloch revealed it to them; but still our divines tell us that God forbids us to pursue happiness; and, if we no longer believe in a God, still we think that nature forbids us. The refusal of happiness, the fear of it, is deeper than any difference of creed. If there is no God to be malignant, there is still the nature of things, still the struggle for life imposed on us forever, so that we are still ready *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*.

And yet, nearly two thousand years ago, there was a happy affirmation made about the nature of the universe, and in one of the sacred books of the Christian religion. 'God is Love,' said St. John the Divine, or some other visionary — the name does not matter. There could not be a happier affirmation than that; yet it was spoiled by the statement that whom God loveth He chasteneth. If Christendom had really believed the words of St. John, it would never have believed those other words; for the love which chastens because it is love is not really love to us at all. We know the kind of parent who is always chastening his children because he loves them so well; the children resent the chastening all the more because of the reason that is given for it. 'It hurts me more than it hurts you.' The very saying is a by-word to us now; but still we impute to God a state of mind which we ourselves, as parents, are outgrowing; still, though we may say that God is love, we cannot believe that the love of God is of the same nature as the love of man.

Yet one who has greater authority even than St. John, with Christians, tells us that the love of God is of the same nature as the love of man. He has gone out of his way to assert that whom God loveth he doth not chasten. He has indeed made affirmations about God, and so about the nature of the universe, so daring, so contrary to what

anyone had ever said before, that to this day we ignore them.

The Parable of the Prodigal Son is constantly read in our churches, but it is not listened to. If it were, Christians would be forced, either to believe it, or to reject it as spurious. They escape from the difficulty by not knowing what it says. No doubt the words of that parable are familiar to everyone who reads this; but I would ask the reader, for once, to take the sense of them seriously. Remember that Christ clearly implies the behavior of the father in the parable to be the behavior of God; and now consider what that behavior is. Note, first of all, that the Prodigal Son repents only when he has spent all his money and can get nothing to eat but husks meant for the swine. 'When he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger.' That is the reason he gives to himself why he should go home. It might be the text for a satire on human nature and on the reasons why men repent. But Christ does not use it so.

And now turn to the father. He loves his son but he does not therefore chasten him. On the contrary, 'When he was yet a great way off,' he 'had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.' Then the son made his speech about having sinned; but still there was no chastening in reply, no improving of the occasion. The father — who, remember, is God — seems to have no sense of responsibility at all; he is foolishly, frivolously, pathetically happy, just because this poor creature has been driven home by his empty belly. He calls for the best robe and the fatted calf. He says, Let us eat, and be merry. Merry! He shocks the grave elder son with music and dancing. And note this also, that, when the elder son is angry and will not come in, this father, this God, does not put him in his place.

He does not say, Remember, please, that I am your father. He 'came out and intreated him.' The elder son talks sense and justice, speaks of his years and service and obedience — yet he had never been given a kid. But even this sense and justice do not anger the father; he replies, still without any spirit, 'Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost and is found.'

But is it not the most beautiful story in the world, and the most daring? If we could see that father behaving so, we should weep happy tears; and if we could really believe that his behavior was the behavior of God, how foolish would all our worldly wisdom and most of our religion seem to us! But do we believe it, even if we profess and call ourselves Christians? I lectured on this parable once at Oxford, and in the discussion which followed, a clergyman reminded me that we were not told what happened the next day. Then, no doubt, the father recovered from his first joy, and said and did all that we should expect of him. That clergyman, perhaps a little crudely, expressed our common refusal to believe what Christ affirmed in the parable about the nature of God and the universe. Christ said that God is really good, according to our deepest and most instinctive idea of goodness; that He is what we at our best would wish Him to be; but we cannot nerve ourselves to believe that the innermost desire of our hearts is true; we are afraid of the God within ourselves, whom Christ and all the great visionaries would declare to us.

II

They say that this God will tell us how to be happy if only we will listen to Him; but we will not listen because each

one of us thinks that the God is only in himself, not in other men, and still less in the universe. There is a conspiracy against this God within us, so that, if we obeyed Him, He would lead us into danger. Therefore we must always deny ourselves, and Him, and follow the devil, whom we call duty, common sense, patriotism — a hundred names with which we conceal from ourselves the fact that he is the enemy of man and man's happiness, an enemy that man imagines and clothes with power against himself.

We talk of the seven deadly sins; but there is one behind them all that we cherish and never speak of: the one deadly sin whose name is fear, the sin that we clothe with power against ourselves and incessantly disguise as a virtue. For fear, being always ashamed of itself, is always becoming unconscious. It escapes from its own pain by becoming hatred; hatred indeed is the barren negative emotion of fear trying to be positive; it is fear taking the offensive and becoming proud of itself as if it were courage. And fear can pretend also to be religion and philosophy. When the great visionaries try to deliver us from it, it says that they are dreamers or blasphemers. So the scribes said that Christ cast out devils by the help of the devil; and He replied that, to believe thus the devil of fear, when it pretends to be wisdom or holiness, is the sin against the Holy Spirit, the God within us.

In our long struggle with circumstance we have inherited a fear of the essential malice of circumstance, as something which will surely frustrate us if we aim at that which we most deeply and permanently desire; and so deep is our fear that we will not confess, even to ourselves, what we do most desire. There are times when the words of a great visionary or the music of a great artist force us to confess it for

a moment. The Parable of the Prodigal Son, the reconciliation of Lear and Cordelia, which is the parable of the Prodigal Father, the divine compassion of Mozart — in these we recognize what we desire for ourselves and for all men. Then we see that happiness and goodness kiss and are one; but, in a moment, we say, 'This is art, or the Bible; this is a beauty, a happiness, denied to us by common sense, by each other, by the very nature of things. I myself may long for it, but I am alone in my longing, and I must suppress it lest men should think me a fool. I must run away from the very thought of this happiness, to business.' It is beauty still to us, but it is not truth; the truth is that we must still fight and punish and deny ourselves and each other the happiness whispered to us by the God within us.

But Christ dared to say that this beauty is truth. In his parable He was an artist; but he went further and said, 'Act according to this art, for it is the very nature of God.' How little has Christianity understood Him in its faint insistence upon forgiveness as if it were a painful duty. In his parable Christ presents it, not as a duty, but as a pleasure; and many of us, if we met the father of the parable in real life, would condemn him as a hedonist. We should say that he forgave his son, not for his son's good, but because he enjoyed forgiving him. But, according to Christ, to enjoy forgiving is the attribute of God, and so the highest virtue in man. There is no final opposition between duty and happiness, or even pleasure. Perfect love casteth out fear, even the fear of happiness; and Christ seems to prefer the word happiness to the word goodness; He does not say, Good are the meek, the merciful, the pure in heart; He says that all these are blessed, which means happy.

The beatitudes seem negative, to

many Christians, even, because they do not understand that all the renunciations implied in them are possible only to those who are allured by the positive happiness that Christ promises. Still, we believe that man does naturally pursue happiness and that, if he is to be saved, he must renounce it and pursue goodness. But man does not naturally pursue either goodness or happiness, not so much because he is foolish or evil, as because he is not yet himself at all and has no clear or single aim in life. We are not born knowing what we want; we are not born with any singleness of self or of desire; and the true aim of life is to attain to that singleness. When we speak of humanity as something existing already, we flatter ourselves; the very word is but a prophecy for us, meaning what we shall be when we have become ourselves and know our aim.

But the Word also warns us that we cannot become ourselves by ourselves. The individual does not exist, and can exist only by attaining to a right relation with other individuals. Humanity is not an abstract thing, something which exists already apart from men; any more than beauty is an abstract thing which exists apart from beautiful things. Humanity is, or will be, men in a right relation with each other, as beauty is things in a right relation with each other; but the relation that makes humanity is one altogether right; and how are we to find the test or proof of this rightness? That is the question men have always answered wrongly; they have not dared to say that happiness is the test, the symptom, of this rightness. Often they have blindly pursued happiness for themselves alone, and have done so — as it seemed to them — against their own consciences, not knowing that they could not pursue happiness for themselves alone, any more than they could play lawn tennis

by themselves alone; the lonely pursuit of it proves that they do not know what it is. And, finding that they could not pursue it alone and get it, they have despaired of it altogether, and have told themselves that it is not to be pursued. Denying it to themselves, they have denied it to others also; they have never seen that they can get it for themselves only by giving it to others.

Here I seem to be talking platitudes. Every preacher says that we can be happy only by making others happy; but those who say that so glibly do not convince either themselves or others of its truth, for they never state it rightly. It is not that we can achieve happiness only by denying ourselves for the sake of others; rather it is that happiness, in its nature, is a common thing, a right relation between us all which we have to achieve; and until we achieve it, we cannot deny ourselves or sacrifice ourselves, for we have not yet achieved a self to deny.

When Keats said that this world is not a vale of tears but a vale of soul-making, he meant that it is a vale of self-making. The error latent in all our opposition of egotism and altruism is the assumption that already we are selves to be indulged or sacrificed. The egotist is really one who tries to indulge a self he has not yet achieved; and the altruist often is one who tries to sacrifice a self he has not yet achieved. If they both knew that their task was to attain to a self, and that it can be attained to only by a right relation with other selves, they would cease to argue with each other. It is the delusion of an achieved self that makes men hard with each other, and also with themselves. It gives them the wrong sense of sin, the sense that they and others are born ready-made and wrongly made; that they are tied and bound by their own past, and must punish each other and themselves for it.

This sense of sin is merely intimidating and cruel; it makes us look back to the past, whether of ourselves or of others, and think of all things in terms of the past. We and others have to pay for the past, and it is our duty to exact payment; we are debt-collectors for God. We cannot forgive, because, what a man has been and done, that he is forevermore. But the true Christian doctrine insists that we can escape utterly from our past, because we are merely raw materials, all of us; our task is not to mortify an evil self, in ourselves or others, — a self that does not exist, — but to achieve a self, which, again, we can achieve only by entering into a right relation with each other. And according to this doctrine there is still sin and a just sense of sin; for sin is the refusal to enter into this right relation, to attain to the self, and the freedom of the self, which is offered to all men by the very nature of the universe; and the right sense of sin is the sense of refusal, and of the great thing refused. This sense is not intimidating or cruel; it does not make men judge and punish and condemn each other or despair of themselves. It makes them aware, not of a law broken, but of a heaven renounced, and, more than that, of a great gift offered and coarsely rejected. For, even if we do not believe in God and his desire to draw us all to Him; if we cannot see him as the father in the parable; still, we are all blindly and pathetically offering happiness to each other, and at the same time refusing it when offered.

All mankind is, if only we could see and know each other, like a family that loves each other but quarrels incessantly over the breakfast-table, and talks always of its quarrels, not of its love. A family exists and lives together for the sake of that which we call domestic felicity; and in unhappy families, what secret repentings and yearnings there

are! How often those who cannot meet without bitterness pity each other! all together they are missing a common happiness; willingly would they forgive each other for all bitter things said, but they cannot forbear saying them.

And so it is with all mankind. The Christian doctrine that we should love each other is not merely a command laid upon us by a God utterly and unintelligibly superior to us all: it is also the counsel of our own hearts, and that is why we know that it is divine. It is not a task imposed on us against our own natures, but the whisper and prophecy of our very selves that are not yet achieved, the promise of the happiness that we might win. If that were not so, Christianity would never have been even the ideal that it is; and those who insist that it is a revelation from without do it a poor service. It is also a revelation from within; it is what we ourselves hope, when we are not despairing. That is why hope is one of the three 'theological' virtues; men who hope logically and consistently about their own nature and the nature of the universe must be Christians in faith; and they will lose their hope and their faith, if they are not also Christians in conduct, in love.

We fail still to be Christians in hope and in faith because after so many centuries we have not achieved any technique of conduct. Christ tried to teach us one in those of his sayings which seem to us most paradoxical; in them He pointed the way to happiness. But those sayings are too exalted and passionate for us; and we cannot reconcile them with the prose and routine of our lives, as we must do if we are to live according to them. What we need now is to translate them into prose, for we cannot go through life always at the height of emotion, always loving and forgiving and pitying; we need a technique that we can take as a matter of

course, without strain or the sense that we are doing something surprising. The professional Christian, who is always turning the other cheek, is surprised by his own goodness; he is mirthless and uneasy, therefore not really delightful to us; he is a parvenu saint, who never makes us wish to be like him. He has the aim of self-denial, but not the aim of happiness. A right technique would aim at happiness, not as something romantic and far-away, to be achieved only in another world by irrational acts of self-sacrifice in this, but as a state properly normal, to be achieved by rational conduct here and now.

When we are told to love one another, to love our enemies, it seems to us an impossibility because we think of love as a state of rapture, — men fall in love, — and who could now be in a state of rapture with the Germans? So love seems to us a passion fit for heaven rather than for earth, where we continue prosaically to dislike each other. But as we like ourselves, so it is possible for us to like each other; as we tolerate ourselves, why should we not tolerate each other? And what we need is a philosophy, a logic, of toleration; out of that alone can love arise. The man who is most at ease with himself is he who knows himself to be an absurd creature, the mere raw material of a self, and who is always good-humored with himself even in his worst failures, because he expects them. So with the same good-humor we may be at ease with each other; and out of this good-humor, this sense of human inadequacy as something absurd yet delightful, because full of infinite promise, love will spring.

A modern version might be written of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, without its intense and surprising beauty, but so that it would seem natural and probable, with the father

a humorist, a good-humorist, forgiving his son easily, because he can forgive himself and is therefore constrained by the logic of forgiveness. And, if we fill out the original parable for ourselves with our own imaginations, we shall see that there must have been fun in that music and dancing and feasting; it was not all a ceremony like a service in church. The father laughed, and then the prodigal laughed; everyone laughed and was merry, except the elder brother, who was thinking about the kid that had never been given to him.

But 'in our light, bitter world of wrong' we are always thinking about the kid that has not been given to us, except a few divine humorists; we forget our own absurdity in the thought of each others' sins; we put away happiness so that we may make an example of each other. Above all, we do not believe that any man will ever confess that he has sinned unless we pull long faces at him — the very thing which makes him deny his sin, even to himself. Now we insist that the Germans must make some national confession of their sin, if we are to forgive them. Many of us have looked forward to that confession as the final proof of our victory. But, so long as we all preach at the Germans, they will never confess; so long as we say they are a people unique in wickedness, they will repeat to themselves that they are unique in virtue and oppressed by the envy of mankind. That is human nature — a fact to be acknowledged in all technique of conduct. The way to make a man repent is to forgive him before he repents, as we ourselves would wish to be forgiven, and to forgive him, not as a surprising act of virtue, but in good-humor, because we are all absurd and all need forgiveness. If we all had our deserts, who would escape whipping? Needless to say, we must prevent men from doing wrong, if we can; but in the

spirit of policemen, not of avenging angels; for we are not angels, and vengeance is not ours.

Life is hard for us all and full of snares and temptations. One man fails in one way, another in another; but we all fail, and we have no right to say that another man's, or another nation's, failure is worse than our own. We have no right to put any man or nation outside the pale; we are not gods, with the right or power of damnation, but men, with the common promise of a humanity to which none of us yet has attained or can attain, without the help of all.

If we would attain to happiness and to a Christian technique, we must govern our behavior to each other by the axiom that no man is to be judged by his past; that we can help each other to freedom, to life in the present, to the creative power latent in ourselves, by forgiving always, not with ceremony, as if we were doing something unnaturally good, but as a matter of course and with a smile, as a mother forgives her child; as the father forgave the son in the parable; as people forgive each other in the operas of Mozart. They are comic operas because all the people in them are absurd, like mankind; but they are comedy, that surpasses tragedy in its beauty, because their laughter ends in forgiveness, being the laughter of men, not at, but with, each other.

And is not that laughter a thousand times more serious and profound than our fits of righteous indignation, when we forget our own sins for thinking of the sins of others? Those fits are frivolous because any theory of the universe reduces them to absurdity. If there is no meaning in the universe, why are we angry? But if it has meaning, then we are all children of our Father which is in heaven; and which of us is not absurdly inadequate to that lineage?

But always it is said, we must not

encourage the evil-doer; we must make an example of him. We have been making an example of him for ages, but with little success; and, even if it were good for him, it is not good for us. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.' Mr. Dooley, I think, added the comment that, if you don't spare the rod, you spoil the parent. We might now try to be a little less self-sacrificing in this matter of punishment, might think of ourselves and our own characters more than of the characters of

the criminals whom we labor so vainly to reform. We have built up a society on fear and punishment, and then we wonder that we are as far from happiness as ever; or we have told ourselves that happiness can never be ours, that we ought not even to aim at it. But is not that blasphemy, the only true blasphemy, as being a denial of the goodness of God? Is it not possible that, if we really and consistently aimed at happiness, we might discover what it is and so at last achieve it?

THE DIVE. I

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

No one seemed to know exactly what depth of water lay beneath the Shelf. Some said eighteen feet, some twenty-five. Payne Gilbert, an aged retired salt, with a quizzical squint, a gnarled, compact body, and a row of beautifully child-like straw-colored curls that hung below his shoulders, swore to over seventy. This was a preposterous figure — but then, old Payne swore to many preposterous facts and figures. In the fashion of all notable liars, he had made his story the most circumstantial of all. Anyone might see, hanging at the head of his bunk in a cabin up the Valley, the lead and the twelve fathoms of line which, he guaranteed, had been heaved from the Shelf without finding bottom. The lie circumstantial was Payne Gilbert's prerogative — his reputation, almost his character, from time immemorial,

through the length and breadth of the Valley. One smiled indulgently at his seventy feet, and returned unruffled to the argument of twenty-five against eighteen.

As a fact, both of the lesser estimates were reasonably correct, for the water of the Reservoir had been known to lapse as much as seven feet down the vertical wall of the Shelf between April and mid-August. However, the local disputants, for purposes of debate, assumed a constant depth, scorning all estimates of variation as needlessly technical. For pure academicism, nothing can exceed the methods of such localistic disputes.

With Ronald Ronald alone, of all the men and youths in Chiswick Valley, the question stood otherwise. He did not, to be sure, care a brass penny how deep the water was; but he had a secret and romantic wish of his own, actually to see and touch the bottom. And he

meant to achieve his wish and, sooner or later, get his fingers into the jungle of rotting limbs and trailing weeds, eels and derelict fish-lines, stones and black primal ooze, which, to his imagination, constituted the floor of that abysmal gloom. Many and many a night he had sat above on the Shelf, alone or with his uncle and his father, catching prosaic strings of horn-pout, while in thought he was down there with the uncaught horn-pout nuzzling their blind way around the bottom, poking flat broad noses through the weeds, stirring up little clouds of mud with their tails. All the while that his father and his father's brother talked desultorily of the prospects for breakfast and the niceties of skinning their catch, he was vividly conscious of the queer unseen world below the level of the Shelf. He visualized it, he groped about in it; and the other two, so contentedly unaware of it, seemed to him as blind in their way as the struggling and flapping pout which, every now and then, one or the other of them pulled out into an upper world of air and trees and stars, which was to the fish as non-existent as the world below the Shelf seemed to be to his placid elders.

And in the morning, while they were sleeping away a good part of the forenoon, Ronald Ronald was as likely as not to be back on the Shelf, stripping off his clothes, stowing them at the inner end of a little cave he had discovered in the cliff at his back, and preparing to dive again and again into the cool liquid blackness below — now and then, after a perfect take-off, a few inches deeper than he had ever gone before, but never deep enough to get his fingers round a pebble or into the mud.

You would have liked to see him there on the edge of the Shelf making ready for his dive; for he was perfect and sound and strong in body, and —

a poet or any genuine and simple soul would add — beautiful. A little more than boy and less than man, he had in every movement the pure lithe grace and symmetry of nature. If you had seen Ronald there on the Shelf, poised for his plunge into the water ten feet below, and standing clear-cut against the blue-black surface of it, he would have seemed as natural and as decorative, in his supreme lack of self-consciousness, as the slender and gleaming stem of a birch sapling in a sombre grove of cedars. You could have imagined as he raised his arms that, instead of dropping with the precision of old Gilbert's lead into a snarl of hideous and rotting things, he was going to spring upward like a flame and clutch at the sun.

There was nothing in the place to blend a suggestion of artifice with this naturalness of the boy. The Shelf was a narrow rock-ledge jutting over the water — a chin of rock, under which the throat fell away sheer to invisible depths. It was on the west wall of an ancient river-gorge, at this point two hundred feet wide. The gorge narrowed just above, where Salter's Run, the tributary, roared in over its cascades; below, it broadened out into the greatest diameter of the Reservoir. The whole body of water was an artificial creation, made from one valley brook caught and tamed; but it had been there ever since the decade of the Mexican War, making itself at home within its frame of rugged hills; and the dam at its southern end was two miles from the Shelf, and concealed from it by twin islands. All that was visible from Ronald Ronald's favorite haunt was in keeping with the gorge full of sluggish black water, the rugged cliffs at each side, the narrow footpath winding down to the Shelf, and the soft thunder of Salter's Run taking its final plunge. Only the local name, 'Seven Farms Reservoir,' existed

to remind the living that once, in an elder generation, engineering had inundated a whole little farming community, had blotted it out under a hundred feet of water, in order that the future generations of a great and growing city thirty miles nearer the sea might be assured of perennial clean water from the hills.

Of the detailed traditions of the Valley in which he spent his summers, young Ronald Ronald knew much less, and felt much more, than he might have done had he lived there the year round from his birth. His father, Jeremy Ronald, had been born there; but, growing up in the generation in which the country began to move cityward, he had broken the long regional habit of his ancestors by becoming a silversmith in the nearest large town, and his liking for his rural origins came out principally through the humdrum fisherman in him.

Also in the generation of Jeremy Ronald, the family had astoundingly evolved a professional genealogist and haunter of libraries — Eustace, a bachelor, the older brother of Jeremy, and the aforementioned uncle of Ronald.

These two brothers were drawn back to the old homestead often enough for it really to remain home to each of them. But they were drawn by very different considerations. Jeremy was simply a boy who would never grow up. He had performed the notable feat of establishing his place in the industrial life of the town eight miles away; but that exhausted his genius for innovation. He would always remain a supremely contented fisherman, hunter, and gatherer of nuts and berries in their seasons.

With Eustace it was different. When he accompanied Jeremy on fishing trips and rambles, it was in a sort of amused absent-mindedness. Even to Ronald it was evident that Eustace

was always preoccupied with concerns that he never thought of broaching to the boy's father.

It was at the farmhouse, in talk with Elijah Ronald, the lad's grandfather, that Eustace seemed most alive. Even there, he listened much more than he talked. But it was evident that he considered Elijah's flow of anecdote and reminiscence good listening; whereas Jeremy, who talked not at all, was inclined to fall into the dozing attitude of one who thinks he has heard it all before.

Superficially, Ronald's attitude was that of his father. Long ago he had accepted unthinkingly the family attitude toward his grandfather, which was the attitude of sensible middle-aged folk, with pressing current interests, toward a garrulous old gentleman who had laughed over his own stories so often that he could certainly have told them in his sleep. Nevertheless, Ronald could not help feeling at times, in flashes, a veneration amounting to awe. His grandfather had the patriarchal beard and austere facial nobility of a major prophet. What Ronald glimpsed now and then, not quite realizing it himself, was the import of the way his Uncle Eustace hung on the old man's words — a circumstance which subtly tended to invest Elijah with the dignity of some great character in a play.

If Ronald had reached the age of self-analysis, he might have been aware that all his impressions of the region about Chiswick Valley were the resultant of an unusual triangular relationship which involved himself and his grandfather and (the boy's father, characteristically, a blank here) his Uncle Eustace. There was hardly a spot or building for miles, which was not, in the boy's consciousness, festooned with legend, humorous, sad, or grim; and the source of every one of these legends was his grandfather; and the cause of his

sensitiveness to them was his uncle. A thousand times since he had begun to spend all of every summer at his grandfather's a certain thing had happened, slight in itself, but so often repeated that it had become at once expected and momentous. It was only this: that, while Elijah was talking, and young Ronald lay sprawled on the grass or the old hair-cloth dining-room lounge or the littered shop-bench, the boy would suddenly become aware that his Uncle Eustace was looking at him in a strange way, with a peculiar fixed intentness of regard. It was a look droll, quizzical, inviting, reproving, wistful, and, in some undefined way, sad. Curiously, its effect on the boy was not to set him puzzling his wits about Eustace and what was going on in that eccentric gentleman's mind, but simply to accent and underline what his grandfather then happened to be saying. In those moments the persons, the very things, in Elijah's anecdotes came home to Ronald's mind with a strange sharp intensity, more real than anything in his daily life, and less resembling the casualness of ordinary impressions than the unearthly distinctness of dreams. In this way Ronald stored up a multitude of ineffaceable images of a past beyond living memories, just as (he once saw in a flash of intuition) Elijah himself had stored up in youth the vivid images he was now displaying — many of them from *his* grandfather and his grandfather's mother, who had died, an aged woman of nearly ninety, when he, Elijah, was in his nineteenth year, as Ronald now was.

In this three-cornered relationship Eustace might have appeared to an imaginative outsider as the embodied spirit and quintessence of the past, calling to youth to understand its own origins, to become sensitized and responsive to the dead-and-buried things that had made it. Or perhaps Eustace had reached

that time of life at which a man regrets having no children to hand himself on to, and was simply groping for companionship with the boy. But certainly no such considerations touched the mind of Ronald — not even when he accidentally learned, from an overheard conversation between two maiden cousins of his father, that Eustace had once been in love with Ronald's own mother, and that he and Jeremy had been keen fraternal rivals. This fact merely seemed to him prettily pathetic and romantic. Applying one of the rigid canons of youth, he felt a mild approval of his uncle's never having married anyone else; and he was more than a little embarrassed when he reflected how near he had come, so to speak, to having Eustace for a father instead of Jeremy. But, so far, he was above everything a healthy-minded schoolboy, all of whose conscious life was absorbed in the affairs of his own lively young existence. Most of his awareness of his Uncle Eustace expressed itself in quickened appreciation of Grandfather Elijah, to whom Eustace was always deftly leading him.

There was one fact which, had Ronald ever had the chance to utilize it, might have cemented a remarkable comradeship between the man and the boy, even across the insulating gap of a generation. This was the fact that Eustace's most deliberate interest lay, and had for years lain, exactly where Ronald's own interest was constantly being drawn by the hint of submerged romanticism in his make-up — that is, at the bottom of the gorge below the Shelf, near the head of Seven Farms Reservoir. In the very moments when Ronald was thinking his elders rather stuffy because fishing meant to them only fish, one, at least, of them was mentally exploring the depths with an imagination not less keen than Ronald's own, and an infinitely better notion of

what to seek there and where to find it. A great deal of what he sought he had found in old bundles of family letters, legal documents, maps, records, manuscripts, two or three volumes of privately printed memoirs, and such tools of the genealogist's trade; and, by dint of tirelessly piecing together these and occasional illuminating scraps of Elijah Ronald's discourse, he was a long way toward having disinterred from under their seventy years' covering of waters the century and three quarters of his own ancestors' history that lay at the bottom of Lower Chiswick Valley.

This pageant of family history, almost a sealed book even to the genealogist's father, Eustace had often enough relived as he uncoiled it backward, generation by generation; and often, as he sat on the Shelf making suitable answers to the somewhat pointless remarks of his brother Jeremy, he was inwardly taking the part of one character after another in the lighted and costumed and always intensely romantic tragi-comedy of men and women, that had first been played above the very soil on which his baited hook now lay. But of all this his young nephew was to know nothing in time to make use of it. The two never, in the deep sense, found each other.

II

The summer of Ronald's nineteenth year broke the chain of the boy's vacations at his grandfather's farm above the Reservoir. A sudden project of entering the university a year earlier brought him against certain matters of quadratics and European history that had to be accounted for in short order; and he stuck faithfully with his books, living in a triangle between his own home and the rooms of two teachers. It was not until late afternoon of the first Saturday in September that he

coasted his motor-cycle down the last long hill into Upper Chiswick Valley, and pulled down to dismount by the white well-house in the farmyard.

His grandmother was there weeding a flower-bed — a little lovable faded woman, who gave the effect of having been hopelessly drowned decades ago under the flood of her husband's loquacity. Ronald gave her a hug and a kiss and answered her invariable questions about his mother. And then, at the front door, appeared his grandfather with two empty pails, which he promptly set down on the well-curb in order to pump Ronald's hand.

'Well, now, my boy,' he said heartily — and then, noticing, 'What's the matter with the volcano?' This was his perennial joke about the newer modes of locomotion. He had summed up the motor-cycle when it was new by saying, 'Well, every man to his own notion; one man's meat is another's pizen, and some folks ain't all alike — but for my part, when I go to ride I dunno's I care much about settin' a-straddle of a volcano.'

Ronald laughed. 'Oh, I just shut her off at the top of the hill,' he explained. 'Gas is up to thirteen cents now!' (This places *his* period with sufficient accuracy.) 'You'll hear her erupt all right when I go back. Where's dad and Uncle Eustace?'

Ronald gathered, from a circuitous explanation, that they had gone down to the Reservoir early, to see if they could not get a big pickerel or two before sunset, and that they meant then to collect a string of pout for breakfast and come back early. Laughing away his little grandmother's protests against his missing supper, he stalked off down the main Valley road to join the fishermen.

Half a mile on the sloping road, a turn at the little one-room brick-red schoolhouse, and another half-mile on a footpath through dusky woods, brought

him out at the edge of the cliff above the Shelf. At this high point he always stopped, breathless at the sudden expanse of water, and always held by a sense of living over some dim forgotten experience, half-remembered, perhaps, from a dream. The Reservoir lay under him like a sheet of gun-metal, burnished where the last glow of sunset touched its edge, dull elsewhere, and blue-black in the gorge below, where, on the Shelf, he could just make out the two expected figures.

After a little he scrambled on down the path, whistling.

'Well!' exclaimed his father, glancing up, 'here's the boy!'

'Good!' said Eustace, getting to his feet to shake hands warmly. 'And how's Ronald Square? Sit down, Ronald Square, and take over one of my poles, and tell me how goes the cramming.'

'And look at *that*,' put in Jeremy, signifying a spot behind his back. 'Four pounds and thirteen ounces, scaled. And settle down, you two: the pout are just beginning.'

Ronald exclaimed sufficiently over the big pickerel laid out on the rock; then he sat down between the others, helped himself to one of his uncle's two poles, and plunged into his account of preparations for college. The darkness grew; the talk fell off; Jeremy lighted the lantern. After a half-hour there was no sound among them except the occasional splash of a horn-pout drawn struggling from the water, and the thudding *flap-flap* of its tail as it lay gasping on the rock, waiting to be unhooked.

The stillness of the night was thick, almost palpable. The surface of the water lay unseen except where one of the lines, moving, started faint concentric rings; the great receding cliff at their backs was an ambiguous bulk, indefinitely remote. There grew upon

Ronald slowly a queer illusion that the Shelf, with themselves on it, was swung floating through a misty blur of space, in a curious dreamy hinterland outside of time and dimensions and the solid earth. He felt nebulous, disembodied, strange to himself. 'Am I really I, or am I someone else, and if so who?' was the ancient and trite dilemma to which the silence and his own sensations had brought him.

Suddenly an exclamation from his father brought him back and jerked his attention upward to a lantern that was flickering down the crooked footpath. Now it disappeared as its bearer passed behind some huge rock; then it threw distorted and quivering masses of light upon the water, and cast the striding shadows of two legs on the face of the east wall opposite, like a gigantic pair of scissors opening and closing.

'Most probably old Gilbert,' said Jeremy matter-of-factly. 'Always was a night-owl.'

It was indeed Payne Gilbert, descending nimbly to them amid a rattle of dislodged stones, and looking, by the light of his own lantern, more than ever like an inconceivably aged child who had never been any different and never could be. His smooth straw-colored curls were innocence, and his dancing blue eyes were impishness. No one knew Payne's age. He laid claim to upward of a hundred, but that was neither here nor there, as Elijah said. Eustace, reckoning by things that Payne could vividly remember, gave him credit for close to ninety.

'How fi' ye? How fi' ye, Ronnie?' he cried, at sight of the unexpected third member of the group. 'Well, now, how be ye?'

Eustace saw with approval that Gilbert had an honest and hearty liking for the boy.

Ronald explained his summer as simply as he knew how. The old sailor

stared at him, with the stupefaction of one in whose universe the world of books has no orbit.

'Well, now, don't that beat the Dutch!' he exclaimed. 'I got all the lib'ry I ever expect to have right here' — And he rolled up a sleeve of his blue jumper to show, tattooed in blue India ink on his fibrous arm: 'Payne' Gilbert, A.B., U.S.S. Halcyon, 1843,' surrounded by an intricacy of ropes and anchors. 'I c'n read it, 'n' I c'n write it,' he summed up with satisfaction. 'It was your father's grandfather larned me.' This to Eustace. For purposes of genealogical reminiscence, Jeremy hardly existed. 'None o' these here new-fangled s's for *him*!'

'Your great-great-grandfather, Ronald,' supplied Eustace. 'That was Ephraim Ronald. You've heard your grandfather tell how he made the oak water-wheel, and how it was still turning out grist a good twenty years after the iron one that old Sam Rudd put in at the same time was nothing but a mass of rusty junk. Ephraim was born in 1798. One odd fact is that he died in 1864, just about a year before his own mother did — and she was born in 1776. She, you see, was your great-great-great-grandmother — the one who had the pink lustre tea-set when she was a bride. Your grandfather, of course, remembers them both very well — but not his great-grandfather, her husband, because *he* died when your grandfather was only a baby.'

'Lije don't rec'lect his great-grandfather?' said Payne in astonishment. 'Why, it always appeared to me like 'Lije had a great power o' memory.' He seemed to imply that remembering a given thing was a feat of main strength — a sort of demonstration of virility. 'Well, *I* remember him right enough, and his father afore him.'

'Oh, come now, Payne!' said Eustace. 'You might well enough remem-

ber Sarah's husband, because he did n't die until 1850, when he was about seventy-four. But *his* father! why, he was only twenty-two when he was killed, and that was in 1777. To remember him, Payne, you'd have to be in the neighborhood of a hundred and forty years old. I expect you'll be remembering the assassination of Julius Cæsar next! — Ronald Ronald was that young man's name — like yours, Ronnie.'

'Now there you're plumb wrong, Eustace,' cried Payne testily. 'I dunno nought about your Julia Cæsars, but I know about Joel Ronald's father right enough. His name was just plain John, and he lived to be a old, old man, close on to a hunderd, and died as peaceful in his armchair as airy mortal ever lasted on to second childhood. Tell ye another thing, Eustace: ye ain't come nigh on to doin' justice to that there old oak mill-wheel.'

There followed a genealogical dispute, full of the sound and fury characteristic of such discussions. Throughout it, Payne bristled with the scorn of a nonagenarian whose memory is aspersed by callow youths who cannot possibly know anything about it. Nevertheless, Ronald's paternal ancestry began for the first time to assume coherence in the boy's mind, at least in its main aspects. He did not realize that Eustace was keeping the discussion alive more to inform him than to convince the old sailor.

Ephraim, to whom Eustace had ascribed the old mill-wheel, was, he made out, his grandfather's grandfather. Ephraim's father had been Ronald Joel Ronald — he who had courted and married Sarah, the Baltimore lady of the pink lustre tea-set. What was now being interminably disputed was the paternity of this Ronald Joel Ronald. If Eustace's account were to be believed, Ronald Joel's father was a certain

youthful Ronald Ronald who had been killed in an accident in the period of the Revolutionary War. The 'plain John' whom Payne remembered from his boyhood had been the long-lived elder brother of this Ronald Ronald, and hence the uncle of Ronald Joel, who was, at the time of his father's death, a mere babe in arms. This uncle's name, moreover, had been not 'plain John' at all, but John Eustace. He it was who had brought up Ronald Joel, the child of his dead brother, young Ronald — whence Payne's idea that John Eustace had been Joel's own father. The argument went round and round in a treadmill, the disputants finding no item to agree on except the one salient romantic fact that John, or John Eustace, had fought for two years under Paul Jones.

III

At length Ronald's uncle delicately closed the issue by reintroducing the old mill-wheel.

The old sailor jumped at this bait. 'Did I onderstand ye to say,' he said, 'that Ephraim made that mill-wheel? Why, Ephraim no more made that wheel than I did. Ephraim remade it, and moved it up into the wheel-house where the new one is now — the one your dad's father had put in about the end of the war, in sixty-six or seven. But that fust wheel was not put in by no Ephraim, nor by Joel, nor yet by this here old John that ye call John Eustace — Joel's father that ye say was his uncle. It was put in by the own father o' this here old John, or John Eustace — and many's the time I've heard tell of it from this same old John, just about the time Ephraim was a-rebuildin' of that wheel, when I was a young sprig the age o' Ronnie here.'

Ronald saw that his uncle was, at first, incredulous. At length Eustace

said, 'I should like to think you're right about all this, Payne — and I'm not going to say you're not. The old gentleman was certainly a good hand at woodwork, for we know that he made the old pine case of the grandfather clock that stands in the corner by the fireplace. He bought the wooden works and the dial from a peddler, and made the case himself. And that — think of it! — was in 1748. Besides, he was something of an inventor, not to say a mechanical genius. But a wooden water-wheel that lasted — let me see — pretty nearly a hundred years and was still sound! How are we going to prove this, Payne?'

'Prove it!' snorted Payne. '*Prove it!*' Hain't I got one o' the floats from that there old wheel screwed up on to the wall o' my shanty, with the old hickory pegs still in it, one at each end, stickin' out for to hang your hat and coat on? Stop 'n' have a look at it on your way home, if what I'm tellin' ye ain't good enough.'

Gilbert was not the first to cite the present existence of an object as conclusive proof of its antiquity. He spoke as if the ancient piece of wood were ready to shout its age and the name of its maker to the first inquirer.

Eustace, though, seemed not in the least disconcerted by this illogicality. 'We'll do that, Payne, thank you,' he said. 'And if it was really made by the man you say — well, it's just possible I may be able to prove it to my own satisfaction. The old man Payne means, Ronnie, was Abijah Ronald, the father of John Eustace and of the Ronald Ronald who was drowned; and he was your great-great-great-great-great — five great's — grandfather.' Eustace ticked off the generations on his fingers as if they had been seconds.

'Yes, but, Uncle Eustace —'

'Go on, Ronnie.'

'I suppose I'm rather mixed up

about all this family history — but there's one thing I can't make head or tail of, and that's the houses.'

'Yes — go on.'

'Well, I always supposed the family moved up the Valley into our house, grandfather's house, when the Reservoir came. But now you talk about someone long before that — Ephraim, was it? — who had a water-wheel right where grandfather's is now. And he must have lived in our house, then. What became of the old house, the one down here? and why did they leave it? Or did n't they? I suppose that's a fool question, is n't it?'

'Indeed it is n't, my boy, not at all. Of course you would n't know. I've spent several hundreds of hours myself, off and on, finding out things about it. It's a rather romantic story, with a pretty enough little innocent romantic scandal bundled in with it, and some time I'll show you all the documents — at least, all I've found. But the long and short of it is that, when your great-great-great — No, I won't do that any more, Ronnie; no wonder you make faces. Well, then, when that young Ronald Ronald was drowned in the well, — it was in 1777, and he was with the Colonial troops, only he came home on furlough, — he left his young wife with a nine-months-old baby, Ronald Joel, and a bedridden father-in-law, old Abijah, to take care of.

'She had been in a peck of trouble, that young woman, even before her husband's death. To begin with, there was not a single able-bodied man left in the Valley to work the fields, except one old Indian called Paskahegan. Then, in the summer of '77, there was an epidemic of typhoid fever, or something very like it. Finally, on top of that there was a water-famine by midsummer, with nothing left of Salter's Run except stagnant pools, and every well on the place gone dry except the Ron-

alds'. All this, you understand, was in the old house, right here in Devil's-Pate Valley (no, I don't know where that old name came from), no great way from this very rock, out there toward the island.'

Payne ratified this with a nod.

'Well, this young woman, Martha Ronald, had been yoking up her ox-team every day and filling water-casks from her own well and driving clear round the Valley, stopping at every house to dole out the water. And she had spent all the rest of the time taking care of the sick as well as she could, and going with her baby to spend the night with the sickest ones. She had worked in the fields too, and brewed herbs, and prayed with the dying, and read the funeral service, and — actually — dug graves. For weeks she must have been on her feet more than twenty hours a day, doing the work of about a dozen men. The Valley was like a place under a curse that summer. The very ground burned and cracked at noonday; and yet, when night came, there was a thick, foul mist over everything, and of course mosquitoes swarmed out in clouds from the pools and the mud. There was hardly a healthy man, woman, child, or animal left. Yet through it all Martha Ronald kept herself going, and held the sickness away from her child and her father-in-law, and fed and nursed the whole Valley — and prayed for the strength to do more on top of that.

'And then, one night late in the summer, she saw a lantern coming down the cliff, — along this very path it must have been, — just as we saw yours to-night, Payne. It was her husband, young Ronald Ronald, coming home on furlough. He had been with Stark's forces up in Vermont, and they had just rounded up Baum and Breyman. Ronald had not been home since the late fall before. He had heard from an old neighbor who had come through the Valley that he was the father of a child,

born in December; but he had never seen that little son, Ronald Joel. That night he held the child in his arms for the first time. — I am piecing this together, you understand, from old letters — among them some very interesting ones written by Martha, years later.

‘The next day Ronald was drowned in the well. I have never made out just how it happened; but they were evidently trying to clean the well, and a stone was dislodged somehow and fell on him, and he was either drowned or killed by the stone. Anyway, his body was in the well. And somehow or other that amazing young woman, Martha Ronald, together with old Paskahegan, got it out, and dug the grave for it in the family corner of the little community burial ground. And the next day she read the burial service again — for the last time but one, as it turned out.

‘That night it set in to rain; and it rained for five nights and four days without stopping, until the Valley was threatened with a flood. The river was over its banks in places, and the wells filled, and a few of the higher patches of maize and rye began to look hopeful. And the sick people began to mend, — I suppose it was getting decent water again that did it, — and things seemed to be looking up.

‘And then, one morning, Martha found old Abijah Ronald dead in his bed. He was an old man, nearly eighty, feeble and in his second childhood. He had not married until a time of life at which most of the Ronalds had grandchildren growing up. He it was who, according to Payne here, built the original water-mill. Maybe. Anyway, on this night, some time late in September, he died in his sleep. And Martha was left alone in the house, with her baby, and with no one to turn to except Paskahegan.

‘It was just one thing more than she could bear. What with the work and

her sorrow and all, she was probably near a collapse. And what she did was this: she sent Paskahegan on the craziest sort of wild-goose chase, to find and fetch home the one person she knew of to appeal to — her brother-in-law, Ronald’s older brother, John Eustace.

‘This, you see, was the “plain John” whom Payne remembers from his boyhood. He lived to be an ancient of ninety-two or -three. He long outlasted Martha, who was several years younger: she lived only till 1803, when she was less than sixty. From the Ronald point of view, this was dying in early youth.

‘Now, the interesting fact here is that there had been some sort of love-affair between John Eustace and Martha before she was married to Ronald. It seems to have been about the time of the general call for troops, in the early summer of 1775, that he gave up all hope of winning her. She was married to Ronald only a few days later; and then he too hurried off to join Washington’s men. Meanwhile, Eustace joined one of the first privateers that went out from New England, and from late seventy-five to early seventy-seven he was continuously with Paul Jones, under the old yellow flag with the coiled rattlesnake and the motto, “Don’t tread on me.” Probably all that Martha knew of Eustace was that he might be found somewhere in the Colonies’ wreck of a navy.

‘Well, that old Indian found him, exactly as if he had been an Indian out of a romantic story. He got to Portsmouth early in November. Paul Jones’s Ranger had been expected to sail for Nantes weeks before, but had been held in port by one delay after another. In two or three days more she was actually off — but with no Eustace Ronald aboard, for Paskahegan had come on his man somewhere about the wharves of Portsmouth, and given him Martha’s

letter if she sent one, as she probably did, and haled him away toward home. How he got away from the Ranger, goodness only knows: there has never been a record of furlough or discharge, and yet Eustace never came under any sort of cloud. Perhaps —

‘Perhaps nothin’!’ interrupted Payne Gilbert, making Ronald jump as if a pistol had gone off at his ear. ‘John Ronald had his hon’able discharge, writ in Paul Jones’s own hand and signed with Paul Jones’s own name. That I’ve heard him say a hunderd times, if I have once.’

‘Capital!’ said Eustace. ‘I’m glad you recall that, Payne, for I’ve never been able to find anything about it. And very reasonable, too, if Eustace presented his case frankly to his captain: for Paul Jones was not the man to see a lady refused anything she wanted — especially a young lady, in a romantic plight. Anyway, Eustace fought no more to the end of his days.’

‘Just here comes in the new house — our house — that you thought I was n’t ever going to get to. Eustace came back to the Valley and took up his life with Martha and the child exactly as if he had been Ronald — so far as outward appearances went. That winter he was her good angel, and the whole Valley’s. Eustace very soon saw that she would never be herself again in that place; it was too full of horrible suggestions and reminders. So with the spring of 1778 he began the new house that he had been planning in his head all winter; and before the next winter closed in, they moved up the Valley into it. That, of course, is your grandfather’s house — the one your father and I were born in, and all the others, back through Ephraim. The old house simply went out of the family — to the Rudds, who had it until the Reservoir came. °

‘For the rest of Martha’s life, Eus-

tace tried off and on to get her to marry him, but always without success. I have their letters to each other, written during the years when he sat in the Legislature; and from the references in them it is easy to follow the queer relationship between the two. Everyone accepted it as the most natural thing in the world that he should come home to live with his brother’s widow, after that ghastly summer, and in a time so troubled and abnormal anyway. But after things had settled down a bit, people began to remember that Eustace had once been head over heels in love with Martha, and there was a period when their status was regarded as — well, peculiar. Eustace, who, of course, was still in love with her, could not press his suit until she had somewhat recovered from the blow of Ronald’s death; and by that time tongues were whispering and heads wagging, so that when he did finally propose marriage to her, she got it into her head that he was doing it out of pity and to save her from the gossip. Besides, she had come of a devout Established Church family, and she had more than a trace of the deceased-husband’s-brother superstition.

‘Anyway, the upshot of it was that they settled into a steadfast, year-in-and-year-out sort of domestic relation, exactly like that of a million married couples who have got past the hectic stage of romance and could not possibly imagine any other set of circumstances. They lived down the talk in the course of twenty years or so, and people came to take them on their own terms. It must have been pretty difficult to think any serious evil of those two, anyway! How the thing came out in the long run, you can see from Payne’s idea that Eustace was the own father of Ronald Joel. People simply forgot, in time, that there had ever been anything unusual about the pair. Yet the time had been when Eustace thrashed an

itinerant preacher — this was at the Baptist meeting-house — for alluding in a prayer to “those two in our midst who are daily living in open sin.”

‘It may be worth adding that Eustace got one rather notable compensation out of Martha’s refusal to consider marrying him. I mean his relation to the boy Joel, Ronald Ronald’s son. There was something in that beyond common fatherhood. It’s as if the fact that he had missed being Joel’s father made him love the lad all the more. I don’t mean that Eustace was sentimental about it, or even that he showed it much on the surface. For that matter, he was mostly dry and humorous. He was a good deal like father in some ways; and a man of some book-learning, too, though he did n’t always choose to show it. He knew altogether more than his grand-nephew Ephraim, who taught you to read and write, Payne. — What now, Jerry?’

Jeremy, who had sat smoking and watching his pair of fishlines without a word, now deliberately drew in his poles. ‘Pout quit half an hour ago,’ he said. ‘Moon comin’ up, I should n’t wonder.’ He began collecting his traps. ‘Got enough, anyway.’

‘It’ll be a good while ‘fore ye git any more off’n *this* here platform,’ said Payne. ‘They was a-openin’ of the gates down yonder when I come acrost the dam. Goin’ to do some fixin’ down to the base o’ the dam. She’s a-runnin’ out to beat the Dutch by now. That’s how come your fish to be gittin’ narvous.’

Peering down over the edge of the Shelf, they could indeed see on the ledge, several inches above the present surface-level, a black wet streak, the high-water mark of some hours earlier.

In Ronald’s Uncle Eustace this piece of chance information produced a visible preoccupation and excitement. In Ronald himself, it started a similar thrill,

though he could hardly have said why, and, with the strange secretiveness of youth, he certainly meant to keep it to himself. By Eustace’s recital of past events, he had been more completely taken possession of than he would have admitted even to himself — the immensity of darkness and silence round them, and the dreamy unreality of his own sensations, doubtless contributing something to the effect. The rim of the moon cut through the opposite sky-line of the gorge, diffusing a smoky red glow. Above, in the woods, a screech-owl began its everlasting plaint; against the undertone of the falls, it was like sound strained through a sieve. His mind kept churning over the odds and ends of his family’s past, now for the first time directed upon his consciousness in one unbroken flow; churning away like the ancient mill-wheel which had perhaps been made by his — how many great’s had Eustace said? — grandfather Abijah. He quite lost himself among the scattered items — and yet with an inexplicable sensation of groping for, almost finding, himself. The twentieth-century Ronald Ronald seemed to him, in this hour of sensibility, the least actual of actualities. He tried to imagine what he would have seemed like to one of the other two Ronald Ronalds, if they could have looked down upon him from their point of vantage; to Ronald Ronald who had been the victim of a tragic accident at twenty-two, just when he had come back to the arms of his young wife and the first glimpse of his child; or to Ronald Joel Ronald, who had never known, and therefore never known how to miss, his father.

Time presented itself to the boy as a sheer wall of centuries, near the top of which stood those others, looking down upon him at his lower level. Perhaps this was nothing more than a subconscious effect of his present physical

ascent of the cliff. However that may have been, on a sudden he himself seemed to be at the top, looking down at himself, as if in good earnest he *had* been one of those others. He could not in that instant have told you *who* he was. Again, in his abstraction, he was revolving the old dilemma, 'Am I truly myself, or am I some other?' He was not enough of a philosopher to surmise that perhaps every one of us is, in part, a congeries of unknown selves, some of them with their roots deep in the soil of historic generations, and all of them walled apart from each other by a solid masonry of the common human limitations—the limitations, notably, of mere human memory. He had only his vague sense of the wall, and that, perhaps, only because he was near one of those points at which the wall is thinnest or lowest. It was as if, by going on a little farther in the same direction, he could completely pierce it. There came a sharp tug of instinct for clinging tenaciously to his direction, going on and on through, resisting any possible diversion away from his present wistful and tantalizing sense of the past.

It was no diversion, but rather an energetic shove of propulsion along the same path, that Ronald received in the smoky lantern-light of old Gilbert's cabin, just off the main path in the woods above. There was no doubt, it seemed, about the authorship of the old oaken float from the mill-wheel, when Payne unscrewed it from the wall above his bunk and handed it silently over for inspection. This piece of the ancient overshot mill-wheel had originally been of Abijah's making, as certainly as if his signature were carved in the grain of its wood, with a date that would carry one back to a time earlier than the Peace of Paris. A word from Eustace, and in a twinkling the thing had grown a century older while Ronald stood there gazing at it.

The stout hickory pegs or spikes at each end were what told the story. These their maker had shaped out of the wood with a draw-shave, or perhaps a spoke-shave. In the blade of his tool some accident had once left a tiny semi-circular nick. Instead of tossing the instrument aside to be reground, he had shrewdly surmised that it would make better pegs as it was, and increase their holding power by leaving on the surface of each a multitude of fine, slightly rough parallel grooves. By this trivial accident he had found the easy and unexcelled way of making a peg hold as if it were literally of greater diameter than its socket; and thereafter he had saved the tool for that one use. That the draw-shave in question was indeed Abijah's, Eustace knew because the same nicked blade had left its signature on the pegs of the old pine clock-case in Elijah's kitchen. This case, once refastened by Eustace himself where it had warped, was certainly known to have been made by Abijah. On the pegs of the float, where they had been tightly imbedded in the frame of the great wheel and shielded from the action of the water and of time, the same tiny grooves and ridges were unmistakable. There they were, a sort of sign-manual of the whole unique old Yankee tradition of workmanship—the workmanship that had astonishingly known how to exact from the imperfection of the blind tools a crowning individual perfection of success for each thing made with them.

IV

Wakeful in his bed at the farmhouse that night, Ronald remained for hour after hour a being strange to himself, if by 'himself' one should happen to mean a certain twentieth-century Yankee schoolboy who whizzed about on a motor-cycle at demented

and forbidden speeds, and masked all the more serious parts of himself under a protective coloring of slang. He was in the path of an imminent landslide of things that only yesterday had been tombed in oblivion.

He was, in the most literal sense, not himself. He seemed to be nobody in particular — just a suspended consciousness played upon forcibly by a jet of other men's memories, sensations, experiences, hopes, regrets, and whirled round and round in them, churning them into a spray of images. Once he was his ancient ancestor Abijah Ronald, opening the wheel-house gate for the first time upon the floats of the new and untried mill-wheel. His heart tightened within him like a tuned string as, with a ponderous and mighty deliberation, the wheel began to revolve. It picked up speed and momentum, threw off a suggestion of incalculable power; and as he stood listening to its slow, musical *clink-clink'*, *clink-clink'*, the deep chuckle of a gigantic throat, he felt himself at a summit of achievement, of creation, such as few lives scale.

Again, he was Eustace, the brother of the first Ronald Ronald, busily absorbed in the finishing details of a house he had built. For whom had he built that house? Oh, yes: for Martha, of course, and her child Joel, his dead brother's child. He must not forget a place for the tall clock; and in his mind he planned the box-like inset in the low-studded kitchen ceiling. That would be better than the bare square hole that his father Abijah had cut in the ceiling of the old house, for the cornice of the clock's hood to stick through. Why had the old gentleman made that clock-case so tall, anyway? Straight came the answer from somewhere inside him, as if he had merely forgotten it: why, Abijah had had to allow at least that much fall for the weights, or the unwieldy old colossus of a timepiece would not have

room to run itself through the twenty-four hours.

And so on, interminably. While these images, the blown spindrift of the past, were beating upon the consciousness of Ronald, he was acutely aware of his sleeplessness: yet later, when he came to himself and saw that the sky was graying into pearl, he felt as if reality had thrust itself irritatingly into the midst of dreams that wanted to go on and on to some proper *finis*.

He got up, dressed himself rapidly, and tiptoed down the narrow stairs, carrying his shoes and stepping over the boards that creaked. From the hall, with its almost unused front door, he passed through the great living-room and into the kitchen.

Something strange in the silence there arrested him. It was like an empty ringing in his head. For a second, he thought that his grandfather had inexplicably forgotten to wind the great clock, and that it had stopped in the night. He had the distinct thought that he must wind and start the clock, and was even wondering whether he could do it without too great a clacking of the old wooden machinery. Then the illusion passed: the venerable timepiece ticked stolidly away as ever, beating off the seconds in the hush of the sleeping house. Ronald passed on through the back room into the wood-house, put on his shoes, and let himself out at the barn door.

Under the lustreless gray sky he set off down the road toward the Reservoir. Once he noticed, in the dimness, the strips of grass and weeds on each side of the horse-path, and the ghostly wayside bushes that encroached in places on the wagon-ruts. He kept suffering the illusion that the road was completely overgrown and lost just ahead; but when he came to the spot, it was always the old familiar way. It was as if two faint photographs of different roads were

superposed on the same film. His attention was behaving oddly. The proof was that he felt aware of no oddness.

At the schoolhouse he struck off as before into the woods, running sure-footedly until he came out in the little clearing at the edge of the cliff above the shelf. Again, as he looked out over the Valley, he had that queer sense of having been there before in exactly the same circumstances; having been there *this very time* before, so to speak, as if he had really gone there but once long ago, and thereafter repeated the moment of arrival in recurring cycles, as one seems to do in a dream. For an instant he had the impression that the Reservoir had been drained dry over-night. He looked out into a landscape of misty low-lying meadows instead of a lake. The leaves round him whispered in a cool breath from the east wall opposite. At the same instant it crossed his mind that the dull light was, inexplicably, that of evening twilight rather than of dawn. He brushed a cold hand across his eyes. Silly, of course: there under the thin covering of mist lay the surface of the water, looking like tarnished silver in the early light. It was the reflection of the mist in the water, which had created the illusion of a dry valley blurred with fog. Nevertheless, another unaccountable thread wove itself into the pattern of his thought, taking form in the definite question, 'Where's the pony?' Well, sometimes there *was* a pony — one that blundered up through the woods and bushes from a pasture farther down the Reservoir. So this too was all right. He went along down the path, saying over and over to himself that it was all right.

Arrived on the Shelf, he looked over the edge to see how far the water had fallen during the night. Five feet, he estimated. The smooth roar of Salter's Run, entering above, was intensified by the increased depth of its fall. He won-

dered idly whether, to do the proposed work on the dam, they would have to lower the water enough to uncover the floor of the gorge.

It was then that, with a sudden obviousness, the idea struck him. He must, by his own unaided efforts, reach that floor, while it was still wrapped in its aqueous and romantic gloom, and before they had laid it prosaically bare to the inquisitive sunlight. He stripped off his clothes and pushed them in a neat bundle to the innermost crevice of the little cave. A moment later he was poised on the edge, his whole body one pæan of exultation as he thought that now, at last, he was almost certain to reach his goal. An instant he stood there, swaying lithely on his toes. Then, aiming at a far point to escape any possible projection of the wall below, he flung himself outward and down.

Why could n't he see anything? Water roiled. A cold layer, unexpectedly. Must n't shiver: body rigid, like an arrow. Strong current: was he being carried downstream? Oh, yes: they were drawing off the water, and that would make a current. Could he reach it? Brrr! icy. Next time, perhaps.

At the bottommost point of his dive, and while his body was still vertical and taut, he brought his hands to his thighs in one powerful and sweeping stroke, at the same time kicking with his feet. Am I there? *Crash!* What is that? Pain, stinging pain. Head. — Time to turn. Why don't I turn? No, keep on! keep on, same direction. Must get through. Through *what?* Who am I? Ronald. Who screamed 'Ronald!' in that terrible voice? — Can't move. Wedged in, somehow. Funny! — Who wants to move, anyway? And who the deuce am I?

He strained his eyes toward something. Was it light, or was it such a hideous depth and eternity of blackness as his eyes had never looked into?

Light! A blinding white light flashed upon him, as if some window in his brain had opened and closed like the shutter of a camera.

There was something that he must

beat his way through until he came out clear beyond. He wished he understood what it was that he must beat his way through, what it was that lay waiting for him beyond.

(To be concluded)

WRITTEN, BUT NEVER SENT

I. TO A RICH RELATIVE

MY DEAR COUSIN, —

You are very kind. You are noble. There is a beauty in your devotion to duty, in your power of self-dedication, which brings tears to my soul and joy to my heart. If I could take gifts of money from anyone gladly, it would be from you. I do take the money, but I am hurt when I take it. Nevertheless, I know that you would be hurt more if I did not take it. So I do not refuse.

You think I take it gladly because I need it, though you know I take it reluctantly because I am proud. You think I am really thankful to piece out our scanty income this way, and to save the family from indigence or overwork. Yes, I am thankful. Of course, it does ease things to have an addition of twenty per cent to one's income once or twice a year. Five hundred dollars is not much to you, but it is undeniably much to us. Nevertheless, we should get along and be happy, and the children would become liberally educated ladies and gentlemen, even if you did not help us.

I accept the money because there is no really good reason why I should be too proud to take it and the pleasures

it brings; because there is no really good reason why you should not part with it; and because the cordiality between us would vanish if I did not take it. You would be hurt, deeply hurt.

But I am deeply hurt in taking it, because I know you believe that it is my husband's inadequacy which makes his income so small. You believe that the reason his whole profession is so poorly paid is because the job does not require first-rate ability. You believe exceptional capacity commands high prices. You believe that rarity makes value. When, as so often happens, one of his profession goes into a lucrative occupation and gets rich, you believe this is because 'he was too good for his former job; it could not hold him; it was not a man's job.' The men who stay in the profession are to your mind weak brothers, and not fit for anything better.

But, inside the profession, we know that those 'successful' men are usually men who were not good enough for their job among us, or, more rarely, men whose ability was recognized in the profession but was not at all exceptional — plenty of others here could have done as well if they too had changed

their work. Plenty do change and make good, every year. But the best ones almost all stay — because it is a profession where a man can live up to his conscience and not blink contradictions. And also because it is a profession which looks to the future, deals with the invisible, and taxes a man's whole intelligence.

My own husband, for instance, would have made a capital lawyer (as he was advised upon graduation from college). But there are too many 'fictions' in the law and too much outworn precedent to be followed. The integrity and clarity of his mind made that profession impossible to him; yet fortunes are made in the law.

He would have made a good politician. His keen practical sense, his constructive imagination, his intelligence in government, finance, and sociology, and his wide outlook would have fitted him well for that. He impressed men, too, and has a power of command. But he hates a lie, he hates a subterfuge, and he hates self-interest. He hates a weakening compromise and he looks for perfect results. Yet fortunes are made in politics.

He would have made a highly successful business man. You smile; you 'know better.' Yet he is always made treasurer or chairman of the finance committee wherever he works; and he has financed our family affairs so that always we could have gone on without your aid. He has given his children every advantage in *kind* that your children have had — besides a good many which yours have gone without. Our children have had everything that is worth while except gardening and horseback riding; and by going to a farm some summer, we can give them those. He is resourceful, imaginative, quick to think in figures, clever at finance, determined, and tireless. He would have made an exceptionally able

business man, only — he has a clear intelligence, an over-powering sense of justice, and an unquenchable reforming spirit. The absurdities, inequalities, clumsiness, crudities, and ridiculous guesswork of business would have been unendurable to him. Yet fortunes are made in business.

In one other occupation he would have been preëminent — burglary. His ingenuity, his daring, his caution and wariness, his practical sense, his constructive imagination, his suspiciousness, his power over men, his quick accuracy in action, would have made him a superlative crook. But — his conscience, and his kind heart — alas! — Yet fortunes are made in burglary.

So having, besides all the qualities which I have mentioned, a clear talent for his own profession, he adopted that and has stuck to it, because there he need never offend his conscience or silence his kind heart. Nor need he hoodwink his observation or blinder his intelligence.

As for you, you silently despise him, because you believe that his not earning much proves that he is of mediocre capacity as a mind and as a man. Very nearly every rich man looks upon a man who has not made money as having made a failure — unless he has gained fame. Even then, the moneyed man doubts the claims of a fame which has not received financial recognition. Very nearly every famous man, however, sees life otherwise. He usually rates an intelligent obscure man at least as highly as he rates himself, and he knows that money is no measure of worth. The famous man seems to look upon his fame more or less as a matter of accident; but every moneyed man tends to believe his own money to be a proof of his own superiority. This may be because fame has always been gained by some past achievement, and the famous one does not feel certain of

his ability to maintain fame by further successes. He has to earn his reward as he goes along. But money is present power, and much money is almost sure evidence of future increase of that power. This gives the moneyed man assurance, while the famous man is modest. The trouble is, you do not realize that *money* is made merely by providing successfully for people's immediate obvious needs. What people think they must have right off, they will pay for. And if you are able to provide it quicker or better than other men, they will pay you high for it. They will not pay high for future benefits or for any other benefit which is invisible.

If you were accustomed to wide ranges of thought, and to observing the large motions of mankind in history; if you were a comprehensive thinker by habit, you would have noticed that from my husband's profession and its cognates have sprung all the ideas which have later led to the progress of mankind. But men do not pay high for the production of ideas which may benefit posterity.

And so, what a man is paid for his work is no measure of his real worth to the world, and no measure of the rarity of his intellect or of his virility. What is uncommon and out of the fashion is not in much demand. No one demands very eagerly to be benefited in ways which he cannot fully understand.

If you were accustomed to wide areas of thought, instead of courteously sitting opposite each other and trying each to get through the evening without being rude (to the other), you and my husband would spend long hours in productive conference. Your virility, your sincerity, your incisive mind, and your experience in a field different from his, would meet his virility, sincerity, incisiveness, and separate experience in

delighted exploration of causes and planning for results.

But, your education stopped short just where you most needed it. You never were led out into the open fields of imagination and larger sympathy where he lives all the time. So you despise him, and he is hopelessly baffled by your unspoken scorn and your incomprehension. Your splendid mind is but half used, and he does not know where to meet you.

You have not exactly blindered your intelligence or offended your conscience, because your intelligence was never given scope enough in your youth. You had the power, but not the training, to be wise. Your mind sees only straight ahead. But you have hoodwinked your observation and silenced your kind heart, and you are well aware of that yourself, now that the excitement of rivalry is over, and old age is creeping upon you.

You are naturally very kind; you are truly noble in your steady self-sacrifices; your devotion to duty as you see it, is beautiful. I accept your money because I love and admire you; but I do wish you had intelligence, conscience, and observation sufficient to make you love and admire my husband.

My dear cousin, it is one of the saddest places in our family life, this failure to 'connect' with you. But it would be worse if we broke the bond completely. I could not bear to refuse your money. If only you knew how we admire and honor and love you — if only you could see our worth as plainly as we see yours!

Ever with devotion and despair,

YOUR AFFECTIONATE KINSWOMAN.

P.S. If only I could send this letter! But you would not believe it. You would not understand; you would be hurt; and we should just be further apart than before.

II. TO A VERY RICH NEIGHBOR

MY DEAR MR. ARISTOS, —

Since you moved into this neighborhood and bought a thousand acres of land, we have lived within five hundred feet of one another for seven years. Your lady and I exchange calls and have long pleasant chats. Our children lunch together at each other's houses; we accept each other's invitations to dinner, and I think we all four enjoy these occasions. The boys and girls exchange proffers of outdoor sports to be enjoyed together; though yours seldom accept because they are too busy with lessons, and so ours are sparing of their own acceptances.

Certain privileges of wood and water which we enjoyed before you created your estate, we continue to enjoy with your courteous encouragement and apparently to your entire satisfaction. You also offer to sell us vegetables at low rates, or to give us kindling from the enormous piles of packing-boxes which accumulate in your back premises from time to time; and you do various other little acts, trying to help make life agreeable for us.

When we asked you to sell us a parcel of land — sixty by seventy feet — which we had not been able to secure from the former owner, in order to complete our precious three acres, you offered us the free use of that bit 'just as if it were ours, without payment,' saying that you disliked ever to part with any land.

When we heard you were coming near us, we were troubled, for we feared the close neighborhood of elaborateness and formality and pride. We were afraid our children might have to learn that there is arrogance even in America. But not so. You are simple. You are kind. You have been in every way a good neighbor, a remarkably good neighbor.

It is curious that, after seven years of such perfectly friendly intercourse, we are not friends. We know a great deal more about each other than we did in the beginning; but we do not really know each other any better at all. This is the more odd, because we have so many points of agreement in matters which make the most difference between folks. A sense of duty is the leading emotion in your lives as well as in ours. You are sincere; you, too, are interested in social betterment, in religious enlargement, and in educational improvement; you like the same sports. We all four enjoy the same magazines (the *Atlantic* being the sole reading of any one of us sometimes for weeks), and we admire the same public men. Your land is just like ours, only there is more of it. Your house has the same appointments as ours, only there are more of them and they are finer. We all wear the same kind of clothes, only you have more of them. Each couple loves its own children more than anything else except, of course, each other. We all admire and cultivate the same kind of manners; we even enjoy the same kind of jokes. What more is necessary to make people friends?

And yet, we are not friends. As I see it, the explanation is *your money*, — your extra money, — not the money you spend, but the money you have not spent.

We are so afraid that you will think we are after it, that we dare not talk freely on any of the subjects which interest us most deeply — because those subjects are all *objects*; and *objects* always need money. You are so redundantly rich! Whatever one of our dreams we might begin to be eloquent about, we could not long conceal the fact that it was still but a little way toward fulfilment — for lack of money.

In short, whatever we said, we should consciously fear that we sounded like beggars. And beggars, satellites, or dependents, we will not be. We have a fixed determination not to ask money for any of our projects from people who are not already eager to give.

And on your side, we are utterly at a loss to know how you feel. We have an impression that we do not seem to you of the slightest importance. Your refusing to sell the strip of land to us seemed to us equivalent to saying, 'We do not care to make you at home near us. We think of you as of birds who have nested close by. We treat you with consideration, and we watch you with interest, but we shall not care when you flit, leaving the nest empty and ourselves more free to range at pleasure beneath your trees.'

Nothing you ever say or do seems to prove anything different. There is, indeed, a possibility that you are as diffident as we. Perhaps you like us as fully as we like you, but are afraid that we do not find you interesting. But no! A rich man practically always looks upon a man who has not made money as a failure, unless he has gained fame. Even then, he inclines to doubt the value of a fame which cannot gain financial recognition. As a matter of fact, are you not all the while silently on the watch to avoid encroachments from us, and to elude possible openings for favors to be asked? Are you not all the time on guard against our becoming beggars, satellites, or dependents?

And so it goes: we take the privileges

of wood and water, because we believe that in a properly conducted state those opportunities would be ours of public right. We do not take other favors which you offer, because we believe that in a properly conducted state those things would still be matters of private right, and we have no special claim upon you. We have not the claim of friendship, which is the only basis upon which one can accept private favors. In a friendship the mutual exchange of invisible benefits is so great, so constant, and so valuable, that tangible benefits are given and received without consideration of money value, simply as outward expressions of that inner interchange.

Do you remember that, several years ago, after we had once or twice invited your boys to go sailing or snowshoeing with us, you offered to employ my husband to take charge of their sports all the time? So it goes. You look upon us as a duty, and as a possible convenience, but never, it seems to us, as possible friends. We are sorry, for we like you candidly, and you are our nearest neighbors. Very cordially,

YOUR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR.

P.S. I cannot send you this letter, because you might think it sheer impudence; or, if you did not, any efforts which you made thereafter to become friends would seem to us to spring from your all-pervasive sense of duty, and we should give them a cold reception as being favors which we had asked for. We will not be beggars.

A JAVANESE WEDDING¹

MORE LETTERS FROM JAVA

BY RADEN ADJENG KARTINI

WHEN I received your letter, we were about to go to a wedding. It is not customary for young girls to go to weddings and sit among the wedding guests, but Mamma graciously gave us her consent. If the bride's mother, an old friend of ours, had not pressed us to 'honor her' with our presence at the great feast, we would gladly have stayed away. Before we started from our house, we saw the retinue of the bridegroom going toward the mosque; there was a downpour of rain, and the carriage in which the bridegroom sat was closed, as were the other carriages which followed it. Gold-striped banners were streaming over the *aloen-aloen*. It was a melancholy-looking train; we were depressed by it. Indeed, it made us think of a funeral procession. When we came to the home of the bride, we found her sitting in front of the *kwada* [an article of furniture with three doors in front] waiting for the bridegroom. Father went with us, too.

We sat on the ground close by the door; the eldest between the two little sisters. Incense and the perfume of flowers filled the room. *Gamelan* music, and the soft buzzing of voices reached us from outside. The gamelan broke into a song of welcome: the bridegroom was coming.

Two women seized the bride by the arms, lifted her up, and led her to meet

the bridegroom, who was also being led toward her by two persons. After a few steps, they are opposite each other, and bride and bridegroom give, each one to the other, a rolled-up *sirih*² leaf. A few steps nearer and both sink to the ground. The bride prostrates herself on her knees before him, as a symbol of her subjection to the man. Flat before him, she makes a respectful *sembah*, and humbly kisses his foot! Again, a submissive *sembah*, and both rise and go hand in hand and seat themselves under the canopy.

'Joe, Joe,' whispered Kleintje to me with dancing eyes and a roguish twist to her mouth. 'Hè! I should go wild, if I could only see a bridal pair come smiling to meet each other and hand the sirih leaf with eyes sparkling with joy. Of course, that would have to be among the younger generation — a bridal pair who had known each other beforehand. Would not that be fine — eh, Joe? Will it ever happen? I should go crazy with delight, if I could ever see it.'

'It will come,' I said mechanically, and smiled; but in that room, I felt as if my heart were being pierced with a dagger; and there at my side, with face beaming and dancing eyes, sat my sister.

I thought to myself that, if I did

¹ Translated from the original Dutch by AGNES LOUISE SYMMERS.

² A kind of paste which is eaten by the Javanese women. At weddings bride and bridegroom present it to each other in a golden leaf. — THE TRANSLATOR.

something terrible, which would call down universal scorn upon my head; if everyone passed me by, and I were showered with insults, would father and would mother turn away from me? No, they would not. I should still be their child, and have a place in their hearts. All the time we were sitting quietly here in our room, sewing on Kleintje's clothes. She will have nothing that a strange hand has touched. We must do everything for her ourselves. The door opened a little way, and father came from behind it to stroke the rebellious head that surged with so many unruly thoughts.

After four weeks, sister will be with us no longer. 'You will all miss me very much; I know it,' she said. 'In everything, always we three have been together.'

Forgive me for having taken so long to write. After the departure of our darling, our heart and soul sister, I could not write.

Sister went from here to her new home on the thirty-first of January. You know how we three have always clung together, and that she has been our darling, because she is not strong, and has always needed our care. Before her marriage, we thought so much about the coming separation; but when the blow fell, we felt nothing. We were so dismally calm, we were incapable of thought. We saw her go, with dry eyes.

Annie Glazer, our companion, who came on a visit, reminded us so much of sister. One evening she played on the piano the pieces that sister had loved most. And under the spell of her music the ice-crust melted from our hearts. But with the warmth the pain too came back. 'Thank God, that we could feel again. Thank God, thank God!' we said, in spite of the pain. For those who cannot feel pain are not capable, either, of feeling joy.

She has gone far away from us, and we cannot realize that she will be with us no more — our Kleintje, our own little girl. We see her in everything, she is with us always, only we cannot prattle aloud to her as formerly. We can only do that in our thoughts. It is still so strange to us that we must take a pen and paper to tell her something or other.

There is a young man with a very clever head, and at the same time of high position, who does not know us personally, but who has much sympathy for our struggle, and takes as much interest in it as if he were our own brother. We correspond with him and, later, he is coming himself to make the acquaintance of his sisters. He is so different from all the other men that we know. I read once that the greatest thing in the world was a noble man's heart. I understand now, truly a noble man's heart is the most priceless thing in the world; it is so rare. We are happy because we have found such an one.

Sister Roekmini thinks of you often and has such a high opinion of you. She is a fine child, so good, so faithful. You would like her, I know, if you could meet her; but you do know her already through me, do you not?

When I was sick, I tried to make her write to you, but she would not because it might make you uneasy. When she was with me, and I was so very sick, I thought to myself it was very discouraging. Here is someone who glows with enthusiasm for a noble cause; who longs to be strong and brave, to overcome mountains, and see! now she lies helpless, powerless. If someone picked her up and threw her into a well, she could make no resistance because she would be wholly defenseless.

Of the wedding here, I shall only say that sister was a lovely bride.

She was married in *wajang* costume

and looked beautiful. In the evening, at the reception, she looked like a fairy princess from the *Thousand and One Nights*. She had on a golden crown, with a veil hanging down behind. It was a new idea, but I have no doubt that it will be imitated.

Resident Sijthoff was much interested in seeing sister for the last time as a young girl. He stayed through everything. He would have liked to press her hand in farewell, but that might not be. He could only greet her with his eyes.

As though carved in stone, she sat straight as an arrow, before the glittering golden canopy. Her head was held proudly high, and her eyes were looking straight ahead as though staring at the future that was so soon to be unraveled before her. There were none of the usual tears, but even strangers were affected. Only she and her two sisters were calm. Our emotions had been lulled to sleep by the gamelan music, by incense, and the perfume of flowers.

We talked to the Resident of our plans that very evening. Imagine our speaking at the end of a crowded feast about a cause which is so earnest and so sacred; but it was our only opportunity to talk to him alone, and we had to make the most of it. Alone! all around us there were people, and still more people. Surrounded by evergreens and flowers, with a shimmer of silk, and the glitter of gold and jewels before our eyes, amid the buzzing of a thousand voices, in a very sea of light, we sat there at midnight, with champagne glasses in our hands, to speak of grave matters.

We were afraid that he would laugh at us or at least think us 'silly.' But we did not let him frighten us. He talked first with me, and then with Roekmini, separately, to make sure that our ideas were our own and not borrowed from each other. Several times he left us rather abruptly, but each time he would

come back to resume the conversation.

If we could go to Holland to study, would it be best for us to go or to stay here? What do you and your husband think? Will you give us an answer? You are not able to see my face as I write this, so I must tell you that I ask it from my heart, and expect you to answer me from yours.

I have still another request to make of you, an important one: when you see your friend, Dr. Snouck Hurgronje, ask him if, among the Mohammedans, there are laws of majority, as among you. Or should I write myself to his Excellency for enlightenment? There are some things I should be so glad to know about the rights and duties, or, better still, the laws concerning the Mohammedan wife and daughter. How strange for me to ask! It makes me ashamed that we do not know ourselves. We know so bitterly little.

The influence of blood cannot be denied. I attach a certain value to the descent of everyone around me, and I have an idea that I shall be blessed by the ancestors of those persons whom I love and honor.

I have already written you about my sister in a former letter. It is such a great loss, we miss our heart and soul sister all the time. Happily we have already had encouraging letters from her. She is such a dear, noble child. She is worth more than the other two of us put together.

Sister can do much for our cause if she can arouse the interest of the wives of the native officials. You know already, from the marriage announcement that was sent you, that her husband is Patih; that is one of the highest ranks in our native official world; besides, our brother-in-law is heir to a throne. When his father ceases to reign, he will, of course, succeed him. As the

wife of a regent, sister will be able to do a great deal for the education of women, much more than we shall ever be able to accomplish. We have great hopes that her husband will support her; at least, he was much in favor of the plans of the Heer Abendanon.

He is devoted to his little wife, has a cheerful, energetic disposition and sympathetic heart. He maintains a whole multitude of poor families; that is pleasant, do you not think so? But many Javanese do that; they have much consideration for their poor neighbors.

You are right. The separation from sister has been a great grief to us, we have been together so long, and so intimately. People were not wrong when they said that we three had grown to be one in thought and in feeling. We cannot realize that sister has really left us; the idea that she has gone away never to return is unbearable. We try to imagine that she is only away on a visit, and will be back some day.

We miss our Kleintje very much. But happiness will not stand still; this will not be the only hard parting, we know that; many others await us in the future.

It is wise from time to time,
When a tender strong bond,
Binds and caresses the poor heart,
To tear it asunder with our own hands,

says Genestet. But it is easier said than done. Do you not find it so? We receive encouraging letters from little sister. She is happy and pleased with her surroundings. That makes us so thankful; her happiness is our happiness. And now I shall try and tell you something of her wedding.

A native marriage entails a heavy burden upon the family of the bride. Days and weeks beforehand, the preparations for the solemnity are begun. Sister's wedding was celebrated very quietly on account of a death in the family. You must know that Kleintje

is married to her own cousin. His mother is father's sister. He was here with us long ago, but then she was only a schoolgirl and no one thought of an engagement; though it has happened that children have been affianced and married, and later, when both were full grown, the marriage would be celebrated over again.

The acquaintance of sister and her husband was renewed when the Governor General was at Samarang. It is not customary among us for young girls ever to leave the house until they follow a strange bridegroom; but as I have already told you, we have broken with many traditions, and can do what others cannot, on account of the unusual freedom of our bringing up; and now we are working to break tradition still further.

No Javanese girl must be seen before her marriage; she must remain in the background, usually in her own chamber; and in December we were at Samarang with sister, and she went openly into the shops to buy some things she wanted, herself.

A Javanese girl receives no good wishes upon her engagement; the subject is not mentioned before her; still less does she mention it herself. She acts just as if she knew nothing of it. I should have liked to read the hearts of our fellow countrywomen when they heard sister speak openly and freely of her coming marriage.

A day or two before the wedding, we commemorated our dead. That is our custom: in the midst of joy we always invoke the memory of our dead. There was a sacrificial meal, during which their blessing was asked for the offspring of the coming nuptials.

This takes place in the bride's family. My brother-in-law and his family came on the day before the wedding. The first thing that a European bridegroom would do on arriving at the home of his

bride would be to go to her. But among us that would be out of the question. The bridegroom must not see his bride until the knot is tied. Even his family must not see her.

On the day of the wedding, the bride was bathed in a bath of flowers, and after that she was taken in hand by the *toekang paès*, a woman whose business is the dressing of brides. The bride takes her seat on a cloth that is especially prepared for the occasion: it consists of *katoentjes* and *zidjes*, enough for a *kabaja*, joined together. This is the property of the *toekang paès*. At her side are placed sweetmeats, besides *sirih*, pinang nuts, bananas, a jug of water, a roasted hen, a live hen, and a burning night candle. Incense is burned and the *toekang paès* cuts the fine hair from the bride's neck and face; the hair on the forehead is cut, too; even the hair over the ears. And the eyebrows are shaved off with a razor. One can always tell a newly married woman, by the shorn hair across the forehead and ears and by the shaved eyebrows.

At about one o'clock in the day, the toilet of the bride begins. The forehead is covered with a soft salve, even to the ears, while the hair is dressed in the form of a cap, and ornamented with flowers.

On the headdress are seven jewels, fastened upon spirals, which are constantly waving up and down.

A gold embroidered *kain*, and a *kabaja* of silver gauze, with the usual jeweled ornaments, such as brooches, necklaces, bracelets, earrings, and sleeve-buttons, completed her toilet.

In Java, young girls must not wear flowers in the hair; only married women do that; one often sees very old women going around with flowers in their hair.

The evening before the wedding is called *widodarenni* — *widodari* means angel, heavenly being. On the last evening of her maidenhood, the girl on

the threshold of matrimony is compared to such a heavenly being, and the occasion is celebrated.

A handsome carved *kwada*, covered with gold figures on a purple ground, was in the great hall at the back of the *kaboepatin* [the dwelling-place of a regent]. All tables, chairs, and benches were removed from that apartment, and the floors were covered with a great *alcatief*.

On both sides of the *kwada*, which was draped and ornamented with flowers, stood two large copper vases, filled with young cocoanut leaves and flowers. These vases are called *kembang majang*, and must not be broken at a wedding.

At about half-past seven in the evening, when all of the women guests had assembled in the *kwada*-hall and were ranged on the ground in two rows, one on each side of the *kwada*, sister came in, led by the hand of our married sister and our sister-in-law, and followed by a woman who carried her *sirihdoo*¹ and *kwispeldoor*.² Sister sat down in the middle of the room, near her family and the most prominent guests. The *sirihdoo* and the *kwispeldoor* were placed next to her only as a matter of form, for *Kleintje* eats no *sirih*; behind her, a little girl waved a *koelte* [fan].

Sister sat with crossed legs before the shining gold *kwada*, motionless as an image of Buddha, between the gravely dressed, solemn-looking wives of the native dignitaries, equal in rank to her husband. Tea and cakes were served; everyone took a cup of tea and several kinds of small pastries. The bride and the most distinguished guests each had an individual tea-service, and a tray of

¹ The box to hold the *sirih* paste.

² A spitting-box; for it is necessary to spit after chewing *sirih*. These boxes are often of gold or tortoise-shell, and beautifully ornamented. They are placed by a Javanese lady on all formal as well as informal occasions. — THE TRANSLATOR.

pastries. It was as if a whole carpet of pastries were spread out before the guests, here and there broken by sirih-doozen and kwispeldoors of gold and tortoise-shell, of wood, or of silver. The company was composed entirely of married women. We unmarried ones were not there.

You have certainly heard that among the Javanese it is a great misfortune for a woman to remain unmarried. It is a disgrace as well. Not so long ago, in enlightened Europe it was looked upon in the same way; is not that true? So we must not think ill of the foolish uncivilized Indians.

If the bridegroom has a mother, on this evening she must be at the feast of her daughter-in-law-to-be.

Our masculine guests ate with father in the *pendopo*, or large hall, while the bridegroom stayed in his lodgings.

Sister was so glad when, at half-past nine, the ceremonial was over, so far as she was concerned. She walked decorously and sedately from the hall, through the throng of women sitting around; but as soon as she was out of sight and safe in our room, all the formality was gone. She was again our little sister, our dear happy Kleintje, and no Buddha image. That evening was sacred to the prophet. In the mosque there was a great *Slamatan* (sacrificial meal), celebrated with prayers; the blessing of heaven was asked upon the approaching marriage.

At that meal only men were present, our women guests, even the Regent's wives who had come to sister's wedding, ate at home with us.

Early the next morning, there was a stir in the kaboepatin. It looked quite gay, with its decorations of greens and flags. Outside on the highway, there was bustle and noise. The tricolor waved merrily among the rustling young cocoanut trees that bordered the road which led to the house of the

bridegroom. In the green covered *pasébans*, two little houses on the aloen-aloen before the kaboepatin, the gamelan played lustily.

We were on the back gallery, where stood baskets of *kanangas*, *tjempakas*, and *melaties*. Women's hands were arranging the flowers into garlands, or suspending them on little swings, or tearing the blossoms from the leaves, so that they could be strewn in the way of the bridal pair wherever they might go. The kaboepatin was filled with gamelan music and the perfume of flowers. Busy people walked to and fro. In our room, the toilet of the bride was begun. Her forehead had been painted dark before; now it was decorated with little golden figures.

Sister lay down during the operation. Behind the figures there were two borders fastened to the hair — a dark one behind the gold; into this, jeweled knobs were stuck. With other brides the border-work is made of their own hair; but for sister we had a false piece set in, because the elaborate process is painful, and the poor child had just recovered from a fever.

Above the border-work came a golden diadem, and her hair at the back of the head was dressed like a half-moon and filled with flowers; from that, a veil with a border of melati flowers fell and reached to her shoulders. Her head was again surmounted by the seven jewels glittering on their spirals. Behind these, there was a jeweled flower, from which hung six chains of real flowers, suspended behind the ears, over the breast, and down to the waist. These chains, which were about as thick as one's fingers, were made of white flowers linked together with little bands of gold and ending in a round knob which was stuck full of melati flowers.

Her *wawang* costume was décolleté in front, so that neck, face, and arms were

entirely uncovered. All that was visible of sister except the face, which was whitened, was covered with a fragrant salve. She wore a gold-embroidered *kain*, over which there was a drapery of gold woven silk; the whole was held up by a sash of yellow with long hanging ends of red silk painted with figures of gold. A dark green sash, growing lighter till it was pale green in the centre, was bound around the upper part of her body. Little glints of gold showed delightfully through this. Her arms and shoulders were left entirely free. The yellow girdle around her waist was called *mendologiri*. Sister wore one of gold, three fingers broad and ornamented with jewels; garlands of flowers, with hanging ends, were fastened to it, reaching from behind one hip to the other. Around her neck, she wore a collar, with three wing-shaped ornaments hanging down over her breast and almost to her waist. There were bracelets on her wrists and on the upper part of her arms, shaped like serpents with up-raised tails and heads; golden chains dangled from these.

It was between three and four o'clock in the afternoon. In the *kwada*-hall the wives of the native nobles assembled in gala attire. From the *kwada* to the *pendopo* there was a carpet of flowers, over which the bridal pair must walk. The bride was led forward by her sisters and took her place before the *kwada*. The lights were already lighted in the *pendopo*; the regents stood assembled in official costume, and there were a few European acquaintances who were anxious to see sister for the last time as a maiden. In the *aloen-aloen*, and all outside the *kaboepatin*, it was dark with people; only the road, which was decorated with flags and green leaves, remained free.

A streak of yellow could be seen in the distance; it drew nearer, till there appeared a train of open gold-striped

parasols (*pajongs*), under which the native officials walk on great occasions.

It was the retinue which preceded the bridegroom, who, with the other regents, was in an open carriage, which was covered with a glittering golden parasol. Gamelan music sounded from the *pasébans* and the *kaboepatin*, to greet the approaching procession.

It reached the *kaboepatin* and halted at the door of the *pendopo*. The whole company squatted down; the bridegroom got out of the carriage, and was led forward by two unmarried regents. They went into the *pendopo*, and all three knelt down in the middle of the room to do homage to father and the other regents. The two regents moved back, still on their knees, and left the bridegroom alone in the middle of the *pendopo*. The chiefs formed a circle around him, within which there was a smaller circle of priests. Father sat at the head of the regents, and the High Priest who was to perform the ceremony, next to the bridegroom. Father announced to those present the reason for the calling of this assembly, and said that he now sought the assistance of the High Priest to bind his daughter in marriage to the bridegroom.

From the crowd of people in the *pendopo* there arose a mystic buzzing noise. They were praying.

I was so sorry that I could not be near enough to hear. A teacher who is a friend of ours, sister Roekmini, and I were the only women in the *pendopo*, which was filled with men.

But we were very glad to be allowed there at all, and to have that much freedom granted us. It would not have been seemly for us to appear among a crowd of men during the celebration of a marriage ceremony. It was a pity, as we should have been glad to hear the betrothal formulas. We could only see that during the betrothal service the Priest held fast to the hand of the

bridegroom, who had to respond after him. The solemnity lasted a quarter of an hour at most; but we did not have a watch with minutes, so we could not tell exactly. It was impressive and still in the pendopo; not a sound could be heard save the mystic droning of the priests.

There was a stir among the crowd of men, and the priests rose from their knees. The ceremony was over.

The regents stood up; two of them lifted up the bridegroom, and now they started off over the carpet of flowers, followed by the most prominent regents. Back in the kwada-hall, the bride was raised up by her sisters, and, supported by them, she too started down the road of flowers, followed by Mamma and all the women guests. As the bride and bridegroom came within a few steps of each other, those who were leading them fell back, and the bridal pair gave, each to the other, a rolled up sirih-leaf filled with flowers. They took a few steps nearer, and then both knelt down and with them the whole company.

The bridegroom sat; on her knees, the bride moved nearer to him and made a sembah — both hands held together and brought down under the nose; that is our mark of reverence. Then she kissed his right knee. Again the bride made a sembah. The bridegroom rose and raised his wife, and hand in hand the young pair walked over the carpet of flowers to the kwada, followed by the whole company except the regents, who turned back to the pendopo.

Bride and bridegroom sat before the kwada like two images of Buddha; the family and the lady guests thronged around them. Behind the bridal pair sat two little girls waving their fans to and fro.

In most cases, husband and wife see each other for the first time at this

ceremony. At the stroke of half-past seven the regents came back, and formed a half-circle on the ground around the bridal pair; the women of their families formed the other half of the circle.

The bride and bridegroom saluted the older relatives with the foot-kiss. The bride first raised herself on her knees and shuffled forward toward Mamma; she made a sembah and kissed Mamma's knee, to beg her mother's blessing on her marriage. From Mamma, sister went to the aunts, sisters, and cousins, — to all those who were older than she, — and went through with the same ceremony. Then she went to Father and kissed his knee, in order to receive his blessing; from him she went to her father-in-law; after that to her uncles and cousins. When she had finished kissing the feet of all and had returned again to her place, the bridegroom began the foot-kiss journey. He followed the example of his wife. When he had completed this ceremony, the regents went out, and tea and pastry were served as on the evening before.

At half-past eight bride and bridegroom departed. Hand in hand they left the hall. Usually they must go out on their knees; but as both of them had just recovered from illness, they were allowed to walk.

In other families the bridegroom must creep up the steps instead of walking, on coming to the house of his parents-in-law, before he pays his respects to the ladies of the family; that is the perfection of good manners.

The bridegroom went to the bridal chamber, and sister to our room, where we dressed her for the reception to Europeans.

Her bridal toilet, which had been the work of a whole day, was undone in five minutes. Only the headdress and the decorations on her forehead were left unchanged. We young girls ought not

to have dressed her alone, but we did it just the same. We thought that it was entirely too stupid for us not to be allowed to touch sister in her bridal toilet. Sister now put on a kain of silk interwoven with gold, and a kabaja of ivory-colored satin with silver embroidery. She wore another jeweled collar; the jeweled flowers in her hair and the diadem were taken off. In their stead she wore a golden crown from which hung a veil. On her head jeweled flowers on spirals were fastened. The costume was very becoming to her. What a pity that she could not have been photographed in it!

The bridegroom appeared in his official dress. Again the bridal pair sat before the kwada. At nine o'clock, they went arm in arm to the front gallery, where two gilded settees stood ready for them before a background of palms.

They received the good wishes of the European ladies and gentlemen, standing.

It was called a reception, but at the sound of the music, the dance-crazy feet turned toward the empty pendopo; bride and bridegroom both took a few turns around the pendopo.

It is not customary for young girls to appear at a wedding, but it would have been foolish for us to remain away from sister's feast.

It was not yet twelve o'clock, when the Resident, who was among the guests, toasted the young pair; his speech was answered by Father. Soon after the European guests took their leave, all but the Resident and a few others, among them a lady who is an intimate friend of ours. They remained for the native part of the feast.

After the departure of the European guests, the native nobles, who had absented themselves from the pendopo during the reception, came in and formed a half-circle, before which the bride-

groom must give a proof of his proficiency in dancing.

The regents as well as the other chiefs had meanwhile dressed in more informal costume.

The gamelan played; a dancing-girl entered and began to dance. The Patih of Japara brought, on his knees, a silver waiter to the bridegroom, on which there was a silken cloth. When the bridegroom had taken the cloth, the patih fell back.

Soft gamelan tones again sounded: it was a prelude, an invitation to the hero of the day to open the feast. The bridegroom rose and went to the middle of the pendopo; he fastened the silken cloth around him and named his favorite air to the gamelan players. The gongs chimed; the air was immediately struck up.

I shall not attempt to describe the dance; my pen is inadequate. I shall only say that it was a joy to the eyes to follow the agile dancer in his graceful movements as he kept time to the beautiful gamelan music. Behind him danced the dancing-girl, also singing. The circle of native dignitaries accompanied the music by singing and beating their hands together. Toward the end of the dance the Resident went forward with two glasses of champagne. The gong sounded, and both dancers fell upon their knees. With a sembah the bridegroom accepted a glass from the Resident. He drank it and the Resident emptied his at the same time amid joyful gamelan tones and sounds of general mirth.

A servant took the empty glasses, and the Resident fell back. The bridegroom stood up and again began to dance. Now his father-in-law brought him a health to drink; dancing, they advanced to meet each other, and at the sound of the gong, the young man knelt down to receive the wine-glass from the hand of the older one.

After a health had been brought to him by all the regents present, he left them and went back to sit by the side of his wife. Soon after that the bridal pair left the assembly; the European guests went home, but the feast was kept up till early in the morning. The European gentlemen had danced too, and our Assistant-Resident acquitted himself excellently.

Mamma, our friend, sister Roekmini, and I stayed till the last European guest had gone.

The next day there was quiet in the house. In the afternoon the last ceremony took place. That is the first visit of the bridal pair to the parents of the groom. It is called in Javanese *ngoen-doh mantoe*, which, literally translated, means 'daughter-in-law plucking'! The daughter-in-law is compared to a flower which her husband's parents will pluck.

For this occasion both bride and groom should again put on their bridal costume; but that would have been much too wearisome, so the groom was dressed as usual and sister wore a kain interwoven with gold and a silk kabaja; her hair was dressed in the form of a cap, and on her head was a small sheath in the shape of a cross, which was filled with flowers, and over the whole was a network of melati blossoms, and again the jeweled spirals waved to and fro above her head.

The bridal pair went in procession, followed by the native chiefs on foot, to the house where the father of the bridegroom lodged.

Days and weeks after the wedding the newly married pair are still called bride and bridegroom. The bride is a bride until she becomes a mother. But there are women, mothers, who all their lives are called *nganten*, short for *penganten*, which means bride and also bridegroom.

The day after the ceremony was

spent in receiving visits from both Europeans and natives.

Five days later there was again a feast in the kaboepatin; the first return of the holy day which had opened the wedding ceremonies was celebrated.

The young couple left a week after the wedding; they were fêted everywhere by various family connections with whom they stopped on their journey home. At Tegal the marriage was celebrated all over again; they remained there a week, and finally they reached their own home at Pemalang.

There you have a description of a Javanese wedding in high circles. Sister's marriage was called only a quiet affair, and yet it entailed all that ceremony. What must one be that is celebrated in a gala way?

We were dead tired afterward.

The Javanese give presents at a marriage: things to wear, such as kains, stomachers, head-dresses, silk for kabajas, cloth for jackets; and also things to eat, such as rice, eggs, chickens, or a buffalo. These are merely meant as marks of goodwill.

Kardinah also received a splendid bull from an uncle. This had to be placed on exhibition with the other presents!!

When a buffalo is killed at the time of a wedding, — and usually more than one is needed for the feast meals, — a bamboo vessel filled with sirih, little cakes, pinang nuts, and pieces of meat must be mixed with the running blood of the slaughtered buffalo. These vessels, covered with flowers, are laid at all of the cross-roads, bridges, and wells on the estate, as an offering to the spirits who dwell there. If these bridge, road, and water spirits are not propitiated, they will be offended at the festivities, and misfortune will come of it. That is the belief of the people; its origin I do not know.

A friend of ours says rightly that the Javanese are a people who are filled with legends and superstitions. Who shall lead the people out of the dusky realm of fairy tales into the light of work and reality? And then, when superstition is cast off, we do not want the poetry to be trampled under foot.

But of what good is my prattling? Let me rather ask you if you have been interested in this epistle, and if you will now forgive me for my long silence?

There is so much that is lovable in my people, such charm in their simple naïve beliefs. It may sound strange, but it is, nevertheless, a fact, that you Europeans have taught me to love my own land and people. Instead of estranging us from our native land, our European education has brought us nearer to it; has opened our hearts to its beauties, and also to the needs of our people and to their weaknesses.

Do not let me tire you any longer with the scribbling of a silly Javanese girl; I have written enough.

In some places it is the custom when the bridal pair meet for the first time for the bride to wash the groom's feet as a token of submission, before she

gives him the knee-kiss. Whenever a widower marries a young girl, or a widow a young man, the giving of the *sirih* at the wedding is omitted. The one who has already been married hands the other, who carries a watering-can, a piece of burning wood, the contents of the can are poured upon the fire, which naturally goes out; whereupon the charred wood is thrown away and the watering-can broken into pieces.

The symbolism of this I do not have to explain. It is plain enough. You should have seen sister as she sat there before the *kwada*. She ought to have been photographed, or, better still, painted, because that would have shown the coloring.

She stepped so calmly and sedately down the carpet of flowers; everywhere there were flowers and the perfume of incense; yes, truly, she was much like an incarnation of Buddha.

I cannot hear the gamelan, or smell the perfume of flowers and incense, without seeing her image before my eyes.

The people picked up the flowers over which sister had walked and kept them; they bring good luck, it is said, and to young daughters, a husband!

(More Javanese letters will be published next month)

CONSOLATIONS OF THE CONSERVATIVE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I

THERE is a story of Hawthorne's which is little known, because it is too expansively dull to be read. It tells how the nations of the earth, convulsed by a mighty spasm of reform, rid themselves of the tools and symbols of all they held in abhorrence. Because they would have no more war, they destroyed the weapons of the world. Because they would have no more drunkenness, they destroyed its wines and spirits. Because they banned self-indulgence, they destroyed tobacco, tea, and coffee. Because they would have all men to be equal, they destroyed the insignia of rank, from the crown jewels of England to the medal of the Cincinnati. Wealth itself was not permitted to survive, lest the new order be as corrupt as was the old. Nothing was left but the human heart with its imperishable and inalienable qualities; and while it beats within the human breast, the world must still be moulded by its passions. 'When Cain wished to slay his brother,' murmured a cynic, watching the great guns trundled to the blaze, 'he was at no loss for a weapon.'

If belief in the perfectibility of man — and not of man only, but of governments — is the inspiration of liberalism, of radicalism, of the spirit that calls clamorously for change, and that has requisitioned the words reform and progression, sympathy with man and with his work, with the beautiful and imperfect things he has made of the checkered centuries, is the keynote of

conservatism. The temperamental conservative is a type vulnerable to ridicule, yet not more innately ridiculous than his neighbors. He has been carelessly defined as a man who is cautious because he has a good income, and content because he is well placed; who is thick-headed because he lacks vision, and close-hearted because he is deaf to the moaning wind which is the cry of unhappy humanity asking justice from a world which has never known how to be just. Lecky, who had a neat hand for analysis, characterized the great conflicting parties in an axiom which pleased neither: 'Stupidity in all its forms is Tory; folly in all its forms is Whig.'

These things are too easily said to be quite worth the saying. Stupidity is not the prerogative of any one class or creed. It is Heaven's free gift to men of all kinds, and conditions, and civilizations. A practical man, said Disraeli, is one who perpetuates the blunders of his predecessor instead of striking out into blunders of his own. Temperamental conservatism is the dower (not to be coveted) of men in whom delight and doubt — I had almost said delight and despair — contend for mastery; whose enjoyment of color, light, atmosphere, tradition, language and literature is balanced by chilling apprehensiveness; whose easily won pardon for the shameless revelations of an historic past brings with it no healing belief in the triumphant virtues of the future.

The conservative is not an idealist, any more than he is an optimist. Ideal-

ism has worn thin in these days of colossal violence and colossal cupidity. Perhaps it has always been a cloak for more crimes than even liberty sheltered under her holy name. The French Jacobins were pure idealists; but they translated the splendor of their aspirations, the nobility and amplitude of their great conception, into terms of commonplace official murder, which are all the more displeasing to look back upon because of the riot of sentimentalism and impiety which disfigured them. It is bad enough to be bad, but to be bad in bad taste is unpardonable. If, for the past thirteen months, we had resolutely severed the word idealism from the bloody chaos which is Russia, we should have understood more clearly, and have judged no less leniently, the seething ambitions of men who passionately desired, and desire, control. The elemental instinct of self-preservation is the first step to the equally elemental instinct of self-interest. Natural rights, about which we chatter freely, are not more equably preserved by denying them to one class of men than by denying them to another. They have been ill-protected under militarism and capitalism; and their subversion has been a sin crying out to Heaven for vengeance. They are not protected at all under any Soviet government so far known to report.

Nothing is easier than to make the world safe for democracy. Democracy is playing her own hand in the game. She has every intention and every opportunity to make the world safe for herself. But democracy may be divorced from freedom, and freedom is the breath of man's nostrils, the strength of his sinews, the sanction of his soul. It is as painful to be tyrannized over by a proletariat as by a tsar or a corporation, and in a measure more disconcerting, because of the greater incohesion of the process. It is as revolting

to be robbed by a reformer as by a trust. Oppressive taxation, which forced the great Revolution upon France, dishonest 'deals,' which have made a mockery of justice in the United States, ironic laws, framed for the convenient looting of the bourgeoisie in Russia — there is as much idealism in one device as in the others. Sonorous phrases like 'reconstruction of the world's psychology,' and 'creation of a new world-atmosphere,' are mental sedatives, drug words, calculated to put to sleep any uneasy apprehensions. They may mean anything, and they do mean nothing, so that it is safe to go on repeating them. But a Bolshevik official was arrested in Petrograd last March, charged with embezzling fifteen million roubles. Not content with the excesses of the new régime, he must needs revert to the excesses of the old — a discouraging study in evolution.

When Lord Hugh Cecil published his analysis of conservatism eight years ago, the British reviewers devoted a great deal of time to its consideration — not so much because they cared for what the author had to say (though he said it thoughtfully and well), as because they had opinions of their own on the subject, and desired to give them utterance. Cecil's conception of temperamental, as apart from modern British political conservatism (which he dates from Pitt and Burke), affords the most interesting part of the volume; but the line of demarcation is a wavering one. That famous sentence of Burke's, concerning innovations that are not necessarily reforms, 'They shake the public security, they menace private enjoyment,' shows the alliance between temperament and valuation. It was Burke's passionate delight in life's expression, rather than in life's adventure, that made him alive to its values. He was not averse to change: change is the law of the universe; but he changed

in order to preserve. The constructive forces of the world persistently won his deference and support.

The intensely British desire to have a moral, and, if possible, a religious foundation for a political creed, would command our deepest respect, were the human mind capable of accommodating its convictions to morality and religion, instead of accommodating morality and religion to its convictions. Cecil, a stern individualist, weighted with a heavy sense of personal responsibility, and disposed to distrust the kindly intervention of the State, finds, naturally enough, that Christianity is essentially individualistic. 'There is not a line of the New Testament that can be quoted in favor of the enlargement of the function of the State beyond the elementary duty of maintaining order and suppressing crime.'

The obvious retort to this would be that there is not a line in the New Testament which can be quoted in favor of the confinement of the function of the State to the elementary duty of maintaining order and suppressing crime. The counsel of Christ is a counsel of perfection, and a counsel of perfection is necessarily personal and intimate. What the world asks now are state reforms and social reforms — in other words, the reformation of our neighbors. What the Gospel asks, and has always asked, is the reformation of ourselves — a harassing and importunate demand. Mr. Chesterton spoke but the truth when he said that Christianity has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult, and not tried.

Cecil's conclusions anent the unconcern of the Gospels with forms of government were, strangely enough, the points very ardently disputed by Bible-reading England. A critic in the *Contemporary Review* made the interesting statement that the political economy

of the New Testament is radical and sound. He illustrated his argument with the parable of the laborers in the vineyard, pointing out that the master paid the men for the hours in which they had had no work. 'In the higher economics,' he said, 'the State, as representing the community, is responsible for those who, through the State's malfeasance, or misfeasance, or non-feasance, are unable to obtain the work for which they wait.'

But apart from the fact that the parable is meant to have a spiritual and not a material significance, there is nothing in the Gospel to indicate that the master considered that he owed the late-comers their day's wage. His comment upon his own action disclaims this assumption: 'Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?' And it is worthy of note that the protest against his liberality comes, not from the other vine-growers, objecting to a precedent, but from the laborers who cannot be brought to see that an hour's work done by their neighbors may be worth as much as twelve hours' work done by themselves. Human nature has not altered perceptibly in the course of two thousand years.

Great Britain's experiment in doling out 'unemployment pay' is based on expediency, and on the generous hypothesis that men and women, outside of the professional pauper class, would prefer work with wages to wages without work. A cartoon in *Punch* representing the Minister of Labor blandly and insinuatingly presenting a housemaid's uniform to an outraged 'ex-munitionette,' who is the government's contented pensioner, suggests some rift in this harmonious understanding. Progressives have branded temperamental conservatism as distrust of the unknown — a mental attitude which is the antithesis of love of adventure. But distrust of the unknown is a thin and

fleeting emotion compared with distrust of human nature, which is perfectly well known. To know it is not necessarily to quarrel with it. It is merely to take it into account.

II

Economics and ethics have little in common. They meet in amity, only to part in coldness. Our preference for our own interests is essentially and vitally un-Christian. The competitive system is not a Christian system. But it lies at the root of civilization; it has its noble as well as its ignoble side; it is the mainspring of both nationalism and internationalism; it is the force which supports governments, and the force which violently disrupts them. Men have risen above self-interest for life; nations, superbly for a time. The sense of shock which was induced by Germany's acute reversion to barbarism was deeper than the sense of danger induced by her vaulting ambitions. There is no such passionate feeling in life as that which is stirred by the right and duty of defense; and for more than four years the Allied nations defended the world from evils which the world fancied it had long outgrown. The duration of the war is the most miraculous part of the miraculous tale. A monotony of heroism, a monotony of sacrifice, transcends imagination.

Now it is over. Citizens of the United States walked knee-deep in newspapers for a joyous night to signify their satisfaction, and at once embarked on vivacious disputes over memorial arches, and statues, and monuments. The nations of Europe, with lighter pockets and heavier stakes, began to consider difficulties, and to cultivate doubts. No one can fail to understand the destructive forces of the world, because they have given object-lessons on a large and lurid scale. But

the constructive forces are on trial, with imposing chances of success or failure. They are still in the wordy stage, and now, as never before, the world is sick of words. 'This is neither the time nor the place for superfluous phrases,' said Clemenceau (ironically, one hopes), when, on the seventh of May, he placed in the hands of Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau a peace treaty which some stony-hearted wag has informed us was precisely the length of *A Tale of Two Cities*. The appalling discursiveness of the Versailles Conference has added to the confusion of the world; but fitted into the 'Preamble' of the Covenant of the League of Nations are five little vocables, four of them monosyllabic, which embody the one arresting thought that dominates and authorizes the articles — 'Not to resort to war.' These five words are the crux of the whole serious and sanguine scheme. They hold the hope of the weak, and the happiness of the insecure. They deny to the strong the pleasures — and the means — of coercion.

The rapid changes wrought by the twentieth century are less disconcerting to the temperamental conservative, who is proverbially slow, than movements which take time to be persuasive. For one thing, the vast spiral along which the world spins brings him face to face with new friends before he loses sight of the old. The revolutionary of yesterday is the reactionary of to-day, and the conservative finds himself hobnobbing with men and women whom he had thought remote as the Poles.

Two interesting examples are Madame Catherine Breshkovskaya and Mr. Samuel Gompers. Time was, and not so many years ago, when both condoned violence — the violence of the Russian Nihilist, the violence of the American dynamiter — as a short road to justice. Their attitude was not un-

like that of the first Southern lynchings: 'We take the law into our own hands, because conditions are unbearable, and the state affords no adequate relief.' But Madame Breshkovskaya has seen the forces she helped to set in motion sweeping in unanticipated and shattering currents. She has seen a new terrorism arise and wield the weapons of the old to crush man's sacred freedom. The peasants she loved have been beyond the reach of her help. The country for which she suffered thirty years of exile repudiated her. Radicals in Europe and in the United States mocked at her. The Grandmother of the Revolution has become a conservative old lady, concerned, as good grandmothers ought to be, with the welfare of little children, and pleading pitifully for order and education.

As for Mr. Gompers, his unswerving loyalty to the cause of the Allies, his unswerving rejection of Germany and all her works, will never be forgiven by pacifists, by the men and woman who had no word of protest or of pity when Belgium was invaded, when the Lusitania was sunk, when towns were burned, civilians butchered, and girls deported; and who recovered their speech only to plead for the nation that had disregarded human sufferings and human rights. Mr. Gompers helped as much as any one man in the United States to win the war, and winning a war is very distasteful to those who do not want to fight. Therefore has he been relegated by international Socialists, who held hands for four years with Pangerman Socialists, to the ranks of the conservatives. When the *Nation*, speaking *ex cathedra*, says, 'The authority of the old machine-type of labor leader like Mr. Gompers is impaired beyond help or hope,' we hear the echo of the voices which babbled about capitalism and profiteering in April, 1917. The Great War has made and unmade

the friendships of the world. If the radicals propose it as a test, as a test the conservatives will accept it.

III

The successive revolutions which make the advance-guard of one movement the rear-guard of the next are as expeditious and as overwhelming in the field of art as in the fields of politics and sociology. In the spring of 1877 an exhibition of two hundred and forty pictures, the work of eighteen artists, was opened in the rue le Peletier, Paris. For some reason, never sufficiently explained, Parisians found in these canvases a source of infinite diversion. They went to the exhibition in a mood of obvious hilarity. They began to laugh while they were still in the street, they laughed as they climbed the stairs, they were convulsed with laughter when they looked at the pictures, they laughed every time they talked them over with their friends.

Now what were these mirth-provoking works of art? Not cubist diagrams, not geometrical charts of human anatomy, not reversible landscapes, not rainbow-tinted pigs. Such exhilarants lay in wait for another century and another generation. The pictures which so abundantly amused Paris in 1877 were painted by Claude Monet, Pissarro, Cézanne, Renoir — men of genius, who, having devised a new and brilliant technique, abandoned themselves with too little reserve to the veracities of impressionism. They were not doctrinaires. The peace they disturbed was only the peace of immobility. But they were drunk with new wine. Their strength lay in their courage and their candor; their weakness in the not unnatural assumption that they were expressing the finalities of art.

Defenders they had in plenty. No pioneer can escape from the hardship of

vindication. Years before, Baudelaire had felt it incumbent upon himself, as a professional mutineer, to support the 'fearless innovations' of Manet. Zola, always on the lookout for somebody to attack or to defend, was equally enthusiastic, and equally choleric. Loud disputation rent the air, while the world sped on its way, and lesser artists discovered, to their joy, what a facile thing it was to produce nerve-racking novelties. In 1892, John La Farge, wandering disconsolately through the exhibitions of Paris, wondered if there might not still be room for something simple in art.

Ever and always the reproach cast at the conservative is that he has been blind in the beginning to the beauty he has been eventually compelled to recognize; and ever and always he replies that, in the final issue, he is the guardian of all beauty. His are the imperishable standards, his is the love for a majestic past, his is the patience to wait until the wheat has been sorted from the chaff, and gathered into the granaries of the world. If he be hostile to the problematic, which is his weakness, he is passionately loyal to the tried and proven, which is his strength. He is as necessary to human sanity as the progressive is necessary to human hope.

Civilization and culture are very old and very beautiful. They imply refinement of humor, a disciplined taste, sensitiveness to noble impressions, and a wise acceptance of the laws of evidence. These things are not less valuable for being undervalued. 'At the present time,' says the most acute of American critics, Mr. Brownell, 'it is quite generally imagined that we should gain rather than lose by having Raphael without the Church, and Rembrandt without the Bible.' The same notion, less clearly defined, is prevalent concerning Milton and Dante. We had

grown weary of large and compelling backgrounds until the Great War focused our emotions. We are impatient still of large and compelling traditions. The tendency is to localization and analysis.

The new and facile experiments in verse, which have some notable exponents, are interesting and indecisive. Midway between the enthusiasm of the experimenters (which is not contagious) and the ribald jibes of the disaffected (which are not convincing) the conservative critic practises that watchful waiting, so safe in the world of art, so hazardous in the world of action. He cannot do as he has been bidden, and judge the novel product by its own standards, for that would be to exempt it from judgment. Nothing — not even a German — can be judged by his — or its — own standard. If there is to be any standard at all, it must be based on comparison. Keen thoughts and vivid words have their value, no matter in what form they are presented; but unless that form be poetical, the presentation is not poetry. There is a world of truth in Mr. Masters's brief and bitter lines: —

Beware of the man who rises to power
From one suspender.

It has the kind of sagacity which is embodied in the old adage, 'You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear,' and it is as remote from the requirements of prosody.

The medium employed by Walt Whitman, at times rhythmic and cadenced, at times ungirt and sagging loosely, enabled him to write passages of sustained beauty, passages grandly conceived and felicitously rendered. It also permitted him a riotous and somewhat monotonous excess. Every word misused revenges itself forever upon a writer's reputation. The medium employed by the unshackled poets of today is capable of vivid and accurate

imagery. It has aroused — or revealed — habits of observation. It paints pictures cleverly. In the hands of French- and English-speaking experts, it shows sobriety, and a clear consciousness of purpose. But it is useless to deny that the inexpert find it perilously easy. The barriers which protect an ordinary four-lined stanza are not hard to scale; but they do exist, and they sometimes bring the versifier to a halt. Without them, nothing brings him to a halt, save the limits of the space allotted by grudging newspapers and periodicals.

Yet brevity is the soul of song, no less than the soul of wit. Those lovely lyrics, swift as the note of a bird on the wing, imperishable as a jewel, haunting as unforgotten melody, are the fruits of artifice no less than of inspiration. In eight short lines, Landor gave 'Rose Aylmer' to an entranced and forever listening world. There is magic in the art that made those eight lines final. A writer of what has been cynically called 'socialized poetry' would have spent the night of 'memories and sighs' in probing and specifying his emotions.

The conservative's inheritance from the radical's lightly rejected yesterdays gives him ground to stand on, and a simplified point of view. In that very engaging volume, *The Education of Henry Adams*, the autobiographer tells us in one breath how much he desires change, and, in the next, how much he resents it. He would like to upset an already upset world, but he would also like to keep the Pope in the Vatican, and the Queen in Windsor Castle. He feels that by right he should have been a Marxist, but the last thing he wants to see is a transformed Europe. The bewildered reader might be pardoned for losing himself in this labyrinth of uncertainties, were it not for an enlightening paragraph in which the author expresses unqualified amazement

at Motley's keen enjoyment of London society.

'The men of whom Motley must have been thinking were such as he might meet at Lord Houghton's breakfasts. Grote, Jowett, Milman, or Froude; Browning, Matthew Arnold, or Swinburne; Bishop Wilberforce, Venables, or Hayward; or perhaps Gladstone, Robert Lowe, or Lord Granville. . . . Within the narrow limits of this class, the American Legation was fairly at home; possibly a score of houses, all liberal and all literary, but perfect only in the eyes of a Harvard College historian. They could teach little worth knowing, for their tastes were antiquated, and their knowledge was ignorance to the next generation. What was altogether fatal for future purpose, they were only English.'

Apart from the delightful conception of the author of *Culture and Anarchy*, and the author of *Atalanta in Calydon*, as 'only English,' the pleasure the conservative reader takes in this peremptory estimate is the pleasure of possession. To him belongs the ignorance of Jowett and Grote, to him the obsolescence of Browning. From every one of these discarded luminaries some light falls on his path. In fact, a flash of blinding light was vouchsafed to Mr. Adams, when he and Swinburne were guests in the house of Monckton Milnes. Swinburne was passionately praising the god of his idolatry, Victor Hugo; and the young American, who knew little and cared less about French poetry, ventured in a half-hearted fashion to assert the counter claims of Alfred de Musset. Swinburne listened impatiently, and brushed aside the comparison with a trenchant word: 'De Musset did not sustain himself on the wing.'

If a bit of flawless criticism from an expert's lips be not educational, then there is nothing to be taught or learned

in the world. Of the making of books there is no end; but now as ever the talker strikes the light, now as ever conversation is the appointed medium of intelligence and taste.

IV

It is well that the past yields some solace to the temperamental conservative, for the present is his only on terms he cannot easily fulfil. His reasonable doubts and his unreasonable prejudices block the path of contentment. He is powerless to believe a thing because it is an eminently desirable thing to believe. He is powerless to deny the existence of facts he does not like. He is powerless to credit new systems with finality. The sanguine assurance that men and nations can be legislated into goodness, that pressure from without is equivalent to a moral change within, needs a strong backing of inexperience. 'The will,' says Francis Thompson, 'is the lynch-pin of the faculties.' We stand or fall by its strength or its infirmity. Where there is no temptation, there is no virtue. Parental legislation for the benefit of the weak leaves them as weak as ever, and denies to the strong the birthright of independence, the hard resistant manliness with which they work out their salvation. They may go to heaven in leading-strings, but they cannot conquer Apollyon on the way.

The well-meant despotism of the reformer accomplishes some glittering results, but it arrests the slow progress of civilization, which cannot afford to be despotic. Mr. Bagehot, whose cynicism held the wisdom of restraint, maintained that the 'cake of custom' should be stiff enough to make change of any kind difficult, but never so stiff as to make it impossible. The progress achieved under these conditions would be, he thought, both durable and en-

durable. 'Without a long-accumulated and inherited tendency to discourage originality, society would never have gained the cohesion requisite for effecting common action against its external foes.' Deference to usage is a uniting and sustaining bond. Nations which reject it are apt to get off the track, and have to get back, or be put back, with difficulty and disaster. They do not afford desirable dwelling-places for thoughtful human beings, but they give notable lessons to humanity. Innovations to which we are not committed are illuminating things.

If the principles of conservatism are based on firm supports, on a recognition of values, a sense of measure and proportion, a due regard for order — its prejudices are indefensible. The wise conservative does not attempt to defend them; he only clings to them more lovingly under attack. He recognizes triumphant science in the telephone and the talking machine, and his wish to escape these benefactions is but a humble confession of unworthiness. He would be glad if scientists, hitherto occupied with preserving and disseminating sound, would turn their attention to suppressing it, would collect noise as an ashman collects rubbish, and dump it in some lonely place, thus preserving the sanity of the world. He agrees with Mr. Edward Martin (who bears the hall-mark of the caste) that periodicals run primarily for advertisers, and secondarily for readers, are worthy of regard, and that only the tyranny of habit makes him revolt from so nice an adjustment of interests. Why, after all, should he balk at pursuing a story, or an article on 'Ballads and Folk-Songs of the Letts,' between columns of well-illustrated advertisements? Why should he refuse to leap from chasm to chasm, from the intimacies of underwear to electrical substitutes for all the arts of living? There is no hardship involved

in the chase, and the trail is carefully blazed. Yet the chances are that he abandons the Letts, reminding himself morosely that two years ago he was but dimly aware of their existence; and their 'rich vein of traditional imagery,' to say nothing of their early edition of Luther's catechism, fades from his intellectual horizon.

If we are too stiff to adjust ourselves to changed conditions, we are bound to play a losing game. Yet the moral element in taste survives all change, and denies to us a ready acquiescence in innovations whose only merit is their practicality. Through the reeling years of war, the standard set by taste remained a test of civilization. In this formidable year of peace, racked by anxieties and shadowed by disillusion (Franklin's ironic witticism concerning the blessedness of peace-makers was never more applicable than to-day), the austerity of taste preserves our self-respect. We are under no individual obligation to add to the wealth of nations. It is sometimes a pleasant duty to resist the pervasive pressure of the business world.

Political conservatism may be a lost cause in modern democracy; but temperamental conservatism dates from the birth of man's reasoning powers, and will survive the clamor and chaos of revolutions. It may rechristen its political platform, but the animating spirit will be unchanged. As a matter of fact, great conservatives have always been found in the liberal ranks, and Tory Cassandras, who called themselves radicals, have prophesied with dismal exactitude. It was a clear-eyed, clear-voiced Socialist who, eight years before

the war, warned British Socialists that they would do well to sound the temper of German Socialists before agitating for a reduction of the British navy. M. Paul Deschanel says of the French that they have revolutionary imaginations and conservative temperaments. An English critic has used nearly the same terms in defining the elemental principles of civilization — conservatism of technique and spiritual restlessness. It is the fate of man to do his own thinking, and thinking is subversive of content; but a sane regard for equilibrium is his inheritance from the travail of centuries. He sees far who looks both ways. He journeys far who treads a known track.

Resistance, which is the function of conservatism, is essential to orderly advance. It is a force in the social and political, as well as in the natural order. A party of progress, a party of stability, — call them by what names we please, — they will play their rôles to the end. The hopefulness of the reformer (Savonarola's bonfire of vanities is an historic precedent for Hawthorne's allegory) is balanced by the patience of the conservative, which has survived the disappointments of time, and is not yet exhausted. He at least knows that 'the chief parts of human doom and duty are eternal,' and that the things which can change are not the things essential to the support of his soul. We stand at the door of a new day, and are sanguine or affrighted according to our temperaments; but this day shall be transient as the days which have preceded it, and, like its predecessors, shall plead for understanding and pardon before the bar of history.

NATIVITY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

My soul and life a stable are,
Dark, warm within — outside, a star.
Lord Christ, thy home is high and far.

My stable, though a sheltering thing,
It was not built to shield a king,
Nor angels with up-pointed wing.

The cattle, simple, dumb, and kind,
In it a humble comfort find
'Gainst cold and hunger and rough wind;

They look not if the roof be tall;
Each takes his rest within his stall,
Nor finds his sweet-breathed portion small.

Yet, Lord, if Thou shouldst ever be
In need — or any dear to Thee
Want shelter — Lord Christ, think of me.

II

Within the stable safe and low,
Behold now great winged angels go
How worshipfully to and fro;

Where humble cattle came and went,
With food appeased, with rest content,
Wise kings in worship now are bent;

And where the stable-master plied
His simple task, with heart untried,
Glad shepherds kneel, awed, sanctified;

Gifts of the first fruits of the fold,
Of frankincense, and gems, and gold,
Spread on the humble straw, behold!

Thus on a night Lord Christ, his grace,
Remembered me, and for a space
Made my abode his dwelling-place.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING A PROFESSOR

BY ONE

I

'So they're going to pass up increases in your salaries again this year, are they?' said Charles. 'Damned shame!' he added with conviction.

You will infer at once (and rightly) that I am a teacher. I belong to one of those institutions of learning where the traditional method of meeting increased expenses is to penalize the teaching staff. This will not enable you to identify the institution. I never intended that it should. On the contrary. For I would have you think of me as a class and not as an individual.

Charles is my brother-in-law. He is in business. What kind of business I do not exactly know. It has something to do with mergers — whatever a merger may be. Anyhow, he makes money out of it; and, judging by the way he spends it, he is always superbly confident of

making more. He is the sort of man who knows what a sinking fund is, and the difference between common and preferred stock. He uses terms like 'collateral' and 'overhead expenses' with a fluency which puts to shame my ignorance. It is useful to know a man like that. If ever I can afford to take out any life insurance, I shall certainly get Charles to arrange it all.

He is a great comfort to me. I see him about three or four times a year, when he 'stops off' on one of his business trips — those undertakings which, to an outsider like myself, seem all Pullman and taxi and hotel. I will get a telephone call from some place about a hundred miles away, telling me that Charles proposes to 'run over' and see me for a few hours that evening. When he arrives, he will stand me a dinner at our best hotel. At this dinner I must act like a starved creature, for I fancy

that he derives the same kind of pleasure from watching me eat it as you or I would get from watching the maxillary processes of a hungry tramp. Afterwards we will fall into easy chairs, and Charles, large, genial, self-made, elder-brotherly Charles, will tell me about conditions in the world of business, and how the government is making a mess of everything it touches. Then he will want to know how goes the academic life.

I, you see, had just been telling him. Hence his remark.

'It's a damned shame!' he repeated. 'Especially when you consider the value of you men to the community.'

Naturally, I agreed with him. Between us we discovered that, after eleven years spent in school and college and eight years of teaching, I was drawing a salary a little more than that of a janitor and a little less than that of one of Ford's office-boys. And what use were janitors and office-boys, anyway? Of what value were *they* to the community? Office-boys, of course, I was not sure of; but I knew all about janitors.

I became fired with righteous indignation. I saw myself as a member of the exploited classes. I thought of Karl Marx and the Social Revolution; of sabotage and the red flag. Charles added fuel to the flames.

'If I had a man with your brains and education, with a training as long as yours, I could put him where in twelve months he'd be making five thousand a year.'

My heart sank for a moment as I wondered whether Charles knew that I had n't the faintest idea what collateral means. Somehow I have a feeling that you can't get very far in business unless you have a firm grasp on the meaning of collateral. But Charles was going on.

'What you men ought to do is to

strike. I have n't much use for strikes in my business, but yours would be a strike with some point to it. Go to your president, or whatever you call your boss, and tell him that you are n't anxious to be nasty or to make trouble, but that you're simply going to down tools until they give you a living wage. That would soon produce results.'

I should have seen the comedy in the idea, in that picture of the senior member of the faculty leading a deputation of full professors to the president's office, tapping on the sacrosanct door, and then trying to look and speak like a strike leader presenting an ultimatum. I should have laughed, but I did n't. I saw only the word JUSTICE written in letters of fire across the sky of my imagination.

In this exalted mood I went home. Charles always makes me feel like that. That is why he is such a comfort to me. Most of the time I feel like a sheep; but now I was a viking. I was conscious of my power. What a success I might have made in business! I saw myself grappling with strong men, and outwitting them. I saw myself accumulating wealth. Wealth! And then —? Theatres, automobiles, real servants, and never another baked bean. Not on your life!

How unappreciated I was! Think of what we teachers meant to the community and look at the community's black ingratitude!

Next morning such emotions and sentiments had no chance in the atmosphere which surrounds the effort to get to an eight-o'clock class in elementary logic. And I have never regained those peaks of insight and enthusiasm. I don't think I ever shall. For I have been soberly reflecting on my value to the community, and I am a little chilled by the result.

You will be, too, before you have finished with my cogitations.

II

The first thing to disturb the self-assurance which Charles had aroused in me was the meeting of the faculty which I attended a few days later. I arrived late and took a seat near the door.

The members of the faculty sat facing a table where chairman and secretary had their places. The company was made up of men of different ages, of different characters, of different interests and attainments; but in one thing they were all alike — in the look of unmitigated boredom which rested upon their features.

This was not surprising. The chairman of the Committee on Degrees was reading his report, and this is what he was saying: 'The first is the case of Mr. Collins of the class of 1905. He left college in the spring of 1905 with two credits lacking. He now writes that he spent three years, from 1905 to 1908, in Paris, where he acquired a knowledge of French both written and spoken. For the last two years he has been in Brazil engaged in the study of Brazilian butterflies. He now asks that this work in French and Zoölogy be reckoned as the equivalent of his deficiencies, and that he be enrolled with his class. The committee feels that this request is so unusual that they would like to have the opinion of the faculty.'

A few barely audible titters were cut short by the stern voice of the chairman: 'Will you discuss the case of Mr. Collins?'

There was a pause. Then a cheerful voice asked nonchalantly: 'Mr. Chairman, what Collins is this? The son of Judge Collins of Cleveland?'

'I don't know,' from the chairman. 'Perhaps the committee can tell us.'

The committee had no information about the parentage of Mr. Collins.

Another silence. A man with a mouth

like a steel trap and a for-God's-sake-let-us-get-on manner snapped out, 'I move that Mr. Collins's request be denied.'

An old gentleman rose. His air of diffidence was at once pathetic and lovable. He spoke in the tone of one who does not expect anyone to pay any attention to what he says, but who is none the less determined, for duty's sake, to say it.

'Mr. Chairman, I think it is hardly fair that Mr. Collins should be penalized in this way. I knew him well. He was in my class in mathematics and did good work there. He was a man of unusual charm. His father, as it happens, is Judge Collins of Cleveland, a graduate of ours in the class of '78. I think we should look into his case very carefully before committing ourselves to action which we might later regret. Of course, I do not want to do or say anything which will not commend itself to the faculty or to the Committee on Degrees, but still, as I say, I feel, and I feel that others will feel —'

He ended in the middle of a sentence and sat down.

'Motion!' snapped the steel trap.

'The motion before the faculty is that Mr. Collins's request be not granted. Is there any seconder?'

It then appeared that there had been a seconder, but his contribution had not been heard. Garbed in formal decency, the motion was again set up for contemplation. A serious-looking man forestalled the imminent vote.

'Mr. Chairman, before we act on this matter, should we not have some principle to guide us? Are we prepared to go on record as approving of the reading of French newspapers as counting toward the degree?'

The committee, on being pressed to fulminate a principle, confessed that they had none, but preferred to deal with each case on its merits. They felt,

however, that the case of Mr. Collins presented so many unusual features that they would prefer, as they had said, to be guided by the judgment of the faculty.

The collective wisdom of the faculty was still to seek, and the member who had pressed for a principle crossed his legs and settled back hopelessly into his chair. There was an awkward silence. The older men relapsed into the resignedness of those who for years have been expected to waste their time and their intelligence on such matters. The younger, including myself, were shy of speech, and looked round expectantly for something to happen.

'Are you ready for the question?' asked the chairman.

The thought of actually having to come to a decision struck a chill of horror to the heart of a conservative in the back of the room. 'Mr. Chairman,' he said slowly, 'I should like to know, before we settle this question, what the feeling of the committee themselves is. What do they themselves recommend?'

'The committee have already said that they have been unable to agree on any recommendation,' replied the chairman, with a touch of pardonable asperity.

'Oh, I'm sorry; I did n't know,' murmured the victim; and began to whisper to his neighbor what he really thought of the rough-and-ready methods of the chairman. He seemed to be under the impression that he had opened up a new and promising line.

The case of Mr. Collins was at last disposed of, together with a few less grave and complicated matters concerned with degrees.

Then, with an air of putting away things at once tedious and frivolous and coming to the real business of the afternoon, the chairman announced that we would continue from the preceding meeting the discussion of the proposed

new courses in the science of business.

Heavy lethargy brooded over the company. No one seemed capable of initiating a discussion of anything. A gloom was settling down upon the minds of all of us, as outside it was gathering about the trees on the campus. One man looked at his watch and tiptoed to the door with the look of a hunted criminal; but his heart within him was as a dancing star. The less courageous followed him with eyes of envy. I suddenly had a vision of excavations being carried on here thousands of years hence, when the searchers in our antique civilization would come upon the room and the members sitting just as they were, mummified, and still waiting for something to happen. The secretary would be frozen in an attitude of resigned despair; Professor X——, wise old veteran, would still be dozing with the peace of the ineffable upon his face; the chairman would still be gazing out upon us with that frown of perplexity; all of us paralyzed by the baneful influence of a system which nullified intelligence and good-will and set a premium on human weakness. The whole situation became dream-like.

I was awakened by a speaker whose quiet competent tones were evidence that he was immune from the spell.

'I thought we had settled that last time, Mr. Chairman. As I understand it, we voted to include the science of business among the subjects leading to the degree, and to-day we were to hear from the Committee on the Curriculum about the nature of the course and the amount of credit to be assigned to it.'

The chairman looked puzzled. While he was still trying to formulate a reply, he was interrupted by a voice saying, in mingled surprise, pain, and indignation, 'Mr. Chairman, that was certainly not my understanding of our action. I was under the impression that we were simply stating our desire that the

committee should draw up a scheme of instruction for us; but I should never have voted for it if I had thought that we were committing ourselves irrevocably to business science as part of the curriculum.'

These remarks created a mild consternation. Here was the faculty congratulating itself upon actually having done something last time, only to be faced with the awful problem of discovering what the devil it had done.

An elderly supercilious-looking man, with an air of caustic weariness, as if for one who was in possession of all truth these signs of human finitude were too much, made a show of coming to the rescue: 'Perhaps the secretary can enlighten us.'

The secretary read from the minutes: 'Voted to refer to the Committee on the Curriculum the question of the amount of credit to be given to courses in the science of business.'

'Does n't seem to help us much,' muttered the chairman.

There was a moment of silence during which we cogitated upon the pregnant possibilities of that vote. Then the gentleman who knew Mr. Collins's father seized the opportunity to make a speech which perhaps he had long meditated.

'I do not know, Mr. Chairman, whether it is proper for me to say what I am going to say or not; but I cannot help feeling, and I feel that the faculty will feel as I feel, but, as I say, I am rather under the impression that we ought to go very carefully in this matter. Are n't we really rather in danger of rushing things and taking precipitate action which we may subsequently regret? Of course, I realize that the matter is urgent, and I do not wish for a moment to obstruct the faculty if they have really decided to go ahead with this matter; but nevertheless we should exercise caution and

study the proposal in all its bearings before rushing blindly into a course of action which, as I say, although I would not be thought to be resisting an innovation, if that should really turn out to be for the best, after mature consideration of the matter from all sides and in every angle and light.'

He paused to clear his throat. In imagination one could see him taking the orator's sip of water.

My neighbor groaned.

'Sh!' said the man next to him. 'I think it's immense. I would n't miss a word. He's going on.'

He was. He went. He spoke for ten minutes. For five of these he was in favor of instruction in the science of business, and for five against. But he did not leave his audience in doubt about his final verdict. He closed his magnificent career of irrelevance by bringing forth a treasure of conservative wisdom. 'But finally, Mr. Chairman, I cannot conceal from myself the fact that this is, after all, a change.'

While we were still turning this jewel of thought so that the light might catch it on all its facets, a cool business-like voice broke in: 'Mr. Chairman, may we have the vote read again? I have forgotten the exact wording of it.'

This was the moment when a malign, or rather a beneficent, voice within me whispered, 'What price the value of all this to the community?'

A pause. Then, 'And you need n't be superior. What have you contributed to the discussion? Nothing but sneers and profitless criticism. A little humility, my son, a little humility.'

That punctured me. But the owner of the voice must have taken pity on my crestfallen condition, for, after a few moments, it spoke again, very seductively, — this was in the Good Old Days, — 'Don't you think you need a drink?'

Gentle reader, if you are still gentle,

what would you have done? Remember, I was sitting near the door. — I am glad to see that we agree. I did not even stay to consult my watch. I beat it.

III

I had been conducting an examination in one of my courses, and about noon I dropped into the University Club to look at the newspapers. Before I had settled myself to my reading Dick Remington strolled up. Dick is about thirty-eight, a physically robust specimen, frank, breezy, and always amusing. He is one of those enviable people who can use the most frightful language without offending anyone. At college he had the reputation of being a good sport, and he has maintained it since. He is in the insurance business, has plenty of money, and spends it freely. He was now waiting for a guest and had no intention of reading himself, or, apparently, of letting me read. He caught sight of the bundle of examination books under my arm.

‘Got to correct all those? Gosh! I don’t see how you do it. Let’s see: philosophy is what you teach, is n’t it?’

I nodded.

‘I only took one course in philosophy when I was in college; with old Professor Gilbert. Say, do you remember him? No, you would n’t. He must have been before your time. Well, believe me, he was a queer duck. Gee! I’ll never forget that course I took with him. You could n’t do anything to please him. No matter what you said or wrote, it was always wrong. I’d bone up that stuff, you know, and put down everything just as it was in the book, and then get a flat zero. There were about ten of us in the class, and it was the same with all of us. I guess we none of us understood much about the subject anyway; and as for understanding his lectures — My Lord! He’d come in to class, you

know, and begin to talk about some problem, and in five minutes we’d all be up in the air. He might just as well have been spouting Hebrew at us.

‘Well, by and by, I began to get a bit sore at getting zeros all the time, and I suppose I must have showed it, because after one test on which he gave me two — two, mind you! — out of a hundred he called me up to the desk and sailed right into me. Told me that I was loafing, and that I must make up my mind whether I wanted to work in his class or play football. You bet I was n’t half mad. I told him I’d play football. And with that I faded away. I had just about decided that all was over between us.

‘And then what do you suppose happened? A few days later we heard that he’d had a son. He had been married about fifteen years and had had no kids, and I guess never expected to have any; and now, bing! along comes a son. Can you beat it?’

‘That morning I and a couple of the fellows in the class who were collecting zeros thought up a scheme. We went down to Burgess the jeweler’s and asked to see some silver cups. Finally we picked out a wallop great thing — it cost us about twenty-five dollars — and had it engraved: “To Professor A. M. Gilbert, with the cordial congratulations of” the class in philosophy, whatever it was. Then came the names of all the members of the class, and the date of the kid’s birth. Believe me, it was some cup when we got through. We had it sent out to his house.

‘Well, sir, you should have seen the old boy’s face when he came into class the morning after — fairly beaming all over. He made us a little speech of thanks; told us the kid’s weight and everything. Then he wound up by saying that he had decided that he had been rather severe with the class so far, so he was going to change his methods

and adopt a new plan for the examination at the end of the term. He was going to give us fifteen questions beforehand, from which he would pick out eight for the examination. And sure as you live, he did! Well, of course, that was pie for me. I boned up the answers to those questions until I could have written them out on my head. And I got a final stand of eighty. Eighty, mind you, after all those zeros! he must have given me about a hundred and fifty per cent on the examination. And it only cost me about five dollars in the end. — Albert Murchison Gilbert! Well, he certainly was a great old boy. You know, there was another story they used to tell about him —

But at this point I interrupted. 'No, Dick,' I said, 'I'm not going to let you tell me any more. As it is, I am a broken man. I'm going home to have a good cry.'

IV

I went home; but not to the luxury of a good cry. The afternoon and evening found me reading those examination books.

The answers were of two kinds — those that represented two hours' reflection by an immature mind on a series of problems which had perplexed the ablest thinkers throughout the generations, and those that represented absolutely nothing at all. If I might have had my way, I should have marked two per cent of the papers, 'Intelligence: a trace'; the remaining ninety-eight per cent, 'Would be better advised to take up plumbing.' But, for various reasons, that would never do. So I knew that I would pass ninety-eight per cent of the papers, with marks ranging from 100 to 50. To the absolutely worthless two per cent I would give marks between 50 and 40. Thus I would perpetuate the arrangement whereby in the heaven of academic at-

tainment there is standing-room only, while the echoing corridors of hell are crying out for more.

It is hard to locate the responsibility. Let us take the easy way out and put the blame on the System.

On this particular evening the System filled me with a despair more profound than usual. Dick Remington's story kept nagging my mind. His cheerful assumption that education was a farce, and that both parties to the enterprise knew it to be so, was a more damning indictment of education than any petulant or indignant attack on the System could have been. Here was I, reading examination papers, partly in contempt, partly in despair of the writers; at any rate, suffering fools sadly. Now I suddenly saw myself through their eyes. Were they just enduring me, reading their assignments and taking notes, 'with humble underbearing of their fortune,' because they knew that I, too, was a victim of the System and that a man has to earn his living somehow?

I thought of that little book in which from time to time I had noted down the more breath-taking howlers that my pupils committed. In my early days of teaching I had looked upon these blunders as good fun, as so many diverting comments upon the level of undergraduate intelligence. As my collection grew, I had thought of working it up into an entertaining and quite innocuous little article. I had hit upon a good title too: a remark attributed to a fifth-century Greek philosopher concerning one of his alleged disciples: 'What lies the young man tells about me!' That would have had the faint aroma of culture needed to set off the article. In imagination I had already heard the thin bland mirth of the complacent reader.

But now, as I took out the little book and ran my eye over its pages, I

knew that my article would never be written. One could not be facetious before so scorching a revelation of the teacher's guilt for his part, willing or unwilling, in the Great Conspiracy. Look over my shoulder, reader, as I turn the pages, and see if you will not agree with me.

Philosophy did not begin until an idle set of men began to think.

The Pythagorean way of life was very practical and in many instances it had customs which were based on implicit knowledge. E.g. They said: Never eat beans.

Xenophanes said this in the first flush of the doctrine of relativity.

Aristotle's doctrine of the mean is that everything is in a mean state between an excess and a dirth.

With Aristotle Christianity began to break forth.

The chief Stoics were Anaxagoras, Socrates and Aristotle's Encheridion.

Protagoras believed that everything is what it appears to the individual. In the case of a pig, a pig would be the measure of all things. Here we have the beginnings of transcendentalism.

Spinoza was an optimist about the bright side of life and a pessimist about the dark side.

The United States, through over-emphasis of freedom, have allowed elements within the body politic such free play that they may have injected a gangrene that will suck out her life.

A beautiful object just naturally exudes goodness.

In departing from the mores or customs of the state the person is liable to get himself into trouble, as for instance a free thinker or a believer in so-called 'absolute motherhood' or some fanatical scheme of the sort.

You laugh? Yes, of course you do. But listen a moment, and you will surely detect some quality of bitterness in the echoes. 'A beautiful object just naturally exudes goodness.' Consider what lies behind that statement. A vast institution, with millions of dollars' worth of pretentious buildings sprawling over a large tract of land, and those buildings pullulating with busy men. Trustees sitting solemnly about a table to decide matters of high finance or of educational policy; committees forming and reforming; instructors lecturing and preparing to lecture. Clerks and sub-clerks swarming like ants about miles of card-index drawers. The cacophony of batteries of typewriters going up to heaven, to mingle with the noise of innumerable telephones.

In the Dean's Office they are busy adding marks, computing averages, recording cuts. The Dean himself is hard at work upon three new disciplinary measures. A thousand books are on their way to the Library. In the Gymnasium a small army of freshmen are being weighed, measured, and questioned upon the color of their parents' eyes. A wrecking company is tearing down our last original building, to make room for the new school of journalism. Hundreds of students are preparing hundreds of assignments for the next day's classes. Carloads of beef and eggs and vegetables are rolling into town, to feed the bodies of the members of this great society, and officials are busy dictating invitations to distinguished preachers and lecturers for the nourishing of their minds.

Think of this huge and complex machine turning over night and day, of the labor that has gone to the making of it, of the toil of hand and brain that keeps it in operation, and then see the result. 'A beautiful object just naturally exudes goodness.' That is what it all comes to. That is the finished

product. — Does your laughter sound quite so spontaneous now?

'Xenophanes said this in the first flush of the doctrine of relativity.' How came human pen to set down that?

As I see it, there are three possible explanations. First, the writer is a defective, a moron, or whatever is the latest jargon for the old-fashioned and more expressive 'dolt.' If so, how did he manage to enter college? And now that he has succeeded in getting in, how has he survived two years of it, so that in the third he can come to plague me and drag a dead weight upon his companions?

Second, the writer's brain and will may be sound enough, but were never designed by the Lord to occupy themselves with philosophy. Why, then, is he allowed to take philosophy? In all probability he is a demon chauffeur, with a taste for mechanics; but I will surely flunk him, and his low mark in philosophy will reduce his mark in some course where his natural abilities may have enabled him to shine. And in after years, when he has amassed a fortune in carburetors or something of the kind, he will think and talk of philosophy as rubbish and education as a farce. And who will blame him for it?

The third explanation is that I have no business to be teaching philosophy. After all, every human being must have some interest in that subject, whether he is aware of it or not: he must find the universe exciting or delightful or mysterious or terrible. What have I done to him to make him talk of 'the first

flush of the doctrine of relativity'? I must be responsible, for no human being, left to himself, could ever come to think and write like that. I have turned his world into a jig-saw puzzle, the *disjecta membra* of which are the fragments of a hideous terminology. But the teacher in whose hands philosophy becomes either a slayer of enthusiasm or a silly game of abstract ideas has missed his vocation.

No matter which of the explanations proves to be correct, I cannot escape some of the responsibility. Either I am tainted with the guilt of the institution which admits dullness and stupidity, or I am a cause of dullness and stupidity in others. In neither case am I of conspicuous value to the community.

And so, the next time that the good Charles comes to feed me and to sympathize with my lot, I am going to surprise him. I am going to sing the praises of the janitor and the office-boy. I am going to point out to him that the community could get along very well without its professors, but that it can by no means afford to dispense with the janitor. I shall turn the cutting edge of socialistic doctrine in an unexpected direction: I shall try to convince him that a more just distribution of wealth will surely mean that some of my salary shall be deducted and added to that of the man who takes care of the furnace. I shall do it reluctantly, even sadly; not only because I cannot afford to have my salary reduced, but because I fear it means that brother Charles can no longer be a comfort to me.

LIBERTY AND THE NEWS¹

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

I

THE debates about liberty have hitherto all been attempts to determine just when in the series from Right to Left the censorship should intervene. Last month I ventured to ask whether these attempts do not turn on a misconception of the problem. The conclusion reached was that, in dealing with liberty of opinion, we were dealing with a subsidiary phase of the whole matter; that, so long as we were content to argue about the privileges and immunities of opinion, we were missing the point and trying to make bricks without straw. We should never succeed even in fixing a standard of tolerance for opinions, if we concentrated all our attention on the opinions. For they are derived, not necessarily by reason, to be sure, but somehow, from the stream of news that reaches the public, and the protection of that stream is the critical interest in a modern state. In going behind opinion to the information which it exploits, and in making the validity of the news our ideal, we shall be fighting the battle where it is really being fought. We shall be protecting for the public interest that which all the special interests in the world are most anxious to corrupt.

As the sources of the news are protected, as the information they furnish becomes accessible and usable, as our capacity to read that information is

educated, the old problem of tolerance will wear a new aspect. Many questions which seem hopelessly insoluble now will cease to seem important enough to be worth solving. Thus the advocates of a larger freedom always argue that true opinions will prevail over error; their opponents always claim that you can fool most of the people most of the time. Both statements are true, and both are half-truths. True opinions can prevail only if the facts to which they refer are known; if they are not known, false ideas are just as effective as true ones, if not a little more effective.

The sensible procedure in matters affecting the liberty of opinion would be to ensure as impartial an investigation of the facts as is humanly possible. But it is just this investigation that is denied us. It is denied us, because we are dependent upon the testimony of anonymous and untrained and prejudiced witnesses; because the complexity of the relevant facts is beyond the scope of our hurried understanding; and finally, because the process we call education fails so lamentably to educate the sense of evidence or the power of penetrating to the controlling centre of a situation. The task of liberty, therefore, falls roughly under three heads: protection of the sources of the news, organization of the news so as to make it comprehensible, and education of human response.

II

We need, first, to know what can be done with the existing news-structure, in

¹ Other phases of this subject were discussed by the author in the *Atlantic* for November. — THE EDITORS.

order to correct its grosser evils. How far is it useful to go in fixing personal responsibility for the truthfulness of news? Much further, I am inclined to think, than we have ever gone. We ought to know the names of the whole staff of every periodical. While it is not necessary, or even desirable, that each article should be signed, each article should be documented, and false documentation should be illegal. An item of news should always state whether it is received from one of the great news-agencies, or from a reporter, or from a press bureau. Particular emphasis should be put on marking news supplied by press bureaus, whether they are labeled 'Geneva,' or 'Stockholm,' or 'El Paso.'

One wonders next whether anything can be devised to meet that great evil of the press, the lie which, once under way, can never be tracked down. The more scrupulous papers will, of course, print a retraction when they have unintentionally injured someone; but the retraction rarely compensates the victim. The law of libel is a clumsy and expensive instrument, and rather useless to private individuals or weak organizations because of the gentlemen's agreement which obtains in the newspaper world. After all, the remedy for libel is not money damages, but an undoing of the injury. Would it be possible then to establish courts of honor in which publishers should be compelled to meet their accusers and, if found guilty of misrepresentation, ordered to publish the correction in the particular form and with the prominence specified by the finding of the court? I do not know. Such courts might prove to be a great nuisance, consuming time and energy and attention, and offering too free a field for individuals with a persecution mania.

Perhaps a procedure could be devised which would eliminate most of these

inconveniences. Certainly it would be a great gain if the accountability of publishers could be increased. They exercise more power over the individual than is healthy, as everybody knows who has watched the yellow press snooping at keyholes and invading the privacy of helpless men and women. Even more important than this, is the utterly reckless power of the press in dealing with news vitally affecting the friendship of peoples. In a Court of Honor, possible perhaps only in Utopia, voluntary associations working for decent relations with other peoples might hale the jingo and the subtle propagandist before a tribunal, to prove the reasonable truth of his assertion or endure the humiliation of publishing prominently a finding against his character.

This whole subject is immensely difficult, and full of traps. It would be well worth an intensive investigation by a group of publishers, lawyers, and students of public affairs. Because in some form or other the next generation will attempt to bring the publishing business under greater social control. There is everywhere an increasingly angry disillusionment about the press, a growing sense of being baffled and misled; and wise publishers will not pooh-pooh these omens. They might well note the history of prohibition, where a failure to work out a programme of temperance brought about an indiscriminating taboo. The regulation of the publishing business is a subtle and elusive matter, and only by an early and sympathetic effort to deal with great evils can the more sensible minds retain their control. If publishers and authors themselves do not face the facts and attempt to deal with them, some day Congress, in a fit of temper, egged on by an outraged public opinion, will operate on the press with an axe. For somehow the community must find a

way of making the men who publish news accept responsibility for an honest effort not to misrepresent the facts.

III

But the phrase 'honest effort' does not take us very far. The problem here is not different from that which we begin dimly to apprehend in the field of government and business administration. The untrained 'amateur' may mean well, but he knows not how to do well. Why should he? What are the qualifications for being a surgeon? A certain minimum of special training. What are the qualifications for operating daily on the brain and heart of a nation? None. Go some time and listen to the average run of questions asked in interviews with Cabinet officers — or anywhere else.

I remember one reporter who was detailed to the Peace Conference by a leading news-agency. He came around every day for 'news.' It was a time when Central Europe seemed to be disintegrating, and great doubt existed as to whether governments would be found with which to sign a peace. But all that this 'reporter' wanted to know was whether the German fleet, then safely interned at Scapa Flow, was going to be sunk in the North Sea. He insisted every day on knowing that. For him it was the German fleet or nothing. Finally, he could endure it no longer. So he anticipated Admiral Reuter and announced, in a dispatch to his home papers, that the fleet would be sunk. And when I say that a million American adults learned all that they ever learned about the Peace Conference through this reporter, I am stating a very moderate figure.

He suggests the delicate question raised by the schools of journalism: how far can we go in turning newspaper enterprise from a haphazard trade into

a disciplined profession? Quite far, I imagine, for it is altogether unthinkable that a society like ours should remain forever dependent upon untrained accidental witnesses. It is no answer to say that there have been in the past, and that there are now, first-rate correspondents. Of course there are. Men like Brailsford, Oulahan, Gibbs, Lawrence, Swope, Strunsky, Draper, Hard, Dillon, Lowry, Levine, Ackerman, Ray Stannard Baker, Frank Cobb know their way about in this world. But they are eminences on a rather flat plateau. The run of the news is handled by men of much smaller calibre. It is handled by such men because reporting is not a dignified profession for which men will invest the time and cost of an education, but an underpaid, insecure, anonymous form of drudgery, conducted on catch-as-catch-can principles. Merely to talk about the reporter in terms of his real importance to civilization will make newspaper-men laugh. Yet reporting is a post of peculiar honor. Observation must precede every other activity, and the public observer (that is, the reporter) is a man of critical value. No amount of money or effort spent in fitting the right men for this work could possibly be wasted, for the health of society depends upon the quality of the information it receives.

Do our schools of journalism, the few we have, make this kind of training their object, or are they trade-schools designed to fit men for higher salaries in the existing structure? I do not presume to answer the question, nor is the answer of great moment when we remember how small a part these schools now play in actual journalism. But what is important is, to know whether it would be worth while to endow large numbers of schools on the model of those now existing, and make their diplomas a necessary condition for the

practice of reporting. It is worth considering. Against the idea lies the fact that it is difficult to decide just what reporting is — where in the whole mass of printed matter it begins and ends. No one would wish to set up a closed guild of reporters and thus exclude invaluable casual reporting and writing. If there is anything in the idea at all, it would apply only to the routine service of the news through large organizations.

Personally I should distrust too much ingenuity of this kind, on the ground that, while it might correct certain evils, the general tendency would be to turn the control of the news over to unenterprising stereotyped minds soaked in the traditions of a journalism always ten years out of date. The better course is to avoid the deceptive short cuts, and make up our minds to send out into reporting a generation of men who will, by sheer superiority, drive the incompetents out of business. That means two things. It means a public recognition of the dignity of such a career, so that it will cease to be the refuge of the vaguely talented. With this increase of prestige must go a professional training in journalism in which the ideal of objective testimony is cardinal. The cynicism of the trade needs to be abandoned, for the true patterns of the journalistic apprentice are not the slick persons who scoop the news, but the patient and fearless men of science who have labored to see what the world really is. It does not matter that the news is not susceptible of mathematical statement. In fact, just because news is complex and slippery, good reporting requires the exercise of the highest of the scientific virtues. They are the habits of ascribing no more credibility to a statement than it warrants, a nice sense of the probabilities, and a keen understanding of the quantitative importance of particular facts. You can judge the

general reliability of any observer most easily by the estimate he puts upon the reliability of his own report. If you have no facts of your own with which to check him, the best rough measurement is to wait and see whether he is aware of any limitations in himself; whether he knows that he saw only part of the event he describes; and whether he has any background of knowledge against which he can set what he thinks he has seen.

This kind of sophistication is, of course, necessary for the merest pretense to any education. But for different professions it needs to be specialized in particular ways. A sound legal training is pervaded by it, but the skepticism is pointed to the type of case with which the lawyer deals. The reporter's work is not carried on under the same conditions, and therefore requires a different specialization. How he is to acquire it is, of course, a pedagogical problem requiring an inductive study of the types of witness and the sources of information with whom the reporter is in contact.

Some time in the future, when men have thoroughly grasped the rôle of public opinion in society, scholars will not hesitate to write treatises on evidence for the use of news-gathering services. No such treatise exists to-day, because political science has suffered from that curious prejudice of the scholar which consists in regarding an irrational phenomenon as not quite worthy of serious study.

Closely akin to an education in the tests of credibility is rigorous discipline in the use of words. It is almost impossible to overestimate the confusion in daily life caused by sheer inability to use language with intention. We talk scornfully of 'mere words.' Yet through words the whole vast process of human communication takes place. The sights and sounds and meanings of nearly all

that we deal with as 'politics,' we learn, not by our own experience, but through the words of others. If those words are meaningless lumps charged with emotion, instead of the messengers of fact, all sense of evidence breaks down. Just so long as big words like Bolshevism, Americanism, patriotism, pro-Germanism are used by reporters to cover anything and anybody that the biggest fool at large wishes to include, just so long shall we be seeking our course through a fog so dense that we cannot tell whether we fly upside-down or right-side-up. It is a measure of our education as a people that so many of us are perfectly content to live our political lives in this fraudulent environment of unanalyzed words. For the reporter, abracadabra is fatal. So long as he deals in it, he is gullibility itself, seeing nothing of the world, and living as it were in a hall of crazy mirrors.

Only the discipline of a modernized logic can open the door to reality. An overwhelming part of the dispute about 'freedom of opinion' turns on words which mean different things to the censor and the agitator. So long as the meanings of the words are not dissociated, the dispute will remain a circular wrangle. Education that shall make men masters of their vocabulary is one of the central interests of liberty. For only such an education can transform the dispute into debate from similar premises.

A sense of evidence and a power to define words must for the modern reporter be accompanied by a working knowledge of the main stratifications and currents of interest. Unless he knows that 'news' of society almost always starts from a special group, he is doomed to report the surfaces of events. He will report the ripples of a passing steamer, and forget the tides and the currents and the ground-swell. He will report what Kolchak or Lenin says,

and see what they do only when it confirms what he thinks they said. He will deal with the flicker of events and not with their motive. There are ways of reading that flicker so as to discern the motive, but they have not been formulated in the light of recent knowledge. Here is big work for the student of politics. The good reporter reads events with an intuition trained by wide personal experience. The poor reporter cannot read them, because he is not even aware that there is anything in particular to read.

And then the reporter needs a general sense of what the world is doing. Emphatically he ought not to be serving a cause, no matter how good. In his professional activity it is no business of his to care whose ox is gored. To be sure, when so much reporting is *ex parte*, and hostile to insurgent forces, the insurgents in self-defense send out *ex parte* reporters of their own. But a community cannot rest content to learn the truth about the Democrats by reading the Republican papers, and the truth about the Republicans by reading the Democratic papers. There is room, and there is need, for disinterested reporting; and if this sounds like a counsel of perfection now, it is only because the science of public opinion is still at the point where astronomy was when theological interests proclaimed the conclusions that all research must indicate.

While the reporter will serve no cause, he will possess a steady sense that the chief purpose of 'news' is to enable mankind to live successfully toward the future. He will know that the world is a process, not by any means always onward and upward, but never quite the same. As the observer of the signs of change, his value to society depends upon the prophetic discrimination with which he selects those signs to place before his readers.

IV

But the news from which he must pick and choose has long since become too complicated even for the most highly trained reporter. The work, say, of the government is really a small part of the day's news, yet even the wealthiest and most resourceful newspapers fail in their efforts to report 'Washington.' The high lights and the disputes and sensational incidents are noted, but no one can keep himself informed about his Congressman or about the individual departments, by reading the daily press. This failure in no way reflects on the newspapers. It results from the intricacy and unwieldiness of the subject-matter. Thus, it is easier to report Congress than it is to report the departments, because the work of Congress crystallizes crudely every so often in a roll-call. But administration, although it has become more important than legislation, is hard to follow, because its results are spread over a longer period of time, and its effects are felt in ways that no reporter can really measure.

Theoretically Congress is competent to act as the critical eye on administration. Actually, the investigations of Congress are almost always planless raids, conducted by men too busy and too little informed to do more than catch the grosser evils, or intrude upon good work that is not understood. It was a recognition of these difficulties that was the cause of two very interesting experiments in late years. One was the establishment of more or less semi-official institutes of government research; the other, the growth of specialized private agencies which attempt to give technical summaries of the work of various branches of the government. Neither experiment has created much commotion: yet together they illustrate an idea which, properly

developed, will be increasingly valuable to an enlightened public opinion.

Their principle is simple. They are expert organized reporters. Having no horror of dullness, no interest in being dramatic, they can study statistics and orders and reports which are beyond the digestive powers of a newspaper man or of his readers. The lines of their growth would seem to be threefold: to make a current record, to make a running analysis of it, and on the basis of both, to suggest plans.

Record and analysis mean an experimental formulation of standards by which the work of government can be tested. Such standards are not to be evolved off-hand out of anyone's consciousness. Some have already been worked out experimentally, others still need to be discovered; all need to be refined and brought into perspective by the wisdom of experience. Carried out competently, the public would gradually learn to substitute objective criteria for gossip and intuitions. One can imagine a public-health service subjected to such expert criticism. The institute of research publishes the death-rate as a whole for a period of years. It seems that for a particular season the rate is bad in certain maladies, that in others the rate of improvement is not sufficiently rapid. These facts are compared with the expenditures of the service, and with the main lines of its activity. Are the bad results due to causes beyond the control of the service? do they indicate a lack of foresight in asking appropriations for special work? or in the absence of novel phenomena, do they point to a decline of the personnel, or in its morale? If the latter, further analysis may reveal that salaries are too low to attract men of ability, or that the head of the service by bad management has weakened the interest of his staff.

When the work of government is

analyzed in some such way as this, the reporter deals with a body of knowledge that has been organized for his apprehension. In other words, he is able to report the 'news,' because between him and the raw material of government there has been interposed a more or less expert political intelligence. He ceases to be the ant, described by William James, whose view of a building was obtained by crawling over the cracks in the walls.

These political observatories will, I think, be found useful in all branches of government; national, state, municipal, industrial, and even in foreign affairs. They should be clearly out of reach either of the wrath or of the favor of the office-holders. They must, of course, be endowed, but the endowment should be beyond the immediate control of the legislature and of the rich patron. Their independence can be partially protected by the terms of the trust; the rest must be defended by the ability of the institute to make itself so much the master of the facts as to be impregnable based on popular confidence.

One would like to think that the universities could be brought into such a scheme. Were they in close contact with the current record and analysis, there might well be a genuine 'field work' in political science for the students; and there could be no better directing idea for their more advanced researches than the formulation of the intellectual methods by which the experience of government could be brought to usable control. After all, the purpose of studying 'political science' is to be able to act more effectively in politics, the word effectively being understood in the largest and, therefore, the ideal sense. In the universities men should be able to think patiently and generously for the good of society. If they do not, surely

one of the reasons is that thought terminates in doctor's theses and brown quarterlies, and not in the critical issues of politics.

On first thought, all this may seem rather a curious direction for an inquiry into the substance of liberty. Yet we have always known, as a matter of common sense, that there was an intimate connection between 'liberty' and the use of liberty. Everyone who has examined the subject at all has had to conclude that tolerance *per se* is an arbitrary line, and that, in practice, the determining factor is the significance of the opinion to be tolerated. This study is based on an avowal of that fact. Once it is avowed, there seems to be no way of evading the conclusion that liberty is not so much permission as it is the construction of a system of information increasingly independent of opinion. In the long run it looks as if opinion could be made at once free and enlightening only by transferring our interest from 'opinion' to the objective realities from which it springs. This thought has led us to speculations on ways of protecting and organizing the stream of news as the source of all opinion that matters. Obviously these speculations do not pretend to offer a fully considered or a completed scheme. Their nature forbids it, and I should be guilty of the very opinion-ateness I have condemned, did these essays claim to be anything more than tentative indications of the more important phases of the problem.

V

Yet I can well imagine their causing a considerable restlessness in the minds of some readers. Standards, institutes, university research, schools of journalism, they will argue, may be all right, but they are a gray business in a vivid world. They blunt the edge of life; they

leave out of account the finely irresponsible opinion thrown out by the creative mind; they do not protect the indispensable novelty from philistinism and oppression. These proposals of yours, they will say, ignore the fact that such an apparatus of knowledge will in the main be controlled by the complacent and the traditional, and the execution will inevitably be illiberal.

There is force in the indictment. And yet I am convinced that we shall accomplish more by fighting for truth than by fighting for our theories. It is a better loyalty. It is a humbler one, but it is also more irresistible. Above all it is educative. For the real enemy is ignorance, from which all of us, conservative, liberal, and revolutionary, suffer. If our effort is concentrated on our desires, — be it our desire to have and to hold what is good, our desire to remake peacefully, or our desire to transform suddenly, — we shall divide hopelessly and irretrievably. We must go back of our opinions to the neutral facts for unity and refreshment of spirit. To deny this, it seems to me, is to claim that the mass of men is impervious to education, and to deny that, is to deny the postulate of democracy, and to seek salvation in a dictatorship. There is, I am convinced, nothing but misery and confusion that way. But I am equally convinced that democracy will degenerate into this dictatorship either of the Right or of the Left, if it does not become genuinely self-governing. That means, in terms of public opinion, a resumption of that contact between beliefs and realities which we have been losing steadily since the small-town democracy was absorbed into the Great Society.

The administration of public information toward greater accuracy and more successful analysis is the highway of liberty. It is, I believe, a matter of first-rate importance that we should fix

this in our minds. Having done so, we may be able to deal more effectively with the traps and the lies and the special interests which obstruct the road and drive us astray. Without a clear conception of what the goal of liberty is, the struggle for free speech and free opinion easily degenerates into a mere contest of opinion.

But realization is not the last step, though it is the first. We need be under no illusion that the stream of news can be purified simply by pointing out the value of purity. The existing news-structure may be made serviceable to democracy along the general lines suggested, by the training of the journalist, and by the development of expert record and analysis. But while it may be, it will not be, simply by saying that it ought to be. Those who are now in control have too much at stake, and they control the source of reform itself.

Change will come only in the drastic competition of those whose interests are not represented in the existing news-organization. It will come only if organized labor and militant liberalism set a pace which cannot be ignored. Our sanity and, therefore, our safety depend upon this competition, upon fearless and relentless exposure conducted by self-conscious groups that are now in a minority. It is for these groups to understand that the satisfaction of advertising a pet theory is as nothing compared to the publication of the news. And having realized it, it is for them to combine their resources and their talent for the development of an authentic news-service which is invincible because it supplies what the community is begging for and cannot get.

All the gallant little sheets expressing particular programmes are at bottom vanity, and in the end, futility, so long as the reporting of daily news is left in untrained and biased hands. If we are to move ahead, we must see a great

independent journalism, setting standards for commercial journalism, like those which the splendid English coöperative societies are setting for commercial business. An enormous amount of money is dribbled away in one fashion or another on little papers, mass-meetings, and what not. If only some considerable portion of it could be set aside to establish a central international news-agency, we should make progress. We cannot fight the untruth which envelops us by parading our opinions. We can do it only by reporting the facts, and we do not deserve to win if the facts are against us.

The country is spotted with benevolent foundations of one kind or another, many of them doing nothing but pay the upkeep of fine buildings and sinecures. Organized labor spends large sums of money on politics and strikes which fail because it is impossible to

secure a genuine hearing in public opinion. Could there be a pooling of money for a news-agency? Not, I imagine, if its object were to further a cause. But suppose the plan were for a news-service in which editorial matter was rigorously excluded, and the work was done by men who had already won the confidence of the public by their independence? Then, perhaps.

At any rate, our salvation lies in two things: ultimately, in the infusion of the news-structure with men with a new training and outlook; immediately, in the concentration of the independent forces against the complacency and bad service of the routineers. We shall advance when we have learned humility; when we have learned to seek truth, to reveal it and publish it; when we care more for that than for the privilege of arguing about ideas in a fog of uncertainty.

FAITH

BY MARGARET SHERWOOD

THAT life shall aye endure,
Beyond the passing breath,
I know no proof secure,
Save death.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE LOSS OF PARADISE

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

IN old Hittite documents it is truthfully related how Paradise was lost, and we find there some strange deviations from the usual story. Of course, it is hardly scientific to accept the Hittite version without proper criticism; yet even the casual reader will detect some plausibility in the tale as there given.

Adam and Eve lived in the Paradise of the Hittite people just as happily and contented as in the Biblical one. They had given names to all the animals, they had visited all spots of interest, they had tasted of all the fruits except the forbidden one, and for this one they had not even the slightest desire. But Satan, who, since he himself has lost his heaven, can hardly bear to see someone else live peacefully and contentedly in the Paradise of Love, assumed the appearance of a glittering serpent and began to make friends with Eve. He told her funny little amusing, teasing, and flattering things — things the more awkward and sluggish Adam would never have dreamed of saying; and though no one can accuse Eve of having directly flirted with Satan, yet it is true that she found a strange and wicked pleasure in hearing — and some times pretending not to hear — things which had a sulphurous aroma, and in watching the graceful serpent around which little rainbow-colored, glittering, underworld flames were playing.

And by-and-by Satan began to talk of the wide, wide world and of the strange and marvelous fortunes and manifold adventures in that world, of which one who lived always in Eden

could scarcely have an adequate idea.

Eve, of course, became curious, but she knew full well that her curiosity was useless and vain. The garden of Paradise had great and forbidding walls, its gates could not be opened by mortal hands, and the tempting world was thus quite out of the question for her. Yet Satan simply smiled away all these obstacles.

‘Pluck one of these forbidden apples,’ he said; ‘eat of it, and give Adam to eat, and the gates will open of themselves, and the world with all its wonderful possibilities will lie before you. “Adventures are for the adventurous,” as Lord Beaconsfield will one day say. Dare and you will succeed.’

It sounded wonderful, yet Eve hesitated to pluck a fruit that was strictly forbidden to her; and when she cautiously broached the question to Adam and proposed to serve the forbidden fruit as an extra course of their Sunday dinner, she got but scant encouragement.

‘That is not for me,’ Adam said, ‘dyspeptic as I am. I have no use for such new-fangled dishes. Give me peaches with goat-milk or some berries with honey-dew; then I know what I get, and I know it will agree with me. Your apples are certainly unhealthful and indigestible. Otherwise they would n’t be forbidden.’

‘But Satan says,’ explained Eve, ‘that they are not forbidden. This is simply a superstition.’

‘And what, then, is superstition,’ lectured the pedantic Adam, ‘but in-

herited experience? Your apples are unwholesome, take my word for it. I don't care what your friend Satan may or may not say.'

And thus the matter rested. The apples were not plucked and not eaten, because Adam was against it, and Eve did not care greatly, and whenever she did not care greatly, she was quite willing to be amiable and submissive.

Satan was in despair. If he could not entangle the happy couple in the meshes of sin, what hope was there for him and his power? Darkly brooding, he sat on a blackened rock, when suddenly an old and hag-like woman stood before him and surveyed him with a toothless and evil smile.

'Satan,' she said, 'Prince of Sin and Darkness, never, never will you be able to destroy the Paradise of Love if I do not lend my help. Your time has not yet arrived. Leave Adam and Eve for a while to my tender and skillful ministrations, and they will soon be your prey. When I have paved the way for you, you will conquer.'

'And who are you?' asked Satan sur-

prised. 'Who are you who claim to be more powerful than Sin itself? What is your name?'

'My name,' said the hag with her repulsive smile, 'my name is Ennui; I am Dame Boredom.'

And as the hag had prophesied, so it happened. As soon as she appeared in Paradise, the end of all happiness was in sight. Soon the first couple plucked the forbidden fruit and ate it, only to escape the intolerable ennui that had settled upon them; then the gates of Paradise opened, and they went out to meet Satan, who was smilingly waiting for them.

What happened further is not disclosed. Like many other tales, the Hittite manuscript breaks abruptly off just when the real story begins; but someone who has studied the subject extensively assures us that there is very much truth in this version, and that in the Paradise of Love, after an unbelievably short time, one still becomes, as in the days of Adam and Eve, a helpless prey to the same old and intolerable boredom.

PLAIN TALK TO TEACHERS

BY A. R. BRUBACKER

I

THE 'learned professions' were once an inner circle of distinction. Every family cherished the ambition to have representation in this court of honor. Divinity, Law, and Medicine, these three, and the greatest was probably Divinity. Greatness was not yet meas-

ured in cash-value, nor did the proletariat regard these distinctions as invidious. Not yet. Now we have new aspirants for place in the inner circle. Engineering professes a body of special knowledge and expert experience; special schools alone can give this knowledge; and the trained engineer renders a specialized service to society. And

nursing. Who shall deny that nursing demands special knowledge, and that it renders important service to society? Then there are the social workers, business engineers of various kinds, philanthropists — and teachers. Some will have it that not all philanthropists are teachers, but that all teachers are philanthropists.

Shall all these be recognized as professions? The exclusiveness of the inner circle is in danger. The term 'learned' may have to be abandoned. Or, possibly, terms of initiation can be defined in such a way that some may qualify and others not. What is a profession, then? Samuel Johnson defines it merely as a 'vocation, known employment, a calling.' This, of course, includes shoe-shining. Surely teaching is not behind shoe-shining in its claims, although it is certainly behind shoe-shining in cash-value. 'An occupation that involves a liberal education, and mental rather than manual labor.' This is the definition of a recent maker of dictionaries, and has a tendency to restore the sacred inner circle of the 'learned profession.' But what will the first proletarian glossary offer as a modification? Will it blot out finally, and perhaps ruthlessly, the early and late distinctions between occupations and professions? or is there no distinction between surgeons and barbers, between lawyers and lathers, between teachers and tinkers?

A profession may be distinguished from a trade, vocation, occupation, or business by the following well-marked characteristics:—

1. A profession presupposes a body of scientific and technical knowledge and corresponding skill in practice.
2. This knowledge and skill can be acquired only by extended study and careful practice by persons who have the necessary native endowment.
3. The welfare of community, state,

and nation depends on services which can be rendered only by those who have this knowledge and skill; and

4. The practitioners, or members of the profession, by virtue of their special qualifications and by virtue of the public service rendered by them, incur definite moral obligations to each other and to the community. These obligations are the basis of professional ethics.

These characteristics cannot be disregarded. The character of the service rendered will be the touchstone. Communities may differ in their estimate of the value of a particular public service. The same service will have a varied rating in different periods. What was a trade in one period may become a profession in another. But the basis of judgment will be the four here named — a special body of knowledge, an extended period of study and practice, a service deemed essential to public welfare, and a body of professional ethics.

II

We are passing through a period of self-examination in education. Like the seeker after grace, we are almost morbid in our self-reproach; and like him, we are entreating fervently the gift of professional salvation. We covet the things that will make teaching an undoubted, unchallenged profession. The college professor is pleading for a salary on which he can live decently, and rear a family, without doing the family washing and working as a 'scab' carpenter at eight dollars a day during the long vacation. This same college professor also asks for a larger share of self-determination in the academic organization. To him professional salvation means financial recognition and a better social and professional status.

The common-school teacher organizes and makes a show of numerical and political strength, in order to secure

a minimum living salary. She identifies herself with the ranks of labor, skilled and unskilled, or less skilled. As yet she has not succeeded in raising this minimum up to the wage of the municipal street-sweeper. Self-examination brings home to her that she is not received into the habitations of the social pace-maker, that she is not a social entity at all. She is treated very much like the trainer of horses, like the chauffeur, like the caretaker — except that she receives a smaller wage. Salvation is conceived by her in terms of social recognition and an equivalent salary; and she seeks this salvation, to the prejudice even of her professional status, largely because she has as yet only a trade and not a professional consciousness.

The educational leader and administrator, too, has become introspective and has discovered the 'national emergency in education.' The emergency consists in poorly paid teachers, untrained teachers, 'deplorably low professional standards, and the immaturity of teachers.' He seeks professional salvation in federal financial aid, and a seat among the powerful in the President's Cabinet.

These individual complaints are made acute at this time by the universal expectation of a new world after the Great War. They come to expression as part of the great longing for better things. But not one element is new. Teachers' salaries have long been below reasonable expectations. College instructors are to-day working for salaries which good chauffeurs decline; and grade teachers receive less than journeymen barbers, less than garbage-collectors, less than street-sweepers. This has been true almost *ab initio*. The social status of public-school teachers has never been determined by the importance of their service to community life. The preparation of teach-

ers for their work has been disgracefully inadequate, because we have had, and now have, the absurd belief that 'anybody can teach reading, writing and arithmetic,' and therefore boys and girls fresh from the grammar schools, sixteen years of age, are employed as teachers. Sixteen per cent of the public-school teachers in the United States are between sixteen and twenty-one years of age. This is an old story. As for professional standards, is not that a preposterous term to use of child-workers? Can we regard children under twenty-one as constituting a profession, especially when most of them remain in the work of teaching less than five years?

III

A frank statement of conditions seems advisable. There are forces that hinder the development of a teaching profession. There are elements in the work of teachers that are common to the crafts. And human nature is triumphant in teachers as in other folk, expressing itself in conduct that is sometimes less than professional. Since these conditions prevail from the kindergarten through the university, — or so far as they do prevail, — they are symptomatic, and must be clearly defined and commonly recognized and classified before they can be corrected.

Divinity has maintained itself as a learned profession in spite of low salaries. Country physicians, likewise, constitute an important and honored element of the medical profession, in spite of low earnings. On the contrary, the better salaried groups of teachers, supervisors, principals, high-school teachers, do not usually display clearer professional characteristics than the lower salaried groups. May it not, then, be true that low salaries are due in part at least to lack of professional qualities? Group solidarity and length

of service, professional fitness, high professional ethics, and professional alertness will, to some extent at least, tend toward better salaries. Social recognition almost certainly waits on evidence of professional qualities in the teacher. No social group can afford to deny itself the benefit of social intercourse with men and women of refinement, broad learning, and of expert knowledge in any field of usefulness, least of all in the teachers of its children.

Low salaries and lack of social recognition are two conditions that exist by common consent. There is no room for argument here. Our economic and social behavior toward teachers has been and is disgraceful. The remedy awaits the assertion by the teachers themselves, in word and act, but especially in professional conduct, that they are worthy of larger salaries and of social equality. These disabilities may be effect as well as cause. At any rate we should frankly raise the question. For example: group-consciousness or solidarity is notably lacking among teachers. Women teachers frequently avoid classification and identification as teachers. In public places, at public resorts, they try to give the impression that they are not teachers. School-teacher is accepted as a term of reproach. Even during educational conventions, when the streets of the convention city are inevitably overrun by teachers, when hotel lobbies and dining-rooms are monopolized by women teachers, there is this same desire to escape identification as of the genus teacher. It is a token of the fact that there is no group pride. A strange phenomenon. Its explanation probably lies in the fact that the basis of unity among teachers is still the external and comparatively unimportant coincidence of name or place or occupation. The cohesive power of high

scholarly purpose, of common civic service, is apparently absent.

The American public-school teacher is young and immature. Fully forty per cent of her is under twenty-five years of age. That is a significant fact. The woman teacher begins before she is twenty years of age, teaches three or four years, marries, and drops all interest in teaching as a life-work. That young women should marry before twenty-five is reasonable and natural; but it is wholly impossible to build up a professional *esprit de corps* in a force that has to be recruited so frequently from such immature material. For it should be remembered that few women — it might be questioned if any do — look upon teaching as a life-work before they have passed thirty, which is equivalent to saying that women teachers under thirty are not likely to have a professional attitude toward their work. Since this group constitutes so large a percentage of the entire body, the result is inevitable. Teaching is a temporary employment to them. It fills the marriageable interim between normal school or college and matrimony. In that interim the attention is naturally fixed on the main chance. Time devoted to professional reading is reduced to a minimum; time spent in attendance on educational conferences is not given with professional enthusiasm. Teaching is not a career, but a vestibule to a career.

The few men who continue to drift into teaching are subject to similar temptations. Most men begin teaching because it is the most ready means of turning their education into cash-value. Between twenty and twenty-five teaching offers these young men as large financial rewards as business. But the break comes between twenty-five and thirty. Business offers larger rewards then, or they leave teaching, to complete courses in law or medicine. In

either case they are lost to teaching, and their places are filled by inexperienced recruits.

This is doubly hard on the smaller school, since these tender youths occupy places of administrative importance before they have maturity of judgment and thought. They hold places of professional importance, in spite of the fact that they are not seeking careers in teaching.

This apparently leads to the conclusion that the body of teachers consists of forty per cent of immature women and men, sixty per cent of unmarried women and unsaleable men. This is, of course, only partly true. But it is a fact that men teachers are too frequently effeminate. Someone has said, 'There are three genders, the masculine, the feminine, and the "male teacher."'

Teachers are constantly changing, then, partly because they like to migrate, partly because they leave the profession and their places to young recruits. In rural districts it is not unusual to have ninety per cent of the force new each year. In cities, twenty to thirty per cent of the force is annually changed. The migratory habit is due partly to a desire for better salaries, partly to instability in the employing agencies, and partly to a love of change for its own sake.

The teaching force of these communities is extremely variable because it is mobile and temporary. Methods are necessarily unstable, and under such conditions the school product cannot be standardized. Mobility and professional spirit are clearly inconsistent, mutually exclusive.

One damning heresy continues to plague teachers and teaching — a heresy held, it is true, by the laity rather than by the teachers, but not entirely renounced even by the latter. 'Anyone can teach.' This is a negation of all

professional aspirations. The taxpayer and the school trustee assume the truth of this and act upon it. In the country school, therefore, boys and girls of sixteen or seventeen, without any training in method, with no schooling beyond the grammar grades, are employed as teachers; while in the high schools, college graduates are asked to teach subjects for which they have no special preparation. This is particularly true of English and of history. By accepting employment on these terms teachers of course subscribe to the heresy; and by holding to it, teacher, trustee, and taxpayer together put the stamp of approval on inadequate teacher-training standards. In this, as in other fields, democracy shows its impatience of expert service.

The expert school administrator is free from this heresy. He may be guilty of others — not of this one. He demands adequate scholarship *plus* professional training, even for the lowest-salaried teacher. But democracy is not yet willing to accept the school expert. The definition of standards of preparation — even the selection of teachers — is still prevailing in the hands of school trustees who have no correct basis of judgment. Consequently, too often they choose teachers for their good looks or because they know persons of importance. To expect a professional *esprit de corps* in a body of teachers so selected is the height of folly.

Out of these several conditions arises an inevitable tendency on the part of teachers to stagnate. Teachers must grow in knowledge and in the graces of their art if they wish to remain professionally alive. Stagnation in teaching is certain professional death. But the normal-school graduate is proverbially stagnant. She reads no books, she investigates nothing for herself; she expects the impetus provided by the

normal-school training to last through her teaching life, and the community she serves receives rapidly diminishing returns. And college graduates are not notably more progressive. While it is true that they start with a wider horizon and with more extensive scholarship, their enthusiasm for learning is not notably contagious.

Even the late crop of 'teachers' colleges' and 'schools of education' does not contribute vigorously to a spirit of progress and the advancement of learning. These institutions love pedagogy and pursue it, sometimes to the exclusion of other good things. They are magnifying the teaching process to the detriment of the learning process. Teaching skill is refined to the point where the child is *taught* everything so skillfully that he *learns* nothing. That is to say, he makes no effort to learn because effort is unnecessary. Under this 'soft pedagogy' the learner is chronically passive, even if he is receptive. The 'School of Pedagogy' is concerned with method, rather than with the matter of knowledge, and the product is therefore somewhat pedantic, as might be expected. It mistakes the shadow for the real substance, and accepts for its standard the mere conceit of learning.

Now this new pedagogy is harmful in what it fails to do rather than in what it does. That is, its method is harmless, nay, helpful, if it is founded on adequate knowledge of subject-matter. But the pedagogue wants ever more and more method. The summer sessions of our colleges find the 'Methods' courses vastly more popular than the informational and cultural courses. The teacher makes her annual pilgrimage to the 'seat of learning,' not to get *learning*, but to refine the mechanics of method, thus becoming, not more cultivated, but more mechanical in her teaching.

IV

Teaching is nevertheless entitled to be rated among the learned professions. Its claim rests squarely on the importance of the service rendered, on the breadth and depth of the body of prerequisite knowledge, on the special technique by which alone success can be attained, and on a common ethical obligation which rests on those persons who have acquired this knowledge and the technique of teaching.

The service rendered by teachers has very great value, rising distinctly above the vocations and trades in this respect, and comparing favorably with the learned professions. Take the blacksmith's trade, for example. When his work is well done, he has a well-shod horse and a satisfied customer; when it is poorly done, he causes a small financial loss and has a displeased customer. The transaction involves a single customer, and has small significance to the community. The same is true of the trades generally.

Contrast with this the work of the physician or the lawyer. The failure of the former means physical death; his success, physical fitness. The public health is in his keeping. His work has direct social significance. He subtracts from or adds to the common welfare, according as he fails or succeeds. In a similar manner, the lawyer who errs secures less than justice for his client; while the lawyer who succeeds gets justice for his client and promotes the cause of justice generally. The tranquillity and the security of the community are in his keeping.

But the teacher surpasses each of these in value to the community, for the teacher who errs injures the cause of truth. By teaching vicious doctrines, he may undermine government, misdirect the mental energies of youth, and retard the development of society.

The forward movements in human welfare become possible only from correct teaching. Civilization advances in accordance with the quality of teaching service. The influence of the great teacher extends through many generations, doing high service beyond the limits of his natural life. It transcends geographical and national boundaries. Witness Socrates and Jesus. Judged by the character of the service rendered, teachers clearly form a distinctive and homogeneous group, which by its peculiar knowledge and special skill controls the general community welfare.

The teacher necessarily professes knowledge on the subject he essays to teach. Generally speaking, then, he should have a liberal education in the best sense. That he should 'know something about everything and everything about something,' is a hard saying but a true one. And then there is a body of scientific and technical knowledge relating solely to the art of teaching, which must be mastered. With this special knowledge goes a related skill. Persons who have this prerequisite liberal education and the special knowledge and skill are experts, differentiated from tradesmen and purveyors of commodities, forming a group which may be called a profession under the most rigorous definition of that term.

Because this distinctive group, which we are pleased to call the teaching profession, possesses a knowledge and a skill which are vital to the welfare of community and national life, on which depends the continuity of civilization, there rest upon the group definite obligations toward the community and toward each other. These obligations are moral, and form a body of professional ethics. That teachers are becoming aware of their obligations is shown by the fact that codes of pro-

fessional ethics for teachers have been formulated in several teachers' organizations, notably by the State Associations of New York and Massachusetts. Briefly stated, these codes seek to fix standards of professional qualifications, to outline the principles of professional conduct, and to provide for the advancement of the profession as a whole. In so far as the teaching body generally accepts its ethical obligations, it has acquired a professional consciousness.

The fundamental question for all of us who give thought to education and the advancement of teaching is the creation and the increase of the professional solidarity which comes from a common consciousness of work well performed. The charlatan with his conceit of learning must give place to the genuine scholar with sound learning. The pedagogue with his pedantry must yield to the simple teacher with rich personal power. The vocationist must not be admitted with his cash-value doctrine until the groundwork of an education has been laid. 'Soft pedagogy' must be displaced by a vigorous, self-directed learning process. The temporary time-serving teacher must go. The feminizing process, by which even male teachers lose their virility, should cease. Our watchword should be, *professional conduct*. The new world demands more of teachers than any previous period has demanded of them. Education is the means of social salvation for modern peoples. The teachers must, therefore, have scholarship and technical skill, and also high moral purpose. They must recognize their ethical obligations to the point where they become a cohesive body, a profession. For such a body of teachers the rightful place in the sacred circle of the learned professions is prepared.

CHRISTMAS ROSES. II

BY ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK

I

STILL, Mrs. Delafield knew no remorse. Rather, a wine-like elation filled her. She thought of her state of consciousness in terms of wine, and ordered up from her modest cellar a special old port, hardly tasted since her husband's death, and, all alone, drank at lunch a little glass in honor of Jane Amoret's advent. Also, though elated, she was conscious of needing a stimulant. The scene with Rhoda had cost her more than could, at the moment, be quite computed.

What it had won for her she was able to compute when, after lunch, she went upstairs to look at Jane Amoret asleep in her white cot. She did not feel like a robber brooding in guilty joy over ill-gotten booty. She could not feel herself that, nor Jane Amoret booty. Jane Amoret was treasure, pure heaven-sent treasure, her flower of miracle. Christmas roses had been in her mind since morning, and the darkness, the whiteness of the child, as well as her beautiful unexpectedness, made her think of them anew; her gravity, too — something of melancholy that the flowers embodied; for they were not smiling flowers — gazing rather at the wintry sky in earnest meditation.

Jane Amoret's black lashes lay upon her cheek, ever so slightly turned up at the tips, and her great-aunt, leaning over her, felt herself doting upon them and upon the little softly breathing profile embedded in the pillow, a bud-like, folded hand beside it.

'Little darling — we will make each other happy,' she whispered.

Rhoda had passed from their lives like a storm-cloud.

Jane Amoret was still sleeping, and she had gone downstairs to the little morning-room where, since the war, she had really lived, to settle with herself what she must say to Tim, when there came a ringing at the front-door bell. The morning-room, at the back of the house, like the nursery, overlooked the southern lawn and the walls of the kitchen-garden; but she could usually hear if a motor drove up, and, in her still concentration upon the empty sheet lying before her on the desk, she was aware that there had been no sound. It was too early for a visitor, too early for the evening post, and she looked up with some curiosity as Parton came in.

'It's a gentleman, madam, to see you,' said Parton; and her young, trained visage showed signs of a discomposure deeper than that Rhoda's coming had evoked. 'Mr. Darley, madam; and he hopes very much you are disengaged.'

Mrs. Delafield had, as a first sensation, that of sympathy with Parton. Parton evidently knew all about it and was evidently in distress lest her face betrayed her knowledge. In her effort to maintain her own standards of impassivity she suddenly blushed crimson, and Mrs. Delafield then felt that she was very old and Parton very young, and that in that fact alone was a bond, even if there had been no other. She had many bonds with Parton, and now,

seeing her so soft, uncertain, and dismayed, she would have liked to pat her on the shoulder and say, 'There, my dear, it does n't make any difference. I assure you I'm not disturbed.' And since she could not say it, she looked it, replying with the utmost equability, 'Mr. Darley? By all means. Show him in at once, Parton.'

There was, after Parton had gone, a short interval, while Mr. Darley, doubtless, was taking off his coat, and during which she felt herself mainly engaged in maintaining her equability. But, after her encounter with Rhoda, was n't she equable enough for any situation? Besides, Mr. Darley could in no fashion menace Jane Amoret, and under all her conjectures and amazements there lay a certain satisfaction. She knew, from her encounter with Parton, that she was interested in all young creatures when they were nice, and she was not sorry to have another look at Mr. Darley.

When he entered and she saw him, — not in khaki as that first time, but in a gray tweed suit, — when Parton had softly and securely closed the door and left them together, she found herself borne along on a curious deepening of the current of sympathy for mere youth. She had not remembered how young he was; she had not had that as her dominant impression at Rhoda's tea, as she had it now. He must be several years younger than Rhoda; hardly more than twenty-two or three, she thought; and it must have been as a mere child that the war had swept him out into maturing initiations. Something of an experience, shattering yet solidifying, was in his face, fragile, wasted, yet more final and finished than one would have expected at his time of life; and also, in curious contrast to his boyish, beardless look, a deep line was engraved across his forehead; whether by suffering or by the trick she soon

discovered in him of raising his eyebrows in an effort of intense concentration, she could not tell.

She gave him her hand simply, and said, 'Do sit down.'

But Mr. Darley, though he looked at the chair she indicated, did not take it. He remained standing on the hearth-rug, facing the windows, his hands clasped behind him, and she then became aware that he was enduring a veritable agony of shyness. It did not take the form of blushes, — though his was a girlish skin that would display them instantly, — or of awkward gesture or faltering speech. It was a shyness wild, still, and bereft of all appeal, like that of a bird, — the simile came sharply to her, — a bird that had followed some swift impulse and that now, caught in a sudden hand, relapsed into utter immobility. His large eyes were on hers — fixed. His expression was like a throbbing heart. She knew that all that she wanted, for the moment, was to show him that the hand was gentle.

'I'm afraid you came hoping to find Rhoda,' she said, looking away from him and giving her chair, as a pretext, sundry little adjustments before drawing it to the fire. 'But she left this morning, after seeing me, and you must have crossed her on the road. At least — have you motored?'

The large eyes, she found, were still fixed on her as, with the question, she glanced up at him; but he answered immediately — rather as if with a croaking cry from the blackbird when one pressed it, —

'No; I came by train. I left a little after Rhoda did.'

'By train?' she marveled kindly. 'But we are four miles from the station here. Are n't you, at your end, as far? And such roads!' She saw now that his boots and upturned trousers were, indeed, deeply mired.

'Oh — I did n't mind the walk,' said Mr. Darley. 'It was n't far.'

She was sure he had n't found it far. His whole demeanor expressed the overmastering impulse that had, till then, sustained him.

'Have you had any lunch?' she went on. 'I can't think where you can have lunched. There's nothing at the station. Do let me send for something. I've only just finished.'

It seemed strangely indicated that she should, to-day, feed Rhoda and her lover.

But the caught blackbird was in no state for feeding. More wildly, yet more faintly than before he gave forth the croaking cry with, 'Oh, no. Thanks so much. Yes. At our station. I found something at our station. Sandwiches; no, a bun. I had a cup of Bovril.'

And now, curiously, poignantly to her, he began to blush as though suddenly and overwhelmingly aware of himself and of how idiotically he must be behaving. Poor child! How young he was! And how ill he had been in the trenches; and how beautiful it was to remember — as she did suddenly, and not irrelevantly, she knew, though she could not trace the relevance — that, in the little volume, written since his return, there had not been a shadow of the ugly rancor, revengeful and provocative, one met in some other soldier-poets whom one might have fancied to be of his kind. For how he must have hated it! And, at the same time, memory brought back a line, a stanza here and there, from her snatched reading — how holy he had found it; seeing so much more than error, death, and suffering!

Her eyes dwelt on him with something beyond the kindly wish to spare him as she said, 'Please sit down. You must be very tired and you are not strong, Rhoda told me. Don't be afraid of me. I am an old lady who can listen

to anything and, I think, understand a great deal. I've already heard a great deal from Rhoda. I'm anything but unfriendly to you, I assure you.'

It was — she was aware of it when it had crossed her lips — a curious thing to say to her niece's lover, to the man who had destroyed Tim's happiness and wrecked Niel's home; but it was too true not to be said. And she was perfectly sure now that it was not Mr. Darley who had wrecked and destroyed. It was Rhoda who had taken him, of course; not he Rhoda. He would never take anybody. He would stand and gaze at them as he now gazed at her, and only when they threw out appealing arms, would he move toward them. Rhoda had thrown out appealing arms — after she discovered that alluring arms had no effect. Mrs. Delafield's impressions and intuitions tumbled forth in positive clusters as she took in her companion. Allurements, Russian-ballet background, snowy throats and velvet eyes, would have no effect upon him at all; he cared as little about them at one end of the scale of sensations as about rats and corpses at the other. He would not even see them. It was something else he had seen in Rhoda; something she had found herself driven to display. And if she were getting tired of him already, it was simply because, having trapped him with the artifice, she now found herself shut up with him in a cage which, while it was of her own making, was extremely uncongenial to her.

Mr. Darley was far too absorbed in what she had just said to him to think of taking the chair. It had helped him incalculably — that was quite apparent; for though the blush stayed, and though he was still wild and shy, they had already, indubitably, begun to understand each other.

'Do you mean,' he asked, 'not unfriendly to me or not unfriendly to Rhoda?'

This was an unexpected question, and for a moment, not knowing what it portended, she hardly knew how to meet it. But the understanding that seemed to deepen with every moment made truth the most essential thing, and she replied after only a hesitation, 'To you.'

Mr. Darley looked all his astonishment. 'But why? Do you feel that you like me, too? Because, of course, I've never forgotten you. That's why I felt it possible to come to-day.'

And since truth was essential, it was she, now, who looked, with her surprise, something that she felt to be a recognition, as she replied, 'I suppose it must be that. I suppose we liked each other at first sight. I certainly did n't know the feeling was reciprocal.'

'Nor did I!' Mr. Darley exclaimed. He took the chair at the other end of the hearth-rug, facing her, his knees crossed, his arms clutched tightly across his chest; and now he was able to reach his journey's goal. As all, on Rhoda's side, had been made clear to her that morning, so, on his, all was clear as he said, with a solemnity so young, so genuine, that it almost brought tears to her eyes, 'Then, since you do like me, please don't let her leave me!'

It was before her in the definite, overpowering mass of it; but how it could have come about made a sort of mist enveloping the approaches to the mountain.

'Does Rhoda want to leave you?' she questioned.

'Why — did n't you know?' Mr. Darley's face flashed with a sort of stupor. 'Did n't she come for that?'

'You answer my questions first,' Mrs. Delafield said after a moment.

He was obedient and full of trust. 'It's because of the child, you know, that lovely little creature in London. From the first — you can't think how long ago it already seems, though we

have hardly been a week together — I've seen it growing, that feeling in her that she could n't bear it. Other things, too; but that more than all. At least,' he was truthful to the last point of scruple, 'I think so. And though she did not tell me that she was saying good-bye this morning, I knew — I knew — that she was coming to you because she wanted her child, and would accept anything, endure anything, to be with it again.'

'What do you think Rhoda had to endure?' Mrs. Delafield inquired.

'Oh — you can't ask me that! I saw you in it and you saw me!' Mr. Darley exclaimed. 'You *will* be straight with me? You saw that soulless life of hers, with that selfish figurehead of a husband for all guide. She was suffocating in it. She did n't need to tell me. I saw it in her face before she told me. How can a woman live with a man she does n't love? When you said not unfriendly to me, did you mean to make a difference? Did you mean that you don't care for Rhoda? Yet she's always loved and trusted you, she told me, more than anyone. You were the one reality she clung to. That's why *she* could come to you to-day.'

'What I mean is that I'm on your side, not on Rhoda's,' said Mrs. Delafield, and at the moment her charming old white face expressed, perhaps as never before in her life, the quality of decisiveness. 'I am on your side. But I have to see what that is.'

He was feeling her face even more than her words. He was gazing at her with a rapt scrutiny which, she reflected, exonerating Rhoda to that extent, would make it difficult for a woman receiving such a tribute not to wish to retain it permanently. It enriched and sustained one and — although it was strange that she should feel this — troubled and moved one, too. A sense of pain stirred in her, and of wonder about

herself and her fitness to receive such gazes. One really could n't, at sixty-three, have growing pains; yet Mr. Darley's gaze filled her with that troubled consciousness of expanding life. He wanted Rhoda. She wanted Jane Amoret. So, wasn't it all right? Wasn't she all right? His side was her side. They wanted the same thing. But the troubled sap of the new consciousness was rising in her.

'My side is really Rhoda's side,' said Mr. Darley, as if answering her thought. He held his knee in gripped hands and spoke with rapid security. He was still shy, but he now knew exactly what he wished to say, and how to say it. 'It's Rhoda's side, if only she'd see it. That's why I was not disloyal in asking my question when you said you were n't unfriendly. Really — really — you *will* believe me — it's for her, too. I would n't have let her come with me if it had n't been. I'm not so selfish as I seem. I know it's dreadful about the child. But — this is my secret; Rhoda does not guess it and I could never tell her — she does n't love the child as she thinks she does. Not really. In spite of her longing. She longs to love it, of course; but she is n't a mother; not to that child. That's another reason. It was all false. The whole thing. The whole of her life. The real truth is,' said Christopher Darley, gazing large-eyed at her, 'that Rhoda is frightened and wants to go back. She's not as brave as she thought she was. Not quite as brave as I thought. But if she yields to her fear and leaves me, — she has n't yet, I know, I see that in your face, — but if she goes back to her old life, it will mean dust, humiliation, imprisonment forever.'

'That's what I told her,' Mrs. Delafield said, her eyes on his.

'I knew! I knew!' cried the young man. 'I knew you'd done something beautiful for me — for us. Because you

see the truth. And you were able to succeed where I failed! You were able to convince her! You've saved us both! Oh, how I thank you!'

'It was n't quite like that,' said Mrs. Delafield. 'It was n't to save either of you. I don't think it right for a woman to leave her husband with another man because she has ceased to love her husband. But I made her go back. I would n't even let her tell me that she wanted to leave you. I did n't convince her. I merely made it impossible for her. She left me reluctant and bewildered. You have n't found out yet,' — Mrs. Delafield leaned forward and picked up the little poker; the fire needed no poking and the movement expressed only her inner restlessness, — 'you have n't found out that Rhoda, at all events, *is* very selfish?'

Christopher Darley at that stopped short. 'Oh, yes, I have,' he answered then; but the frightened croak was in his voice as he said it.

'And have you found out, too,' said Mrs. Delafield, eyeing her poker, sparing him, giving him time, 'that she's unscrupulous and cold-hearted? Do you see the sort of life she'll make for you, if she is faithful to you and stays with you, not because she's faithful, not because she wants to stay, but gagged and baulked by me? Have n't you already, yourself, been a little frightened sometimes?' she finished.

She kept her eyes on her poker and gave Mr. Darley his time, and indeed he needed it.

'If you've been so wonderful,' he said at last, with the slow care of one who threads his way among swords; 'if, though you think we're law-breakers, you think, too, that we've made ourselves another law and are bound to stand by it; if you've sent her back to me — why do you ask me that? But no,' he went on. 'I'm not frightened. You see — I love her.'

'She does n't love you,' said Mrs. Delafield.

'She will! She will!' — It made Mrs. Delafield think of the shaking heart-throbs of the blackbird. — 'All that you see, — yes, yes, I won't pretend to you, because I trust you as I've never before trusted any human being, because you are truer than anyone I've ever met, — it's all true. She is all that. But don't you see further? Don't you see it's the life? She's never known anything else. She's never had a chance.'

'She's known me. She's had me.'

Mrs. Delafield's eyes did not leave the poker. But under the quiet statement the struggle in her reached its bitter close. She had lost Jane Amoret. She must give her up. Not for her sake; nor for Rhoda's, — oh, in no sense for Rhoda's, — but for his. She could not let him pay the price. She must save him from Rhoda.

'What do you mean?' he asked; and it was as if crumbling before her secure strength, almost with tears.

'I mean that you'll never make anything different of her. I never have, and I've known her since she was born. You won't make her, and she'll unmake you. She is disintegrating. She has always been like that. Nothing has spoiled her. From the first she's been selfish and untender. I don't mean to say that she has n't good points. She has a sense of humor; and she's honest with herself: she knows what she wants and why she wants it — although she may take care that you don't. She is n't petty or spiteful or revengeful. No,' — Mrs. Delafield moved her poker slowly up and down as she carved it out for him, and it seemed to be into her own heart she was cutting, — 'there is a largeness and a dignity about Rhoda. But she feels no beauty and no tragedy in life, only irony and opportunity. You'll no more change her than you'll change a flower, a fish, or a stone.'

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D

Holding his knee in the strained grasp, Christopher Darley kept his eyes on her, breathing quickly.

'Why did she come with me, then?' he asked, after the silence between them had grown long. (Strange, she thought, so near they were, that he could not know her heart was breaking, too. All the time it was Jane Amoret's sleeping eyelashes she saw.) 'Why did she love me? I am not irony or opportunity.'

'Do you think she ever loved you?' said Mrs. Delafield. 'Was it not only that she wanted you to love her? Was n't it because you were different, and difficult, and new? I think so. I think you found her at a bored, antagonistic moment; money-quarrels with her husband, — he is a good young fellow, Niel, and he used to worship her, — the war over and life to take up again on terms already stale. She is calculating; but she is adventurous and reckless, too. So she went. And of course she was in love with you then. That goes without saying, and you'll know what I mean by it. But Rhoda gets through things quickly. She has no soil in her in which roots can grow; perhaps that's what I mean by saying she can't change. One can't, if one can't grow roots. But now you are no longer new or difficult. You are easy and old — already old; and she's tired of you. You bore her. You constrain and baffle her — if she's to keep up appearances with you at all; and she'd like to do that, because she admires you exceedingly. So she wants to go back to Niel. I know,' said Mrs. Delafield slightly shaking her poker, 'that if I'd given her a loophole this morning, she'd be on her way to London now.'

'And why did n't you?' asked Christopher Darley.

Ah, why? Again she brooded over the softly breathing little profile, again met the upward gaze of Jane Amoret's

gray eyes. Well might he ask why. But there was the one truth she could not give him. There was another that she could, and she had it ready. 'I had n't seen you,' she said.

'You thought it right for her to come back to me, until you saw me?'

'I thought it beneath her dignity — as I said to her — to be unfaithful to two men within a fortnight.'

'But why should you care for her dignity?' Mr. Darley strangely pressed. 'Why should n't you care more for your brother's dignity, and her husband's, and her child's — all the things she said you'd care for?'

He had brought her eyes to his now, and, for the first time since they met, it was he who had the advantage. Frowning, yet clear, he bent his great young eyes upon her and she knew, dismayingly, that her thoughts were scattered.

'I have always cared for Rhoda.' She seized the first one.

'Is it a future for Rhoda to disintegrate the life of the man who loves her and to get no good of him? Is n't it better for a woman like Rhoda to go back to the apparent dignity, since she has no feeling for the real? Is n't that what you would have felt, if you'd been feeling for Rhoda? It was n't because you felt for her,' said Christopher Darley. 'You had some other reason. You are keeping another reason from me. You know,' he urged upon her with a strange, still austerity, 'you know you can't do that. You know we must say the truth to each other. You know that we simply belong to each other, you and I.'

'My dear Mr. Darley — my dear young man!'

She was, indeed, bereft of all resource. She laid down her poker and, as she did so, felt herself disarming before him. His eyes, following her retreat, challenged her, almost with fierceness.

'I know — I know that you are giv-

ing up something because of me,' he said. 'You want her to go back to her husband now, so that I may be free. It was n't of me you thought this morning; nor of your brother, nor of Rhoda. Everything changed for you after you saw me. What is it? What is it that made you send Rhoda back to me and that makes you now want to free me? You are beautiful — but you are terrible. You do beautiful and terrible things. And you must let me share. You must let me decide, too, if you do them for me!'

He had started up, but not to come nearer in his appeal and his demand. Cut to the heart as he was, — for she knew how she had pierced, — it was rather the probing of some more intolerable pain that moved him. And looking down at her with eyes intolerant of her mercy, he embodied to her her sense of a new life and a new conscience. Absurd though his words might seem, they were true. Though never, perhaps, again to meet, she and Christopher Darley recognized in each other some final affinity and owed each other final truth.

She no longer felt old and wise, but young and helpless before the compulsion of the kindred soul. She owed him the truth, and in giving it she must risk his freedom and his happiness. Looking up at him, that sense of compulsion upon her, she said, 'It was because of Jane Amoret. It was because I loved her and wanted to keep her.'

Christopher Darley grew paler than before. 'She is here?'

'Yes. She came this morning. She is upstairs, sleeping.'

'Rhoda saw her?'

'Yes.'

'And left her? To you?'

'Yes. Left her to me.'

He raised his head with a backward jerk and stared out of the window before him. She kept her eyes on his face,

measuring its strength against hers. He was not measuring. He seemed to be seeing the beautiful and terrible things of which, he had told her, she was capable. She felt, when his eyes came back to her, that he had judged her.

‘You see you can’t,’ he said gently.

‘Can’t what? Can’t keep her, you mean, of course.’

‘Anything but that. You can’t abandon her — even for my sake.’

So that had been the judgment. He saw only beauty.

‘I shan’t abandon her. I shall always be able to see as much of her as I did of Rhoda, and more. And she is different from Rhoda. I shan’t have the special joy of her, but I shall have the good.’

‘Moreover,’ he went on, with perfect gentleness, putting her words aside, ‘I can’t abandon Rhoda. All that you have said is true. But it does n’t go far enough. You yourself, you know, see life too much in terms of irony, of fact rather than faith. You’ve owned that Rhoda is adventurous and honest; you’ve owned that she does n’t lie to herself. Then she has growth in her. No human being can be like a flower or a fish or a stone. It was mere literature, your saying that. Every human being has futures and futures within it. You know it really. Why you yourself, though you are so old and fixed, are different now from what you were an hour ago. I am different, of course. And Rhoda will be different, too. She won’t disintegrate me. She’ll make me very miserable, doubtless; she has already. And I shall make her angry. But I shall hold her, and she’ll change. You shall see. I promise you. And you will keep Jane Amoret, and she will be eternally different because of you.’

Mrs. Delafield, while he spoke, had risen. She stood before him, grasping her gold chain on either side, her eyes

very nearly level with his, and she summoned all her will, her strength, her wisdom to meet him. Yes, they had come to that, she and this boy.

‘I accept all your faith,’ she said. ‘Only you must help me to make my world, and not yours, with it. Don’t be afraid for Jane Amoret. I shall be firmly in her life. Rhoda shan’t keep me out. She won’t want to keep me out. Rhoda has far more chance of changing, of learning something from this experience, as a disconcerted and forgiven wife than as a sullen adventurer; and you — you will not be miserable; not with Rhoda, at all events; and you will be free. I am going to send a wire to Rhoda, at once, and tell her that I have reconsidered my advice to her. That, in itself, will show her how I managed her this morning. I shall tell her that she must go to London to-night, to her father. And to-morrow I’ll take Jane Amoret up and bring Rhoda and Niel together.’

He took it all in, wide-eyed, he too now measuring the threat.

‘You can’t,’ he said; ‘I won’t let you!’

‘You’ll have to let me. I have the fact on my side as well as the faith. She wants to leave you. She wants only the excuse of being asked. You can’t stop my giving her the excuse.’ Yes, after all, her fact against his faith, she must have her way. What could his love for Rhoda — and his feeling for her — do against the ironic fact that Rhoda, simply, was tired of him? ‘You must see that you can’t force her to stay,’ she said. ‘You could n’t even prevent her coming to me this morning.’

She looked at him with all the force of her advantage and saw that before the cruel fact, and her determination, he knew his helplessness. It was, again, the bird arrested in its impulse; and a veil seemed to fall across his face, a shyness, almost a wildness to shut them

out from each other. He dropped his eyes before her.

'Dear Mr. Darley, my dear young friend, see that it's best. See that it's best all round. See it with me,' she begged. 'I was wrong this morning; wrong from the very first. Let it come to that only. Count yourself out. It was of myself, of my own delight in the child that I was thinking. No, not even thinking; I tried to think it was for her; but it was my own feeling that decided. If you had never come, it would still have been right to give her up — though I should never have seen it unless you'd come. It was almost a crime that I committed. They had asked me to implore her to go back; they trusted me. And I prevented the message coming to her. I did not believe the things I said to her — not as she thought I believed them. I did not care a rap about her dignity; you saw the falsity at once. I cared only about keeping Jane Amoret.'

He stood there before her, remote, unmoved, with downcast, unanswering eyes.

'Are you angry? Don't you see it, too?' she pleaded.

'No.' He shook his head. 'You had a right to keep the child.'

'Against all those other reasons? Against my own conscience?'

'Yes. Because you were strong enough. You were right, because you were strong enough. I believe in law, too, you see — unless one is strong enough to break it for something better. You were. It was a beautiful thing to do.'

'But then, if you think me so strong, why not trust me now? This, now, is the thing I want to do.'

'Because of me. It is n't against the law you are acting now; it's against your own life. I am not angry. But it crushes me.'

They stood there then, she deeply

meditating, he fixed in his unyielding grief, for how long she could not have said. Parton's step outside broke in upon their mute opposition.

II

She and Mr. Darley, Mrs. Delafield was aware, presented precisely the abstracted, alienated air that Parton would expect. The young man moved away to the window while she took from the salver the note Parton presented. Then, her hand arrested in the very act by a recognition, 'Is there an answer?' she asked.

'No answer, madam.'

'Who brought it?'

'A man from the station, madam.'

'Very well, Parton.'

Parton was gone. Mr. Darley kept his back turned. She held the note in her hand and stared at it. The writing was Rhoda's; the envelope one of the station-master's. She had been at the station, then, when she wrote, four miles away. The London train, for which she had been waiting, had gone long since; it had gone before the arrival of Mr. Darley's.

An almost overpowering presage rose in Mrs. Delafield; she could hardly, for a moment, summon the decision with which to open the envelope. Then, reading as she stood, she felt the blood flow up to her face.

For it was almost too much, although it was, through Rhoda's act, she who had won finally. Even she, then, had not yet correctly measured Rhoda's irony or Rhoda's sardonic assurance. Rhoda, after all, did not care to keep up appearances with her; and, after all, why should she? Here was fact, and it had been fact all through. She wanted most to go back. She wanted it more than to be dignified in her aunt's eyes, or, really, in anybody else's. Once back Rhoda would take care of her dignity.

In a flash Mrs. Delafield saw how little, when all was said and done, Rhoda would pay.

DEAR AUNT ISABEL [she wrote in her ample, tranquil hand]: I've been thinking over all you said and have come to the conclusion that you are considering me too much. I feel that I must consider my child. I have made a grave mistake and am not too proud to own it. Christopher and I are not at all fitted to make each other happy. So I have wired to father that I arrive this afternoon, and to Niel that I will see him to-morrow. I have written, too, of course, to my poor Christopher. But he will understand me. Thank you so much, dear Aunt Isabel, for your kindness and helpfulness.

Your affectionate RHODA.

P.S. Will you send nurse up with Jane Amoret within the week. Not at once, please; that would look rather foolish.'

With the accumulated weight of absurdity, relief, dismay, she had sunk down into her chair, still gazing at the letter, and it was dismay that grew. As if with a violent jolt back to earth, Rhoda seemed to show her that life was not docile to nobilities. She hated to think that he must feel with her that shattering fall. There was nothing for them to do now for each other; no contest and no sacrifice. Rhoda had settled everything.

She spoke to him at last, and, as he came to her, not looking around at him, she held out the note. He stood behind her to read it; and after that he did not speak.

She heard him move presently, vaguely, and then, vaguely, he drifted to and fro. He walked here and there; he paused, no doubt to feel his bones and to count how many had been broken,

and then, with a start, he went on again.

'Please come where I can see you,' she said at last.

He came at once, obediently, standing as he had stood a little while ago before the fire, his hands locked behind him, but now with face bent down, fixed in its effort to see clearly what had happened to them.

'You see, it was over. You see, you could n't have made anything of it.' It was almost with tears that she besought him not to suffer too much. 'You have nothing to regret, except having believed in her. Tell me that you are not too unhappy.'

'I don't know what I am,' Christopher said. 'But I know I've more to regret than having believed in her. I've all the folly and mischief I've made.' He had thought it out and she could not deny what he had seen, not even when he went on, 'If it could have been in our way, — yours and mine, or, at least, what was yours this morning, when you thought you had kept her with me, — everything might have been atoned for. It might have meant a certain kind of beauty, and a certain kind of happiness, even, perhaps. But in this way, the way she's chosen, it only means just that — folly, mischief,' — he turned to the fire and looked down into it, — 'sin,' he finished.

She could not deny it, even to give him comfort; but she could find something else. 'It was Rhoda who chose. You, whatever your mistakes, chose very differently. I'm not trying to shift responsibility; to make mistakes is to be foolish and mischievous. But can't even sin be atoned for? Does n't it all now depend on you? That you should make yourself worth it. You are the only one of us who can do that.'

He turned to her and his eyes studied her with an unaccepting gentleness.

'You mean because I'm a poet? It

is n't like you, really, to say that. You don't believe in poets and their mission in that sense. It's too facile.'

'Not only because you are a poet. I was n't thinking so much of that, although your gift helps. But simply because you are young and good.'

'I'm not good enough,' said Christopher. 'And I'm too young. You've shown me that. I am afraid of myself. I see what one can do while meaning the best.'

She watched him with grave tenderness, feeling again, in his dispassionate capacity for accepted experience, his strange maturity. And knowing all that might be difficult, yet knowing that it would be, after all, to a decision like her own, the merest gossamers of convention that she must brave, she said, — and as she looked up at him, his face seemed to blend with the face of her little, sleeping, lost Jane Amoret, — 'Don't you think I, perhaps, could be of help, while you are so young?'

He did not understand her at all. He, too, was absorbed in his inner image of loss, yet he, too, was almost as aware of her as she of him, and his eyes, with their austere gentleness, dwelt on her, as if treasuring, of this last encounter, his completed vision of her.

'Yes, you will be. I shall never forget you and what you've been to me. I'll do my best,' he promised her. 'But I seem to have lost everything. I could be strong for her; I don't know that I can be strong enough for myself.'

'That's what I mean,' said Mrs. Delafeld. 'It takes years to be strong enough for one's self, and even when one's old one has n't, sometimes, learned how to be. I'm not sure, after this morning, that I've learned yet. But I know that I could be strong for you. Will you let me try? Will you let me take care of you a little and guard you from the Rhodas until the right person comes?'

'What do you mean?' he asked; and, answering the look in her face, tears sprang to his eyes.

'We belong to each other. Did n't you say it?' she smiled. 'We are friends. We ought not to lose each other now.'

'Oh! But —' He gazed at her. 'How could you! After what I've done!'

'You've done nothing that makes me like you less.'

'Oh — I can't! I can't!' said Christopher Darley. 'How could I accept it from you? Already you've been unbelievably beautiful to me. It's not as if you were a Bohemian sort of creature, like me. Appearances must count for you. — And the appearance of being friends with your niece's discarded lover — no — I can't see it for you. I can imagine you being above the law, but I can't imagine you being above appearances. I don't think that I should want you to be. I care about appearances, too, when they are yours.'

It crossed her mind, with almost a mirthful sense of the sort of appearances she would have to deal with, that Parton's face would be worth watching. Poor Tim's hovered more grievously in the background. But, after all, it would be a Tim with wounds well salved.

'It's just because mine are so secure and recognized, don't you see, that I can do what I like with them,' she said. 'It's not for me a question of appearances, but of realities. After all, my dear young man, what am I going to get out of it all? My roots have been torn up too, you know.'

'Because of me! Because of me!' Christopher groaned. 'Do you think you need remind me of that? Shall I ever forgive myself for it? Get out of it? You'll get nothing. You've been tormented between us all, and you lose Jane Amoret.'

'Then don't let me lose you too,' said Mrs. Delafeld.

Again, with the tears, his blush sprang to his face, and he stood there incredulous, looking down at her, almost as helpless in the shyness the unexpected gift brought upon him as he had been when he first came in to her.

'Really you mean it?' he murmured. 'Really I can do something for you, too? Because, unless I can, I could n't accept it.'

'You can make me much less lonely, when she's gone,' said Mrs. Delafield.

She knew that this was to give the gift in such a way as to ensure its acceptance; but he murmured, stung again intolerably by the thought of Jane Amoret, 'Oh — I can't bear it for you!'

'You can help me to bear it.'

Still he pressed upon her what he saw as her sacrifice.

'You mean that I may see you when I like? I may always write and you'll always answer? I can sometimes, even, come and stay, like any other friend? Please realize that if you let me come down on you like that, I may come hard. I'm frightfully lonely, too.'

'As hard as you like. I want you to come hard. Like any friend. Yes.'

She was smiling up at the young man, and, as she had promised herself years for Jane Amoret, she promised herself

now years — though not so many would be needed — for Christopher Darley. It was in the thought of what she could do for Christopher Darley that she saw Rhoda's punishment. Not for having left him but for having taken him; for not having known what to do with him without taking him. And Rhoda would see it with her, if no one else did.

'Come, you must quite believe in me,' she said. 'Give me your hand, dear Christopher, and tell me that you take this meddling, commanding old woman to be your friend.'

He had no words as he took the hand she gave him, but from his look it might have been as if he at last received into his keeping the great gift, the precious casket of the future; and his eyes, like those of a devout young knight, dedicated themselves to her service.

It was again gift and miracle; and though in her mind was the thought of all her mournings, and of the lost Jane Amoret, she felt, rooting itself in the darkness and sorrow, yet another flower.

'And now,' she said, for they must not both begin to cry, 'please ring the bell for me. The time has not quite come for your first visit; but before you go, we will have our first tea together.'

(The End)

TREES ARE FOR LOVERS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

TREES are for lovers.
A spirit has led them
Where young boughs meet
And the green beam hovers
And shadowy winds blow sweet.
Trees spring to heaven!
So their hearts would spring,
So would they outpour
All the heart discovers
Of its own wild treasure
Into speech, and sing,
Like the tree from its core,
Sweet words beyond measure;
Like the leaves in the sun,
Dancing every one
And weaving a fairy
Cave of quivering rays
And shadows starry,
Where those lovers, drowned
Each in the other's gaze,
Lose all time, abound
In their perfect giving;
Give and never tire
Of their fullness, mute,
But in the fresh leaves living
One full song unsated
Of the flower Desire,
And Delight the fruit;
Love, that's mated.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CHACMA BABOON

BY WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

I

ALTHOUGH simians are widespread and occasionally numerous in South Africa, more especially in those parts which are wooded or mountainous, they belong to only five — or, if one excludes the northeastern section of Southern Rhodesia, three — species. These are of two genera, *Papio* and *Cercopithecus*. *Papio* is represented by one species, *P. porcarius*, the large baboon which, as a rule, frequents high, treeless mountain ranges with broken, rocky summits. This animal when referred to in Europe is usually termed the chacma — a word derived from the Hottentot name *t'chatikamma*. *Cercopithecus* includes two species, *C. lalandii*, the vervet, and *C. samango*, the samango. These are arboreal monkeys found only in more or less densely forested areas.

The chacma baboon, when full grown, is about the size of a fairly large mastiff; but in this respect there is considerable individual variation; some old males of comparatively enormous dimensions having been shot. The general color is dark brown. A ridge or mane of longer hair extends from the neck over the shoulders. The lower parts of the legs and arms are almost black, the hair on the back of the hands and feet being completely so. The naked skin of the elongated face and of the chin is brownish black, while the upper eyelids are flesh-colored. The ears are round, flattened, and nearly naked. The posterior callosities are dark sienna red in the adult males.

The length of the head and body is between three and four feet, that of the tail being about half that of the body.

There is one strange peculiarity in the dentition of the baboon — one which has never been satisfactorily accounted for. This is a deep groove down the front of the large canine tooth, exactly like that found in the fang of the cobra and other colubrine snakes. It has been suggested that the groove facilitates the withdrawal of the tooth after a bite, and is thus of use. But the invariable method of biting precludes this view. The canine teeth are used only in fighting, never for the securing of prey, and the baboon seizes its enemy with its teeth, and then with both feet and hands pushes the victim violently away, thus tearing out the whole piece it has bitten. These canine teeth are terrible weapons, occasionally reaching a length of two inches.

The baboon feeds mainly upon vegetation, such as fruit, bulbs, fleshy tap-roots, and the pith of the aloe. It also feeds freely on the fruit and *thalli* of the opuntia, or prickly pear — a plant which was originally introduced from America, but has now spread over large areas of Southern Africa. The *thalli* are armed with sharp spines; these can be got rid of without much difficulty, but the fruit is thickly covered with small nests of minute thorns, which become easily detached. So minute and plentiful are these that a human being — even with the aid of a suitable implement — has to exercise considerable trouble and skill in getting rid of the

tough outer envelope containing them, and thus avoiding a most serious and painful irritation of the mouth and throat. But the baboon just rolls the fruit over a few times in the sand with its paw, and then munches it without apparent inconvenience — a striking instance of the creature's adaptability. It may be noted that the monkey — *Cercopithecus* — although it eats the thallus of the *opuntia*, avoids the fruit.

But the baboon is very partial to certain kinds of animal food — scorpions, spiders, centipedes, insects, lizards, and the eggs of wild birds, all being eaten with relish. The scorpion is evidently regarded as a tid-bit. If one is released near a captive baboon, the latter will hold its hand extended over the prey until a suitable opportunity for attack offers. Then the hand will descend with a sweeping slap, which is followed by a swift, circular, rubbing motion. This disables the scorpion, which is then picked up and carefully examined until the sting is located. The latter is then picked out between finger and thumb, and thrown away as far as possible, after which the scorpion is munched with every appearance of satisfaction.

On mountains frequented by troops of baboons, most of the stones not too heavy to be moved will often be found to have been recently overturned in the search for prey. It is probable that, owing to the baboons having been driven from the fertile to the more arid regions, they have had to take more and more to an animal diet. The nests of wild bees are often robbed — for both the honey and the larvæ. Usually several baboons will combine to raid a nest, which is generally situated in a rock-crevice. One will tear out the combs and scatter them on the ground; then the others will rush in, seize a comb apiece, and scatter. Although distinctly objecting to being stung, the

baboon apparently does not suffer so much pain from a bee-sting as does a human being.

It is somewhat remarkable that, although a baboon in captivity will not eat raw meat unless extremely hungry, it will eat with avidity meat which has been cooked. Since the large extension of sheep-farming and the consequent restriction of their natural food-supplies, baboons in some parts have developed the habit of raiding flocks in the lambing season and tearing open the stomachs of the lambs for the sake of the milk which these contain. This practice has led to the virtual extermination of baboons over large areas. However, in justice to the raiders it should be noted that it is only when food is very scarce indeed that this criminal practice is indulged in.

But it is not only in respect of killing lambs that the baboon does damage. The nests of wild as well as domesticated ostriches are apt to be pillaged. The eggs are either fractured by being knocked against each other, or else they are rolled or carried away to be smashed against the nearest suitable stone. Fruit-orchards and maize-fields also suffer, especially the latter, for the orchard is usually near the homestead, while the maize-field is not, and in these days baboons seldom approach the dwellings of Europeans, owing to their dread of firearms. But the maize-crops of the natives dwelling and cultivating in the gorges between the foothills of the lofty Drakensberg range are often badly plundered. The alleged manner of plundering implies a high degree of intelligence. I have not personally seen it in operation, but the accounts given by the natives on the subject are so widespread and so circumstantial that one can hardly doubt their genuineness. It is said that a troop of baboons steals silently down to some suitably situated patch of forest or scrub, and from there

forms a chain to the maize-field. Along this chain the maize-cobs are passed from hand to hand. When a sufficient supply has been accumulated, the baboons, each carrying several cobs under one arm, scatter and retreat up the mountain-side. The natives have no firearms, so, even if the marauders are discovered, they can easily escape. A well-grown baboon is more than a match for any dog available. Nevertheless, a combat with a dog is always declined if possible, unless the females or the young are interfered with.

II

The commonest sound made by the baboon is something between a deep bark and a short roar. 'Hoch,' or 'Hoach,' somewhat drawn out, might express it. I have occasionally heard them utter some such sound as 'Hohaouw.' But when one develops intimacy with a tamed baboon, it becomes clear that its vocabulary includes several sounds, indicative not alone of satisfaction or the reverse, but of a desire to communicate ideas. These sounds are of varying inflexion and intonation, and are accompanied, not only by appropriate changes in the animal's facial expression, but by various gestures of undoubted meaning. In contradistinction to human beings, the faces of baboons all have (as is the case with every species of wild animal) exactly the same expression when in repose; yet by movement of the scalp, ears, eyelids, nose, and lips, as well as by erection or flattening of the hair surrounding the countenance or the mane, the baboon's expression is susceptible of modification to a most extraordinary degree. Muscles such as the *occipito-frontalis* and the *attolens aurem*, which have largely lost their function among humans, are still fully operative among baboons. The minor sounds uttered by

these creatures cannot be expressed in terms of the alphabet; they are generated mainly somewhat deep down in the throat. Personally I am convinced that baboons possess a rudimentary language — if that term may be permitted for a system in which gesture and change of facial expression play a greater part than sound.

The ordinary gait of the baboon is a deliberate walk, all four limbs being used. When in a hurry this breaks into a sort of canter. But the real dynamics of locomotion are provided by the hind limbs. This is shown by an examination of the tracks left in sand, where the print of the foot is more than twice as deep as that of the hand. In the canter the main function of the hand appears to be of a steadying nature. My own view is that the baboon's mode of locomotion is in a transition stage between going on all fours and walking upright. They often stand up when taking observations from the top of a rock, and will walk erect when carrying a load, if the latter entails the use of both front limbs. The tail curves upward for about one third of its length, the remaining two thirds swaying as the animal moves.

When a troop is out foraging, sentinels are posted on commanding points, and the older animals form flanking and rear guards. The front is unprotected, but is under observation by the sentinels. On one occasion, when stalking a troop of buck in very hilly country, I came suddenly in sight of a sentinel posted upon a high rock. The troop to which he belonged was not visible to me. The sentinel stood up to his full height, uttered a warning shout, and pointed to me with extended arm. It was clear that this was done for the purpose of indicating to the troop where I was.

Next to man, the chief enemy of the baboon is the leopard, which, however,

by day preys only upon stragglers unwittingly venturing near its lair. For the baboon becomes a fierce and reckless fighter if its females or its young are attacked, and takes no account of odds. Several men have lost their lives through shooting a female and attempting to capture its young. The scream of a baby baboon in distress fills the troop with frenzy, which often overcomes the dread of firearms. But at night the baboon is a timorous creature, and as its sight in the dusk is far inferior to that of the leopard, the latter sometimes steals up to where the troop is sleeping, makes its pounce, and escapes with a shrieking victim. I have more than once been awakened by the din of such a tragedy, when camped below a *krantz*, or cliff, occupied by baboons. But the leopard does not invariably have the best of it. There are several well-authenticated instances of such a night-marauder being surrounded and torn to pieces.

Another enemy much dreaded by baboons inhabiting the warmer localities is the rock-python. But there are instances of even the python being destroyed by the combined fury of a troop. All snakes, whether poisonous or not, are equally feared by baboons. This is somewhat strange in view of the circumstance that the latter can at once distinguish between berries that are wholesome and those that are poisonous, even though they may never have seen them before. The hiss of a snake will reduce the most enraged baboon to a state of abject terror, and a dead snake placed in the vicinity of one will drive it almost distracted.

One of the most disturbed nights I ever spent was close to the foot of an immense rock cone with a blunted summit — a giant monolith some 500 feet high. On and around its top lay numbers of boulders. Here a large troop of baboons had taken up their quarters.

During the whole night not half an hour passed without a disturbance. The sounds did not suggest alarm so much as anger. Each outburst was preceded by a rapid muttering; this swelled quickly to a chorus of fierce, coughing barks. Then one individual would utter shrill cries, and evidently rush round and round the height, pursued by others. In the end he would apparently be caught, for the cries would develop into agonized yells. Now and then small boulders, dislodged in the turmoil, came bounding down the sides of the eminence, often in quite dangerous proximity to my camp.

This drama was repeated at short intervals until daybreak. In default of any other feasible explanation, I attributed what happened to the exercise of disciplinary measures against young males guilty of unauthorized flirtation. The phenomenon was quite extraordinary.

On only one occasion have I seen a troop of baboons assume a threatening demeanor; they occupied a mountain saddle just below which I was engaged in collecting botanical specimens, and probably numbered upwards of fifty individuals of all ages. As I advanced, those in front gave way, but the flankers on each side moved forward and closed in, as if to cut off my retreat. They leaped about, with erected manes, uttering strident barks and showing every indication of fury. I retreated, and they followed, but did not approach much nearer than a hundred yards. I had a pistol, and this I fired, thinking that the shot would scare them. But it had the opposite effect; they became more furious and advanced toward me in short rushes. When I reached a ledge where my horse was tied to a tree, the pursuit ceased.

On another occasion I was riding along the side of a cañon; it was not more than fifty yards across. A troop

of baboons occupied the other side. They walked along, showing neither alarm nor anger, for about half a mile, just keeping pace with me. One incident was extremely funny: a baboon turned and boxed the ear of another which had taken a liberty. The human suggestion in the matter of the delivery of the blow was most remarkable. Had I been carrying a gun on either of the foregoing occasions, the demeanor of the animals would, I am convinced, have been quite different.

The sleeping-places of the baboons are generally rocky eminences broken into crannies. In these they curl up, usually crouching together in groups for the sake of warmth. If the weather be cold, the whole troop may lie together in one heap. Once I camped on a high mountain-ridge, within a few hundred yards of a saddle over which a troop of buck were in the habit of passing in the early morning from the westward, for the purpose of meeting the rising sun. When I awoke at dawn, the ridge was covered by a dense mist. Knowing the country well, I made for the saddle. My course led through a gap in a much-broken cliff. As I descended, the mist began to clear and the light to improve.

All at once I found myself in the middle of a large troop of sleeping baboons. They lay huddled together in heaps, almost filling several of the clefts. They must have been sunk very deep in slumber, for before the alarm was given, I was within a few feet of some of the bunches. There was a scene of wild alarm as the sleepers disentangled themselves and swarmed up the broken cliff-faces on either side. The young ones clung to the elders, grasping the hair with both hands and feet. I noticed one large baboon climbing away with three babies of different sizes clinging to it. All were gasping and coughing with terror. Had I not

been carrying a gun I might have been in danger. Baboons seldom sleep two nights successively in the same place.

In the arid, barren uplands of the Cape Province baboons suffer badly from thirst in seasons of drought. When traveling through the Karroo region by rail, I have seen them digging for water in a dry river-bed; they had apparently excavated to a depth of some three feet. The train passed within less than fifty yards of them, but they did not even desist from their work. In seasons of great scarcity they have been known to venture down to the seashore and eat shellfish.

The baboon is a long-lived animal; his span of life is probably nearly equal to that of man. Maturity is reached when they are about fifteen years old, but their muscularity appears to increase indefinitely. In captivity the temper of a baboon becomes much soured after maturity has been reached; but when young they make playful and entertaining pets, being very good-natured toward those to whom they are accustomed or who treat them with kindness.

III

From the earliest days of European occupation, travelers in South Africa have been struck by the baboons' intelligence. Le Vaillant, writing in 1782, gives a most entertaining account of Kees, the tame baboon which accompanied him on his travels. Kees was not only an incorrigible thief, but was exceedingly greedy: he consistently refused to share with his master any of the edible roots or fruit which he discovered. Yet his other qualities were so engaging that these faults were excused.

As he was extremely familiar, and attached himself to me in a particular manner, I made him my taster. When we found any fruit or roots unknown to my Hottentots, we never touched them until my dear Kees

had tasted them; if he refused them, we judged them to be either disagreeable or dangerous, and threw them away. I often carried him along with me in my hunting excursions. . . . When we could not find gum or honey he searched for roots, and ate them with much relish, especially one of a particular species, which, unfortunately for me, I found excellent and very refreshing, and which I greatly wished to partake of. But Kees was very cunning; when he found any of this root, if I was not near him to claim my part, he made great haste to devour it, having his eyes all the time directed toward me. By the distance I had to go before I could approach him, he judged of the time that he had to eat it alone, and I indeed arrived too late. . . . To tear up these roots he pursued an ingenious method, which afforded me much amusement. He laid hold of the tuft of leaves with his teeth, and pressing his forepaws firmly against the earth, and drawing his head backwards, the root generally followed. When this method, which required considerable force, did not succeed, he seized the tuft as before, as close to the earth as he could; then, throwing his heels over his head, the root always yielded to the jerk which he gave it. . . . In our marches, when he found himself tired, he got upon the back of one of my dogs, which had the complaisance to carry him for whole hours together. . . . It appeared to me extremely singular, and I could not account for it, that, next to the serpent, the animal which he most dreaded was one of his own species. . . . Sometimes he heard other baboons making a noise in the mountains, and, notwithstanding his terror, he thought proper, I know not for what reason, to reply to them. When they heard his voice they approached, but, as soon as he perceived any of them, he fled with horrible cries, and running between our legs implored the protection of everybody, while his limbs quivered through fear. He was much addicted to thieving. He knew perfectly well how to untie the ropes of a basket, to take provisions from it, and, above all, milk, of which he was inordinately fond. I often beat him pretty severely myself, but, when he had escaped from me, he did not appear at my tent till toward night.

The most remarkable instance of simian intelligence which has come under my personal observation was that of a baboon which did duty as pointsman at the important railway junction of Uitenhage, in the Cape Province. This animal was owned by the man who worked the points, but who had had both legs cut off in a railway accident. On the platform in his charge there were six levers, to each of which was given a name. The man sat in a little wooden cabin with his understudy, and whenever a lever required shifting, he would call out its name. At once the baboon would swing the lever over. After he had been thoroughly instructed, he was never known to make a mistake. In the morning he ran his master down to the scene of his work on a little hand-trolley which, on arrival at its destination, the baboon shifted from the line and stowed away. At night he replaced the trolley on the line and, when his master had taken his seat, pushed it home again. Most of the journey to the scene of the work was down grade. On reaching the slope the baboon would spring upon the vehicle and evinced the liveliest satisfaction as it skimmed along by gravitation.

Occasionally this animal was brought to the bar of a certain hotel and induced to act as waiter. He would carry a large tray on which were glasses containing the various drinks ordered by the company. However, he insisted upon one condition — a glass containing his own favorite tippie had to be placed on the tray with the others. On entering the room where the guests were assembled the waiter would set the tray down on the floor, after which he would empty his glass. Then he would walk with the tray from one guest to another. But if anyone attempted to help himself from the tray before he had consumed his own drink, trouble ensued: he would become violently enraged and scatter the

glasses in every direction. This remarkable animal died after a lingering illness induced by a blow on the back of the head, inflicted by a drunken man with a bar of iron.

It will have been noticed that in this case, as in that of Kees, greed was a salient characteristic. I once made a practice of feeding a captive baboon almost every day. The animal and I were on the best of terms usually, but when I had given him an apple, a banana, or any other comestible, he would fly into a violent rage, shriek, erect his mane, and threaten me with his fangs. This all arose from fear that I might interfere with his feast. I tried putting food in my pocket and allowing him to steal it; exactly the same result followed as soon as he had possessed himself of the spoil.

A baboon which was chained to a pole near my camp at Kimberley, in the early days, was much persecuted by boys and other loafers. This animal used to hurl stones at its tormentors in a peculiar manner. It would seize the missile in both hands and fling it back over the left shoulder. Just previous to the act the baboon would glance over its shoulder for an instant, evidently for the purpose of estimating the distance and direction of its enemy. The accuracy and force with which he threw the stone were astonishing.

There are several instances of baboons having been trained to the calling of a shepherd. In a case which came under my personal observation the baboon had several hundred sheep in his charge. He became passionately attached to the members of the flock, remained with them all day long when at pasture, and brought them back to the corral in the evening. His only fault as shepherd was the outcome of extreme solicitude; if he heard the voices of wild baboons in the distance at any time of the day, he would at once collect the

sheep and, with every appearance of the liveliest terror, hurry them homeward. Here, again, is a suggestion of the distinguished Kees, and a testimonial to the accuracy of Le Vaillant's record just quoted.

I have often wondered why the training of baboons to the shepherd's calling is not more widely pursued. These creatures invariably develop an absorbing affection for any young animals, human or other, placed in their charge. There is one well-authenticated instance of a motherless Kaffir infant being taken charge of by a baboon and guarded night and day for upwards of two years. With the exception of feeding the child, every necessary function was performed by the simian foster-parent.

A baboon chained to a pole, exposed to insult and torment at the hands of thoughtless and mischievous passers-by, and probably condemned to frequent hunger and thirst owing to forgetfulness on the part of its owner, inevitably tends to become savage and dangerous — as a human being would under like circumstances. But even one left free around the homestead or the farmyard generally comes to a bad end, usually owing to the fact that the dog hates all of the simian tribe bitterly and instinctively. This hatred can be overcome and changed to affection and esteem if the animals are allowed gradually to become accustomed to each other.

The baboon possesses most estimable qualities, but its apparently ineradicable greed and propensity for pilfering render it highly undesirable as an inmate of a household. Moreover, it is apt to be dangerous to strangers, upon whom it always looks with suspicion, which, in view of its experience of the human race in general, has ample justification. But as shepherds the baboon tribe should have a useful future in the

service of man. A deep, absorbing, and self-sacrificing love for any creature which is helpless and is dependent upon it in any way, is one of the baboon's most striking characteristics. This love on occasion prompts the despised chacma to deeds of unsurpassed heroism. They have even been known — so it is stated on apparently good authority —

to fling themselves upon a lioness in defense of their helpless young. But that they will, when so provoked, unhesitatingly attack and destroy the leopard, the python, and even more dreaded man, armed with his mysterious fire-stick, is undoubted, and may be taken as a proof of noble and self-sacrificing courage.

MILITARY MADNESS

BY HENRY NOYES OTIS

OVER in Poverty Hollow sumer is i-cummen in.

Poverty Hollow? That's the soldiers' quarters. There is a group of fifteen little wooden shacks, quite ancient; the 'cellar,' a space of two inches between the floor and the ground, is the home of thrifty and agile rodents of large proportions and rakish appearance. The view to the west is a magnificent mountain of soft coal, towering into the blue; it is sublime; its base is twenty feet away as the crow flies, or twenty miles as the man fetching in the coals will tell you. To the south lies a splendid railroad embankment; laborers are at work on it nearly every day to keep it from crumbling into ruin. To the north you can clearly make out, ten feet away, the rusty girders that uphold the great, rumbling cranes overhead; through them you behold the gaunt ribs of submarines, from which the riveting hammers roar at you incessantly. From your eastern doorway you can, in a single hop, land on another railroad track, and, without undue energy, two more hops will land you in

a doorway of a combination paint-and-machine-shop. Indeed, the machine-shop has already reached out and spread its tinware department into one of the shacks, and is doing a clattering business there.

But here in Poverty Hollow, in spite of all obstacles, sumer is surely i-cummen in; the baseball is i-cummen out; and old spring beds, broken wash-basins, discarded chairs, and antique knick-knacks of all sorts are i-cummen out too, and the joys of intermittent house-cleaning are in full swing.

Here abides Albert who, on a rainy day, was sent over to 'Siberia,' that most desolate of yard-wildernesses, where steel piles stretch for acres. There is a restaurant, however, on the way there. Albert was to carry a message to a fellow soldier on guard. The trip was scheduled to consume half an hour. A shower came on just after the departure of the expedition, and lasted three hours. Back comes Albert as the sun comes out.

'That's a long half-hour,' observes the sergeant, pondering.

'Many a mile I've walked,' says Albert.

'I've never yet seen a soldier with an umbrella,' murmurs the sergeant.

Following the sergeant's gaze Albert surveyed the dryness of his uniform.

'Oh!' says he, 'when the rain began to pour down I just looked up and said, "Quack!"'

Now he is Albert the Duck.

And the next day he brought in from the Outside World the theorem that the Kaiser is an example of energy and will-power exerted in the wrong direction. Simultaneously Billy Moffit arrived with a goat, which would have been promptly christened after its new owner, if it had not been for the pat application of the Duck's theorem to the case.

Said Moffit, on hearing this view of the Prussian madman, 'Old son,' — thus the preliminary of his lecture to his new protégé, — 'we can't have you a-jeopardizing of the world like that. We must start you right.' He hitched the phlegmatic animal to the foot of his cot, sat down, and took off his hat.

'Philip,' he commanded, 'out with your ink-horn, quill, and tablets and inscribe that word Kaiser —'

'He ain't on my correspondence list,' interrupted the injured scribe emphatically.

'Now,' continued Moffit, as if his orders were no sooner given than obeyed, 'now, write it backwards. — That's,' he spelled slowly, 'R-E-S-I-A-K, Resiak. Reezy,' he continued, patting the goat's head, 'you're named. We'll start you right, and, if the Kaiser insists on going on in the wrong direction, why, when you've each gone half-way around the globe, you'll meet, and that'll be the end of the war — I'll bank on that, Reezy; we'll give you a helmet with a spike on it, so's you can meet him even.'

The next day, Reezy wandered out,

helmetless (it had not yet arrived from his costumière's, the tin-shop in the end shack), and wreaked considerable damage on traffic, tulips, and labor progress. Toward the end of a perfect day he met the Duck with a nicely calculated abruptness that left the Duck ruffled and outraged. For there had been, where the Duck landed, a pail of red paint; it is a flaring red paint; a pail of it looks like a pail of fire. An army uniform will absorb paint like a blotter. Apparently Resiak knew this. But he had started wrong; he had not traveled half-way around the globe, and the Duck was not the Kaiser.

The next day his helmet arrived from the tin-shop, and promptly did Resiak commence to live up to it.

In the cracks of the floor, between the deviltry of the soldiers, and the deep sea of the rats, dwell crickets.

Irish, a red-headed, martial imp, vies with Moffit as the practical joker of the outfit. He, too, must needs possess a mascot; such was the result of deep thought in the sunshine of the front doorstep. Out of his bag he brought a spool of thread; from the restaurant he brought a cracker-box. This latter he fashioned into a miniature house, with two windows, a door, and a door-mat. Over the door he put up a sign: 'The Cheer-up Inn.' Then he got down on his hands and knees, and with infinite patience pursued crickets; he would stop for long periods and listen, then would move stealthily toward the merry chirping of his quarry.

'Is n't he a daisy?' asked Moffit of the others, watching Irish at his manœuvres. 'I'm going to take him pheasant-shooting in the fall. See his point! Just a few dog-biscuits and he'll be the finished article!'

Irish proceeded, deaf to all but the chirping in the cracks. Toward evening he won his reward, and with gentle dexterity slipped a loop of thread over his

cricket's leg; while the other end of the thread was fastened to the doorway of the cracker-box house.

'What's his name?' queried Moffit dubiously, eyeing the cricket through the window of his cracker-box residence.

'Kitchener,' replied Irish solemnly. He folded up the door-mat against the doorway, thus closing it, and thrust in a bit of wire to secure it.

'Taps!' said he.

But the cracker-box windows were open; and in the dead of night Kitchener hopped out one window, listened to the snore of Company E, and, dismayed, hopped in through the other window on the other side of the door. His thread tether followed him and left him scant leeway; he kicked; the cracker-box resounded with the scratching. Resiak, rousing himself, came sniffing over to the window-sill where Kitchener's abode was placed. His investigating nose soon displaced the cricket's house, tumbling it to the floor. Kitchener became desperate and rattled about in his house like a bee inside a bass-drum; Resiak nosed the box about, his interest growing rapidly. His bumping roused Philip from slumber. Philip sat up on the edge of his cot and groped in the dark for the mysterious visitor. Resiak resented the competition and became violently belligerent, Philip landing on the peaceful Moffit. Thus the turmoil grew, reaching a mad climax when Irish, who profited by the leniency of yard-discipline to affect a hammock, was capsized on to the back of the careering Resiak.

At the door were heard the fist and voice of a yard watchman; with a hasty decision the watchman opened the door; out shot Resiak, who had begun to find the interior of the shack a mad and dangerous place for a proper goat to roam. He overturned the watchman as he shot forth and sped, teeter-

ing, out into the searchlight beams and blackness of the night.

'Masons?' queried the watchman.

'Dainty little shepherds,' retorted Irish, glaring at the watchman and rubbing a rapidly growing bump on his head.

Down by the dock was a huge cargo-boat, reeling from stem to stern with weird fantastic streaks of colored paints, designed to outwit the Prussian. Down upon it charged Resiak; probably in the mad, chaotic coloring of the ship's side he saw a repetition of the scene he had just left, and with a vast, renewed courage and great joy, he lowered his head and charged furiously against this nautical windmill.

Near the dock, at the side of the pipe-shop door is a bit of a box; it bears an inscription: 'Stretcher Inside'; thus was Resiak toted by Philip, Moffit, and an attending throng of wondering night-workers, to the yard First-Aid station. His first and last lapse from total abstinence left him gasping and kicking; the brandy was all that was needed. Pondering over its fiery power and with an aching head where he had hit the ship, he returned, wobbling and tethered to Moffit, to Poverty Hollow.

Kitchener had escaped; his tether had worn through and he had returned to his haunts in the cracks of the floor, pondering over the madness of man. His old habit of chirping, however, gradually returned with his confidence, and with the undeniable fact that, as mascot, he had the shack to himself. As mascot of the interior, he could now chirp in the joy of sole possession.

For outside, tethered to a trolley that runs between two shacks, and, for 'fatigue,' wearing his helmet through the drill-hour, Resiak trots demurely back and forth and nibbles at the grass; for summer is i-cummen in, and peace dwells again in Poverty Hollow.

MR. CARNEGIE'S SERVICE TO THE TEACHER

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT

Omnem spem delectationis nostræ, quam cum in otium venerimus habere volumus, in tua humanitate positam habemus. — CICERO, Letters to Atticus.

IN the early days of the month of August Mr. Carnegie passed away. It is too soon to attempt to appraise his great service to humanity or his contributions to industry and science; but in the institution of a retiring fund for college teachers he performed a service of peculiar kindness and thoughtfulness, the quality of which may well be recalled in the days when the sense of his presence has not yet left us.

Mr. Carnegie had a respect for the teacher, and an interest in the teacher's service to the world, which was unusual and, in some respects, extraordinary. Most men whose memories go out in kindness to the college teacher recall some old teacher of their own who has been a help or an inspiration in their own lives. Mr. Carnegie had no such memory. So meagre had been his opportunities for formal education, so short the time that he spent in school, that he had no enduring recollection of any teacher who visualized for him the service of all teachers. His effort to be of service to the college teacher was part of a general desire to strengthen those forces in the social order that make for progress, for finer and simpler living, for nobler ideals. In a very real sense, he idealized the profession of the teacher. He deplored the meagre remuneration that came to men in the teaching profession, and desired, in the foundation of a pension system for col-

lege teachers, to strengthen one of the great forces in the world making for better conditions; and he sought to show at the same time his personal regard for the men of the teaching profession. It seemed to him that he could do nothing better to accomplish these two purposes than to establish some agency that would increase the rewards of the teacher's life, and that would remove some of the uncertainties which confront the man whose income is small and whose obligations are large.

His original notion was to carry out this intention by a fund intended to increase the salary of college teachers. It was very evident, however, that even a small increase of salary for the great body of college teachers in America meant a sum far beyond even Mr. Carnegie's fortune. In the end, he decided to make his contribution in the form of a pension, to be paid to the old and faithful teacher who had reached the end of active service.

As originally proposed, the income of this fund would have been apportioned to those teachers who applied and who seemed to the trustees of the fund the most deserving. This plan was given up because it was finally decided that pensions assigned by this process, however grateful they might be to the recipients, would not permanently strengthen the profession of the teacher, and that it was wiser to confer pensions upon a smaller number of teachers according to definite rules.

In the fifteen years that have elapsed since the inauguration of the plan, the

whole conception, both of Mr. Carnegie and of his trustees, as to the function of the college pension has undergone a transformation. An exhaustive study and examination of the whole field convinced him and his trustees that a free pension could not be a solution of the teachers' problem in a democratic community; that a system must be set up which should be contractual, which should rest upon the coöperation of the teacher and of his college, and which should give, at the same time, the greatest freedom of movement for the teacher from one college to another. It is one of the great satisfactions of Mr. Carnegie's trustees that he lived to take part in the working out of this plan, and that every step by which the original pension system has been transformed into a contractual and contributory plan was taken only with his approval, and after his sound judgment had coincided in the wisdom of the change.

The transformation through which the Carnegie Foundation has gone is, after all, only an illustration of the process by which men come in the long run to the sound and firm ground which experience and patient seeking alone can discover. Mr. Carnegie's desire was to be of service to the great body of college teachers. The service that he has rendered is measured only in small part by the seventy or more millions of dollars of his money that will be spent in paying the pensions of college teachers in the first fifty years of the history of the Carnegie Foundation. The essential service that he has rendered lies in the fact that, through the agency which he set up, under the necessity which it faced to deal with the actual problems of the teachers' profession, in the endeavor to conform with sound principles, — social, educational, financial, — the problem of the teachers' pension has finally

been solved by the only solution which is just, feasible, and permanent. The beneficiary of Mr. Carnegie's contribution to the teachers' profession is not only the man who will receive a full-paid pension provided through his generosity: the true beneficiaries are they who, in generations to come, will have the privilege of taking part in a system instituted through his generosity, but sustained and in the end controlled by them. Younger men who come to avail themselves in succeeding years of these opportunities will also say, quite as truly as the men of this generation, in the words of Cicero, 'All my hopes of enjoying myself when I retire rest on your kindness.'

It is impossible to convey to those who did not know Mr. Carnegie personally a fair conception of the regard which he had for the profession of the teacher, or of the kindness and goodwill which he sought to express to them. Scattered through the country are many old teachers, and many widows of such teachers, who to-day enjoy annuities granted out of Mr. Carnegie's personal fortune, but who, for one reason and another, were not eligible for pensions under the rules established by the trustees of the Carnegie Foundation. The number of these will never be known, but it is so large as to form a distinct tribute to Mr. Carnegie's deep regard for the men who teach. To these his death will bring a feeling of real personal loss. Very few of them ever saw him. All they know about him is that he sympathized sincerely with the difficulties of the teacher's life; that he had so high a regard for the part which the teacher plays in the progress of mankind that he reached out a friendly hand to those whom he had never seen, but whom he honored as members of a high and noble profession.

THE PRESENT STATUS OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES

BY GORDON S. WATKINS

I

As a result of important developments in the Socialist assemblies held in Chicago during the first week of September, 1919, a revolutionary reconstruction of the Socialist movement in the United States is taking place. Each of the Socialist groups which met in convention at that time committed itself definitely to a distinct party, with a specific programme of action. Exclusive of the Socialist Labor Party, which is allied with the Workers' International Industrial Union, or Detroit I.W.W., the three major divisions of American Socialist forces are the Socialist Party on the Extreme Right, the Communist Labor Party in the Centre Left, and the Communist Party on the Extreme Left. The numerical strength of each of these parties cannot be determined accurately, because the realignment of forces is too recent to permit an authoritative enumeration. Moreover, the migration from one group to the other will doubtless continue at an accelerated rate, until the excitement of the reconstruction is over and the rank and file has found its place. It is estimated by one group, however, that the Socialist Party has at most a membership of 39,000; while the Communist Labor Party, if it can be said to have a membership at all, represents not more than 10,000 members, and the Communist Party a membership of 60,000, of whom one half belong to the foreign-language federations

which are predominantly Russian in their constituency. According to another official estimate, the Communist Party has about 30,000 members, of whom 25,000 are connected with foreign-language federations, while the Communist Labor Party represents a membership of 30,000, of whom 20,000 belong to English-speaking locals.

The Socialist Party is still under the leadership of Adolph Germer, Victor Berger, Seymour Stedman, Morris Hillquit, and James Oneal. At the helm of the Communist Labor Party are more radical individuals, such as A. C. Wagenknecht, John Reed, John Carney, William Bross Lloyd, and Ben Gitlow. The destinies of the Communist Party — the American Bolsheviks — are intrusted to a group of extreme radicals, including C. E. Ruthenberg, Louis C. Fraina, Isaac E. Ferguson, and Karl Brodsky. If some of these names are unfamiliar to us now, there is every probability that they will become familiar in the immediate future; for there is little room to doubt that under these leaders American Socialism is to become a dynamic factor in future political and industrial developments in this country. Moreover, it is the avowed intention of the three divisions to spread their propaganda to South America.

The immediate antecedents of the recent disruption in the old structure of American Socialism date back to the months preceding the Emergency Convention in Chicago, August 30 to September 6, 1919; while the more remote

causes appeared in the years just before the world-war. Previous to the outbreak of the war in August, 1914, serious differences as to principles and methods were found in the organizations within the Second Socialist International. The dominant element in the Socialist Party in practically every country was the faction which placed major emphasis on the constructive value of participation in the so-called bourgeois parliaments. This faction directed its energy toward gaining a majority in the parliaments of capitalistic states, with a view to securing legislation which would after a time overthrow the régime of modern capitalism and build a new structure of political and industrial life under complete control of the proletariat. Reform measures, therefore, were indorsed as conducive to the ultimate realization of the aims of Socialism — the gradual creation of a proletarian state within the shell of a decayed capitalistic society. Members of this group have long been familiar to us under the name of 'Moderate Socialists' or 'Opportunists.' The extreme Revolutionary Socialists of the United States denounce them as a party of 'petty-bourgeois Socialism, of Laborism,' destined to drift logically with the Labor Party.

Diametrically opposed to the Moderate Socialists in Europe were the Revolutionary Socialists, who rejected the concept that the class-struggle could be waged and won effectively in the bourgeois parliaments, and contended that the emancipation of the proletariat could be achieved only by mass action of the workers. The objective of mass effort was preached unequivocally as consisting in the creation of a new order of society in the form of a dictatorship of the proletariat, for the transformation of capitalism into communism. Between the Moderate Socialists on the one hand and the Revolutionary So-

cialists on the other, stood a group of vacillating Socialists, commonly known as Centrists, who discountenanced parliamentary action as ineffective, and verbally championed revolutionary tactics, but who failed to divorce themselves entirely from the hope that capitalism might be eliminated *via* the parliamentary machinery of the bourgeois state.

In considering the more remote antecedents of the recent differentiation in the structure of American Socialism, there is no mistaking the potent influence of the eventful experiences in Russia, Hungary, and Bavaria. Lenin, Trotsky, and the whole fabric of Soviet philosophy have been powerful determinants of the content of the manifestos, constitutions, platforms, and programmes that have issued from recent conventions. Just as German Socialism moulded the thought and action of earlier Socialist groups in this country, so now Russian Bolshevism is the invisible power that is shaping the philosophy and methods of the new Socialism that was formally organized in Chicago during the first week of September.

II

With this general statement of the remote causes of disruption in American Socialism clearly in mind, it will be easier to understand its immediate antecedents. These are found in the action of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party in expelling certain foreign-language federations and some three or four state Socialist organizations. To comprehend the significance of the committee's action, it is necessary to review in some detail the several cases in question.

A few months prior to the Emergency Convention the Executive Committee suspended the Russian, Ukrainian, Lithuanian, Lettish, Polish, South Slavic, and Hungarian federations for alleged

violation of the national constitution. Section 2 of Article XII of the constitution provides that a national language federation shall elect an officer known as the Translator-Secretary, whose duty it shall be to serve as a medium of communication between his federation and the national organization of the Socialist Party. It was found that the translator-secretaries abused this function of communication by frequently reversing the decisions of the National Executive Committee. The alternatives open to the committee were, either to concede that the offending federations were a self-constituted supreme court, with power to veto the decisions of the committee, or to suspend them for violating the constitution. In addition to this offense, the publications of foreign-language federations, openly sympathetic with the extremely radical programme of Russian Bolshevism, had repeatedly denounced the Socialist Party as a party of Scheidemanns and Kolchaks, betrayers of Socialism and the working class. Their sympathy with ultra-radicalism led the language federations to assume relationship with the Left-Wing organization and programme that were developing within the party, and this was interpreted by the committee as a violation of Section 3 (a), Article X of the constitution, which makes the platform of the Socialist Party the supreme declaration, to which state and municipal platforms must conform, and prohibits state and local organizations from fusing, combining, or compromising with any other political party or organization. The insurgent, ultra-radical Left Wing was declared to be a separate organization and in no sense an authoritative representative of the Socialist Party.

Besides the language federations, the state Socialist organizations of Michigan, Massachusetts, and Ohio suffered

revocation of their charters. The charter of the Michigan group, representing 6000 members, was revoked because of the action of the State Convention in adopting an amendment to the state constitution which provided that any member — local or branch of a local — advocating legislative reforms or supporting organizations formed for the purpose of advocating such reforms, should be expelled from the Socialist Party and its charter revoked by the State Executive Committee. Clearly this constitutional provision makes it imperative that a member who supports the position of the national party in this regard — a position decidedly favorable to economic and social reform along legislative lines — should be expelled from the party. Not only was the position of the Michigan organization diametrically opposed to the opportunist procedure of American Socialism as expressed through the Socialist Party, but it was also a violation of the constitutional provision that binds members in all their political action to be guided by the constitution and platform of the party, and demands adherence thereto of all state and municipal platforms.

The National Executive Committee's vigorous defense of political action is also manifest in the case of the Massachusetts Socialist organization. In that state the foreign-language federations dominated the state organization, since among some 5000 party members less than 1000 were English-speaking. Even after suspension by the National Executive Committee, the Left-Wing language federations were retained as integral parts of the state party, being permitted to vote for delegates to the National Emergency Convention which convened in Chicago, August 30, 1919. Moreover, the State Convention, held in June, voted to eliminate from the state Socialist constitution a clause which approved political action and to

substitute therefor a provision repudiating political action and enunciating the principle of industrial action as the more effective means of overthrowing the capitalistic system. The convention also passed two resolutions, by the large majority of 117 to 40, urging all locals to elect delegates to the National Conference of the Left Wing of the Socialist Party, held in New York on June 21 of this year.

It was clear to the National Executive Committee that these actions were violations of the national constitution, and especially of Section 3 (a) of Article X, cited above, for the Left-Wing faction was deemed a rival political organization.

The charter of the Ohio Socialist organization was revoked on account of the adoption of an amendment to the state constitution which sanctioned affiliation with that section of the National Socialist Party which indorse the Left-Wing programme, and openly recognized the suspended foreign-language federations. As in the case of the Massachusetts group, this action was considered by the National Executive Committee as a violation of the national constitution, and conducive to dangerous differentiation and disintegration.

From this brief sketch of the cases that came before the National Executive Committee, it will be seen that the immediate causes of the recent disruption of the Socialist Party and the resultant division of American Socialism into three major parties are: (1) The rapid development of ultra-revolutionary ideas and principles among American Socialists who have found encouragement in the success of their European comrades; (2) the action of these revolutionary insurgents in causing state Socialist organizations and foreign-language federations to abandon political action in favor of indus-

trial mass action; (3) the unconstitutional procedure of state organizations in providing for accredited delegates to the National Conference of the Left Wing of the Socialist Party, which was looked upon by the National Executive Committee as an independent political organization. In addition, there were minor controversies over election procedure and the confiscation by state bodies of the revenue from the sale of assessment stamps.

The action of the National Executive Committee occasioned bitter opposition, particularly because the constitution nowhere expressly delegates power to the committee to suspend organizations and revoke their charters. Regardless of the decisions of the committee, there is every reason to believe that reconstruction of American Socialism was inevitable, for recent years have uncovered an unmistakable growth of ultra-radical, anti-opportunistic philosophy within the ranks of the Socialist Party. Impatience with political reformation and pronounced sympathy with the International Communist — Bolshevik — movement have at last culminated in the organization of the 'ultra-radical parties' — the Communist Labor Party and the Communist Party.

III

The similarities and differences that obtain in the philosophy and methods of the three divisions of American Socialism can be seen by an examination of the manifestos, platforms, constitutions, and programmes that emanated from their recent conventions. It is very clear that the Socialist Party has not ceased to be opportunistic, and has not yet divorced itself from the programme of *evolutionary* displacement of the bourgeois state by a proletarian régime. To the observer at the Emergency Convention it was evident that

the majority of the leaders of the Socialist Party have little sympathy with the ultra-radicalism of the communistic groups that have broken away from the parent organization. The opportunism of the old party is manifested in its indorsement of the coöperative movement, the Plumb Plan idea, and parliamentary action in changing the basis of Congressional representation. Indorsement of the coöperative movement, which is experiencing unprecedented growth in the United States, especially in the Middle West and the Far West, is given on the ground that such a movement furnishes the workers an invaluable training in the conduct of industry, as has been demonstrated in Russia and throughout Europe. The party does not approve of the method by which the Plumb Plan proposes to acquire the railroads, but recognizes in such plan the first concrete evidence of the spread among American workers of the Soviet idea of proletarian control of industry. It is worth noting at this point that the I.W.W. and the Communist Party, in common with the Socialist Party, urge conscious, intensive effort on the part of the workers to familiarize themselves with industrial processes and management as practical preparation for the critical period when the proletariat shall take over the machinery of production. Moreover, the I.W.W. organization is constructing a detailed plan for successful and efficient administration of industry under control of the workers, according to a recent statement made by one of its leaders. One's conception of the visionary type of mind that directs these radical forces gives way to a conception of decided practicality, as he observes the close attention to the minutiae of industrial organization and operation.

The recent manifesto of the Socialist Party reveals little that is new in its denunciation of modern capitalism as

the cause of monopolized control of industry, the concentration of wealth, the reign of wars fought in defense of commercial interests, and the 'unspeakable oppression of the proletariat.' The 1919 manifesto contains a very confident and optimistic note, to the effect that the capitalist class is now making its last stand in history and is practically bankrupt. The same optimism was evident in all the Chicago conventions. The Socialists condemn the League of Nations as the 'Capitalist Black International,' designed to defend capitalistic imperialism and to crush the efforts of the proletariat for freedom. The faith of the Socialist Party in the ultimate redemption of the workers by the establishment of an international Socialist régime, composed of free and equal Socialist states, is not destroyed. In fact, the party sees signs of this new order of civilization in the achievements of the proletariat in Russia, Germany, and Hungary, and in the spread of Soviet philosophy in the United Kingdom, France, and Italy, where the temporizing programmes of the pre-war labor reform are said to have been replaced by revolutionary aims and the determination of the workers to control political and industrial machinery.

The Socialists are less optimistic concerning the disintegration of capitalism in the United States. Here, indeed, capitalism is declared to have emerged from the world-war more reactionary and aggressive, more insolent and oppressive than ever, and our government is vilified for having betrayed its democratic purposes in entering the war, by the creation of alliances with the reactionary imperialism of Europe and Asia. But even in the United States the Socialists see symptoms of a rebellious spirit in the ranks of the proletariat, manifested by extensive strikes for better conditions of employment,

the demand of two million railway workers for control of their industry, the resolution of the miners calling for nationalization of mines, and the sporadic organization of labor parties.

The attitude of the Socialist Party toward Bolshevism is not at all clear, and at times seems inconsistent. The party pledges support to the revolutionary workers of Russia in the maintenance of their Soviet government, and indorses the movements toward the Soviet system in Germany, Austria, and Hungary. It goes further, and justifies the violent tactics of the Russian Bolsheviks on the ground that the latter, were forced to resort to violence to obtain and hold their freedom. Nevertheless, there is no mistaking the desire of the old Socialist Party to effect the transition from Capitalism to Socialism by *evolutionary* rather than *revolutionary* methods. The workers of the United States are urged to endeavor to regain the civil liberties of which they were deprived during the war, to the end that the transition from Capitalism to Socialism may be effected without resort to the drastic measures made necessary by autocratic despotism. Although violent methods are not openly indorsed, the purpose of the Socialist Party is accepted as being fundamentally similar to the aim of all proletarian movements, namely, to wrest the industries and the government from the capitalists, and to place them under the control of those who work with hand or brain, to be administered for the benefit of the whole community.

The attitude of the Socialist Party toward industrial organization of the workers, and the substitution of occupational representation for geographical representation in parliamentary bodies reveals the influence of the programme of Soviet Russia. Mass action is possible only when all the workers are organized both politically and industri-

ally, or industrially alone, into one powerful, harmonious class. In other words, a distinct class-organization must replace craft or trade-unionism, since the latter destroys solidarity. The similarity between this idea and the 'One Big Union' doctrine of the I.W.W. is unmistakable, and it is significant that the three major parties of American Socialism have indorsed it. The purpose of this industrial solidarity is declared by the Socialist Party to be to prepare the masses 'for cases of emergency, to reinforce the political demands of the working class by industrial action.' Political action is still to be dominant, and industrial mass action a sort of *vis a tergo* at the opportune moment.

Here the Socialist Party differs from the Communist Labor Party and the Communist Party — pronounced advocates of Bolshevism. The Communists have declared against parliamentary participation except as a means of spreading propaganda, and have openly espoused industrial action. Declarations in favor of industrial organization are aimed directly at conservative trade-unionism as represented in the American Federation of Labor and the railroad brotherhoods, and are said to be an endeavor 'to win the American workers from their ineffective and demoralizing leadership, to educate them to an enlightened understanding of their own class-interest, and to train and assist them to organize politically and industrially on class lines, in order to effect their emancipation.'

The substitution of occupational representation for geographical representation in parliamentary assemblies is advocated by the Socialist Party, on the ground that the old system of representation is not truly representative of social and economic interests, and does not, therefore, give adequate representation to the wage-earners as a class. The proposed system of parliamentary

representation is the same as that established by the Soviet government of Russia. This is the first step made by the old Socialist Party toward the Soviet plan, and some of the anti-Communists within the party endeavored to soften the action of the majority by proposing a system of both geographic and occupational representation.

In spite of this apparent sympathy with the aims and organization of Bolshevism, the Socialist Party cannot be said to have accepted the complete Soviet programme of action. It is true that the report of the Committee on International Relations to the Emergency Convention, passed by a vote of 56 to 26, declared that the Second International is no more, repudiated the Berne Conference as retrograde because of its failure to act in the interest of the working class, and urged the calling of a reconstituted Socialist International of adherents to the class-struggle, in order that 'Revolutionary proletarian forces of the world may at every critical moment be effectively mobilized for simultaneous and harmonious action.'

But this report contains no open indorsement of the Third (Moscow) International, which was called by Lenin and Trotsky, and to which American Communists have subscribed. Failure to indorse the Communist International was denounced bitterly by the more radical minority report of the Committee, but this did not change the conservative element in the old party.

IV

The Communist Labor Party of America had its genesis in Chicago, after all efforts of the radical faction to gain control of the Socialist Emergency Convention had failed. Although some of the bolting delegates advocated the organization of a new party under the title of the Left Wing Socialist Party,

there was a large majority that wanted to abandon completely the term Socialist; and this group, under the leadership of John Reed, who was converted to Bolshevism while a correspondent in Russia, won the day, and the name Communist Labor Party of America was adopted. The new name was accepted as the best means of announcing to the world that the party stands four-square with the Bolsheviks of Russia and the Communists of Hungary. Not all of the members of this new party indorse the entire programme of the Soviets as practicable in the United States, and some of them warned the Convention that the time is not opportune for the adoption of the name Communist, with its implication of a dictatorship of the proletariat, inasmuch as in the United States the struggle is still between Socialists and capitalists, and not, as in Russia, Germany, and Hungary, between the radicals and the Moderate Socialists. Moreover, it is feared by this more conservative faction that the terms Bolshevism and Communism will not attract American workmen, who are not kindly disposed to a dictatorship of the proletariat. This feeble protest failed to move the majority, and not only was the designation Communist accepted, but an emblem which is essentially a copy of the emblem of Bolshevik Russia was endorsed. Brief examination of the platform will make clear the nature of the aims and methods of this Centre-Left group of American Socialists.

There is some difference of opinion within the ranks of the Communist Labor Party regarding the amount of emphasis that should be placed upon mass industrial action as opposed to political action. By liberal construction, however, the party has defined political activity and industrial action as one and the same thing for all practical purposes. This elastic interpretation has

been made with a view to ready readjustment to that mode of party tactics which circumstances may indicate to be most expedient in the social revolution which the party declares to be inevitable. Although members like William Bross Lloyd, the millionaire Socialist, have warned against the use of violence, the party's platform is openly revolutionary, and emphasis is placed on industrial mass action. In common with the conservative Socialist Party, the Communist Labor Party recognizes that there is need of immediate changes in the political and industrial structure of the world, and that the vital question is whether all power shall remain in the hands of the capitalists or shall be transferred to the working class. The ultimate purpose of the party is, therefore, similar to that of its more conservative contemporary, namely, the organization of the workers into a class, the overthrow of capitalistic rule, and the conquest of political power by the proletariat. The workers, organized as the ruling class, are, through the government, to make and enforce the laws, own and control land, factories, mills, mines, transportation-systems, and financial institutions. In brief, all power is to be vested in the hands of the workers, for whom the socialization of the instruments of production and the machinery of the distribution of wealth must be effected, with the ultimate objective of guaranteeing to all the proletariat the full social value of their toil.

Unlike the old Socialist Party, the Communist Labor Party frankly affirms its identity with Bolshevism and indorses without qualification revolutionary methods of attacking the capitalistic order. It differs from the old party also in relegating to the background all parliamentary action, which, if ever resorted to, must be used for purposes of propaganda only. The programme — an elaboration of the principles laid

down in the platform — states expressly that the most important means of capturing state power for the workers is direct action of the masses, proceeding from the places where the workers are gathered together — the shops, factories, mills, and mines. The use of bourgeois parliaments for this purpose must ever be incidental. Mass action functions readily and forcibly through strikes; and while the Communist Labor Party does not openly advocate violence, the voice of its first convention frequently intimated the necessity and justification of force at the opportune moment. In fact, delegates on the floor declared that the gun and the strike are both political weapons in Communist parlance.

In spite of its revolutionary phrases and its frank sympathy with the Soviet system, the Communist Labor Party is manifestly a vacillating group of Centre-Left Socialists who are too radical to feel comfortable in the Socialist Party and not sufficiently communistic and revolutionary to gain admission to the Communist Party. The inadequacy of its organization and the uncertainty of its position bespeak the possibility of an early demise, when its members will affiliate with the conservative Right Wing or the Extreme Left Wing.

Just as the German element has dominated the policies of the Socialist Party since its inception, and the American faction controls the Communist Labor Party, so the Russians have played the major part in the organization of the Communist Party. The solidarity of the Russian-language federations is so well effected as to guarantee domination of the Communist Party for some time to come. The party's first convention might well have been carried on in the Russian language. This large Russian constituency accounts for the pronounced influence of Lenin and Trotsky

in the formulation of the philosophy and the programme of action enunciated by the convention. The Communist Party is truly the party of Revolutionary Socialism in America, and its members are self-declared disciples of Bolshevism. Any doubt that one might have entertained relative to the teaching of Bolshevism in this country was dispelled completely by the sentiment of the first convention of this party, held in Chicago last September. The English element of the party is represented by members of the Left Wing National Council who deserted the old Socialist Party and immediately accepted the Soviet programme, and by the Michigan Socialists who were expelled from the Socialist Party.

Of all the programmes ever advanced by radical thinkers in the United States, that of the Communist Party forms the most unequivocal challenge to defenders of the existing order of society. It is difficult to conceive a more definitely formulated plan for the revolutionary demolition of accepted political and economic institutions. The communistic diagnostician pronounces immediate death for the present order and deplores all reformative attempts to effect a cure. To the Communist mind, moderate, opportunistic Socialism is directly and manifestly counter-revolutionary, and the Centrists, who organized the Communist Labor Party, are revolutionary in phrases, but in action are betrayers of the class-struggle and the Third (Moscow) International. Failure to apply the principles and methods of Marxian Socialism to present-day conditions, as they were applied by Lenin and Trotsky, is the basis of this condemnation.

Like the other two Socialist groups, the Communist Party is convinced that 'Capitalism is in collapse.' The manifesto and the programme of the party are patterned after the declarations of

the Third International, held at Moscow, March 2 to 6, 1919, the declarations of which were signed by Lenin and Trotsky. The Communists are waging relentless war against Socialism, trade-unionism, and Capitalism. They do not accept the conception of the state which Moderate Socialism holds, namely, that the bourgeois parliamentary state is the basis for the introduction of Socialism. Such a conception is denounced as directly counter-revolutionary. The Communist Party believes that the class-struggle is essentially a political struggle, in the sense that its objective is political, which means that the political organization upon which Capitalism depends must be destroyed and in its stead a proletarian state power established. Proletarian dictatorship is looked upon as a recognition of the fact that it is necessary for the proletariat to organize its own state for the coercion and suppression of the bourgeoisie. Such dictatorship, however, is expected, not only to perform the negative task of crushing the old order, but also to fulfil the function of constructing a new régime. 'Out of the workers' control of industry, introduced by the proletarian dictatorship, there develops the complete structure of Communist Socialism — industrial self-government of the communistically organized producers.' These tasks performed, the dictatorship will end, in its place coming the 'full free social and individual autonomy of the Communist order.'

The ultimate aim of the Communist Party is the creation of a Communist order, with the proletariat as the only class. To achieve this end mass industrial and political action is to be used, but participation in parliamentary campaigns is to be merely for purposes of propaganda. The general strike is accepted as the most forcible expression of mass action; and to guarantee such

a strike at the opportune time, the party is agitating the construction of a general industrial union organization embracing the I.W.W., the W.I.I.U., independent and secession unions, militant unions of the A.F.L., and the unorganized workers, on the basis of the revolutionary class-struggle. The struggle in the United States is expected to be more bitter than in Europe, for the war is stated to have strengthened American capitalism. For this reason the Communists warn that the problem is not one of immediate revolution, but rather the maintenance of revolutionary action that may last for years and tens of years, until the final collapse of Capitalism and the creation of the structure of Communist Socialism, with complete expropriation of the bourgeoisie and the liberation of the proletariat, who will then become the owners of the instruments of production and the rulers of the world.

In this brief survey of contemporary Socialism in America, space allows only a suggestion of its salient doctrines and methods of action. Sufficient has been said, however, to show that the recent schism in American Socialistic forces was due to a fundamental difference in the conception of the most expeditious method of destroying modern capitalism. The three parties are in perfect agreement regarding the necessity of overthrowing the present order. There are several points of disagreement, especially between the Socialist Party and the Communist Party, the chief of which is the attitude of each group toward parliamentary action. The conservative Right Wing is convinced that bourgeois parliaments constitute the most suitable channels for the introduction of Socialism within the archaic structure of Capitalism, and is, there-

fore, kindly disposed toward parliamentary participation and opportunistic social reforms. The Centre-Left and the Extreme Left, especially the latter, repudiate parliamentary action in bourgeois states as a reactionary compromise, and maintain that, although parliamentary participation may be used for propaganda purposes, ultimate reliance must be placed on mass action and revolutionary efforts, expressed through a general industrial organization of the workers using the general strike.

Another important difference is revealed in the attitudes of the Socialist and Communist parties toward the church and religion. The former holds religion to be a private matter and has looked upon the church with indifference, an attitude also manifested by the I.W.W. The Communist Party, however, interprets religion as a social phenomenon and explains the church in the light of the materialistic conception of history — an institution that ‘befuddles the minds of the masses, and defends the capitalistic order.’ The three Socialist groups agree in the condemnation of trade-unionism, in the endorsement of the general industrial union, and in the enlistment of the negro in the class-struggle.

It is quite probable that the near future will find American Socialism divided into two major parties, the Socialist Party absorbing all of the moderates and the Communist Party enlisting the revolutionists. The conflict is between these two groups. There is an unmistakable tendency toward revolutionary doctrines and Bolshevistic philosophy, and the ready capitalization of this tendency by Leninists in America contains ominous signs of a concentrated, revolutionary attack upon the economic and political foundations of the present order of society.

THE HOPE OF RUSSIA

BY DOREMUS SCUDDER

I

It takes a bold man to dare a forecast of the road which Russia will find out of her difficulties. A writer in a recent issue of a popular periodical staked his reputation as a prophet upon the prognosis of a split into a Russian state in Europe and a Kolchak Siberia in Asia. He based his conclusion, first, upon a geographical cleavage. The Siberians are 'cut off from the mother country by natural land divisions.' 'The map shows northern Asia cut off from Europe by a chain of mountains, the Urals, that extend to the limits of the land.' Although this is approximately true as a matter of geography, it amounts to nothing practically, because along the two railroads the Urals are a negligible quantity. Having crossed them twice, and driven through a part of them, I found them, except for some distant summits, hardly deserving the name of hills. This applies to the region along the line from Chel-yabinsk to Ufa. 'On the road from Perm to the east it [the slope] is scarcely perceptible.' Furthermore, the Russia-Siberia border does not follow the Ural Mountains throughout their course. Where the population is densest along the political boundary, the Urals are several hundred versts to the west. The 'natural-land-divisions' theory is a figment of the imagination.

Another argument of this author declares that the people 'have also come to feel that Siberia is something apart from Russia'; but ten months of resi-

dence there, punctuated with daily interviews with representatives of all classes, from Admiral Kolchak to roadside peasants, never brought me into touch with a single person who either in the remotest way hinted at possessing this separative feeling or suggested such a possibility as a divided country. Not even among the motley array of foreigners cocksure of the future — and Siberia holds its share of them — did I run across one who entertained such an opinion. In some respects Siberia is more typically All-Russian than the mother-country itself, because, first, the Great War, and second, the Bolshevik régime, drove into its cities and villages people from all over European Russia; who are becoming welded together by common interests, and are having the dividing lines due to race and former spatial separation smoothed out. Thus something like a united Russian people and consciousness is being slowly created. Hundreds of thousands of these folk own land in their former habitats and intend to return home, where they will carry the unifying forces developed during their Siberian sojourn. So far as the Kolchak government is concerned, it has never contemplated anything short of a reunited Russia.

One more remark of this writer deserves a word: 'The country was too big and too unacquainted with itself to hold a popular election; the situation [evidently the summer of 1918 is alluded to] was too critical to trust to a ballot, when eighty per cent of the

people could not have read and would not have known how to mark one.' But already in 1917 this electorate, with that in Russia, had in universal, secret, direct, and equal ballot, at what has been called 'the greatest and most democratic election ever held on earth,' chosen a most remarkable group of representatives to the first Constituent Assembly. It had also elected its own Siberian Duma, charged with the duty of setting up a local government for Siberia as one of the constituent states of the great Russian Republic.

Now, all of the foregoing is offered, not in denial of the possibility of a division into two independent governments, — Russia and Siberia, — as the outcome of the present chaos, for anything is possible in such a fermenting process as is now going on in that country; but merely to show that the considerations urged in its favor will hardly bear scrutiny. It is very easy to fancy that one sees what one is predisposed to look for in a kaleidoscope like Siberia. Every interpreter of conditions there needs the grace of a large consciousness of an erring personal equation. A number of these snap conclusions, which form the stock in trade of almost all recently arrived foreigners, and not a few long residents whom one encounters in that fascinating country, have been exported and have prejudiced the judgment of some Americans at home.

One of these is that 'the Russian has no organizing ability.' In the early weeks of my administration of the department of civilian relief in Vladivostok, not a few circumstances which favored such a generalization compelled my attention. The local government was in a semi-chaotic condition — as indeed there was ample cause for its being, with Japanese, American, British, French, Italian, and Chinese expeditionary forces and military missions

insisting on having fingers in the political pie, and none of them coördinated to any definite policy, except the Japanese, who knew what they wanted and promptly grabbed it whenever possible. Not much dependence could be placed upon the word of men in charge of local affairs, especially when that charge was largely a misnomer. Accurate information was very hard to secure. Everything was at sixes and sevens.

But wider acquaintance with the facts of the situation advised patience in drawing conclusions. It was necessary, first of all, to abdicate the habit of seeing through the spectacles of a well-ordered social consciousness. The conviction soon developed that rightly to judge the Russian after his experience of struggle for life with Germany, the most titanic power this world ever knew; of the sudden awakening to a régime of liberty supervening upon ages of despotic rule; and then of the awful submergence of that régime in an abyss of hellishness absolutely unique in human history, was a task demanding all the powers of the most highly trained judicial mind. The overwhelming impression remaining after months of intimacy with Siberian conditions was that of a vast organism from which the binding force had been largely dissolved. There was an almost utter lack of social cement. Men did not trust one another; they could not. Dread, nameless dread, was everywhere, and out of the nightmare of all the months since 1914 a new object of fear, Japan, was crystallizing as these remorseless militarists of the Far East pushed their silent campaign of absorption, profiteering, and international pawnbrokerage, while the Allies, whom alone the Russians had supposed they could trust, had abandoned them to Bolshevism on the one hand, and reactionary monarchism on the other.

Once get the point of view of the liberty-loving Russian, and the scene his country presented was maddening. His financial ship was beached on the Isle of Shoals in a howling easter. Commerce was *nil*, because there was nothing to buy. The transportation system was in the hands of robber bandits like Semyonov, or of Czechs or Japanese, or Allied commanders. These helpers invaded his cities and commandeered the best buildings for their troops or their nationals, or the Red Cross, and therefrom flew their motley flags. Disorganization was everywhere, and the government had neither money nor munitions with which to overcome the incubus of allies who ought to have helped, but too often merely cursed; for soldiers quartered in a foreign land, who have nothing to do, are apt to become a menace both to themselves and to those who surround them. All of this certainly formed a poor stage for the exhibition of organizing genius.

II

But, amid it all, unseen by the average observer, one of the most remarkable social agencies in the world was being steadily built into larger proportions. Back in 1865 the first coöperative association was formed in Russia. Tsarism frowned upon the infant, and in thirty years, or in 1894, it had grown to number only 353 coöperatives. But with the world-war and the breakdown of the government transportation system, the aid of these societies of coöperators was welcomed, and they saved the situation by furnishing both the army and the civil population with food. At the same time they began to unify their organization. Since 1916 they have accomplished nothing less than a miracle. In Siberia three great amalgamations have developed to enormous proportions. They are, first, the

Zakoopsbit, or Union of Consumers' Unions, formed in 1916, with an annual turnover (figures for 1917) of more than 250,000,000 roubles, and losses of 46,000 covered by a gross profit of 573,912; second, the Union of Siberian Creamery Associations, with more than 1400 creameries and an annual business of 160,000,000 roubles; and, third, the Sincered Sayus, or Union of Siberian Credit Coöperatives, dating from 1917, which embraces more than 4000 credit — or loan — banks which finance local coöperatives and unions. All these institutions are embraced in the Vcerko Soviet or Congress of Coöperative Unions of Siberia. Besides this, the Consumers' Unions of Siberia, and some of the larger individual associations, head up together with those of Russia in the Centro-Sayus, or Moscow Union of Consumers' Societies; while the Moscow Narodny Bank is the central banking institution for all the credit unions of Russia and Siberia.

Still more comprehensive, and uniting all those named above, stands the Vcerko Sayus, or Congress of all the Russian Coöperatives. There are embraced in this organization no less than 45,000 coöperative societies, representing 90,000,000 Russian citizens, of whom 11,000,000 are in Siberia. And the larger part of this work has been done since the revolution of 1917. While I was in Omsk this spring, all the Siberian coöperatives pooled their educational work in the only coöperative union of consumers of education in the world — the Altai Educational Coöperative Union. This marvel of social organization has been engineered by Russians, many of them peasants, and much of it during the terribly depressing days when the Bolsheviki have been holding power and have been discouraging, as far as they have dared, this great people's experiment. For the one feature of Russia's economy with

which Lenin and Trotsky have not had the courage to tamper has been the coöperative movement, although they have regarded it with the same negative favor that Nicolas II exhibited. My opinion is that the Russian has as much genius for organizing as the next man. All he needs is a chance.

A second sentiment expressed to me by strangers in Siberia as well as by reactionary Russians was, 'The peasant cannot be trusted with the ballot.' In 1864 Alexander II established the Zemstvos. From that date until about 1890 these were comprised of three groups of electors, determined, speaking generally, on the basis of property ownership, and giving to the gentry about 43 per cent of the deputies, about 38 per cent to the peasants, and about 19 per cent to all others in the population. After 1890 the lines were drawn to represent social classes more accurately. The gentry secured 57 per cent of the seats, the peasants 30 per cent, and all others, excepting the clergy, 13 per cent. After instituting these popular assemblies and assigning to them the levying and collection of rates, construction and care of roads, oversight of local charities, and of relief in years of crop-shortage, public sanitation, the quartering of soldiers, direction of fire-control, and the management of popular education, the Tsar's government became insanely suspicious and fearful of its creatures, and for two generations tried to curtail the privileges it had granted them. Nevertheless, as Professor Vinogradoff has pointed out, 'It would be not only wrong, but absurd, to disparage the immense work achieved by the Zemstvos in an exceedingly short space of time. The wonder is, not that they were hampered and distracted, but that they achieved so much. It is not an exaggeration to say that a new age was initiated by their activity in Russia.'

For half a century, then, from 1864 until the world-war, the peasants of Russia proper had been trained in the art of choosing wise men to represent them. The character of this school of civics was not to develop politicians among the people, but to lead the electors to select men who could by their wisdom and patience allay the suspicions of the Tsar's advisers and accomplish something positive for the common good. And it is the universal testimony that the peasants learned to choose the kind of men worthy of their confidence.

Because my duties confined me almost entirely to Siberia, I saw very little of the results of this process in European Russia, where alone the Zemstvos existed until the time of Kerensky, in 1917. It was then that the Zemstvos were first set up in Siberia, to be ruthlessly overthrown by the Bolsheviks and reestablished after the expulsion of the latter in 1918. But I was frequently called upon to consult with men elected to the Zemstvos by the peasants, and to the city Dumas (assemblies) by town-folk. These men seemed the most reliable, and from the standpoint of character the most substantial, of all the classes of persons I encountered in that country. The same impression, I was told, was produced upon the chief of the American Expeditionary Force, and, according to his own statement to me, upon Mr. George S. Phelps, the head of the Y.M.C.A. in Siberia. The Russian peasant has been trained to elect men whom he can trust with the community's affairs, and when transported to Siberia by emigration or government action, as well as when born there, the experience gained by himself or his forbears in Russia serves to direct his civic activity in the newer country.

I cannot escape the conviction that the safest man to whom to intrust the

ballot to-day in Russia is the peasant. He wants most of all public security and good government. This word has come to me from him again and again. And he knows from whom of his kind he may expect the sort of government that will attend to the civic house-keeping he most desires and needs. This was well proved by the character of the representatives sent by him to the Constituent Assembly which the Bolsheviks dissolved. The little which that Assembly attempted showed its calibre, and made the crime of Lenin and Trotsky all the blacker.

About the middle of the last century, a fantastic soul named Constantine Aksakoff, an author of considerable repute, wrote a comedy entitled *Prince Lupovitsky*. The hero, burning to civilize the peasants on his estate, discloses his ambition to two of his gentry friends. One of them, a Count Dobinsky, exclaims: 'Our peasants! Are they men? Do you know what their destiny is? They exist that we, the intelligentsia, may enjoy all the pleasures of civilization. That is more than enough of an honor for them.'

A second, Baron Salutin, breaks in. 'You will want an iron hand. Make the peasants into paste and then knead it as you like.'

These sentiments still exist among the reactionary intelligentsia, some of whom, ranged behind that honest democratic leader, Admiral Kolchak, have been making his task all the harder. 'The peasant must be ruled with a big stick. They need an iron hand over them,' has been said to me more than once by Russians of charming personality. 'Twenty years of repression, and then we can give them the ballot,' is another point of view, shared, I regret to say, by not a few foreigners long resident there. But in Aksakoff's play, *Lupovitsky*, after getting close to his peasants, is impressed with the common

sense and moral standard of the Mir, the Village Community, and ends by saying, 'I shall leave with the greatest respect for the peasant.'

III

The war called not a few social workers into Russia and Siberia, whose knowledge of the peasant has been gained by several years of constant association with him. Their experience has been that the peasant responds to kindness like every other well-ordered human being; that there is an immense capacity in him for coöperative effort, and that unselfish leadership finds him a rare follower.

A few weeks ago, one of Russia's patriots, General Boldyreff, said, 'This idea of refusing to permit the people to have any hand in the control of their own affairs is based upon the theory which is entertained by some Russians, and most unfortunately, finds support abroad, that the Russian people are backward, and for their own good must be governed by force, with all the privileges enjoyed by the people of the West and the more progressive of the East, withheld from them until they are regarded as mature enough to be trusted.'

'It is not true that the Russian people are unable to govern themselves in a democratic way. This people has lived through four years of war, for which they mobilized sixteen million men and paid far heavier sacrifices in life than any of their allies, and they could not have remained blind to the events of the war and could not have helped judging what they desire for the future in the light of the past and the present.'

'The coöperation of the Russian people is not only needed by the leaders, but is most essential to them, in fact, from the point of view of having

the people generally share the responsibility, and thus lessen the burden now being borne by these leaders. It should be given them now for the reason that it will enable them to learn how to exercise their rights through their experiences at this most critical time. They will learn now, through the stern necessities of the times, to distinguish between those things that are mere words and only idle appeals, and those things that are to be applied in a practical way to their lives. Give the people their rights and they will soon learn to use them.'

These are the words of one of the great generals who kept the German hordes at bay, who in the Revolution became a trusted popular leader, and whom the members of the Constituent Assembly who escaped from Petrograd and gathered in Ufa in 1918 elected to the directorate of the All-Russian government, the only democratically elected government Eastern Russia and Siberia have had. The reactionary *coup d'état* which placed Admiral Kolchak in power ended this government and practically exiled General Boldyreff.

If there be anything that can be taken as bedrock politically in Russia, it seems to be that the Russian people are capable of self-government. Indeed, the progress of events since the beginning of June, has been eloquent of this conviction. At that time, the forces of reaction behind Admiral Kolchak had decided that the *Sibzemgor*, the Union of Zemstvos and City Dumas of Siberia, should not be allowed to meet and organize. This decision was a blow keenly felt by the people all over the country.

Reverses at the front now set in, and the Bolsheviks in short order pushed back the Siberian army until the situation became very grave. Desertions of bodies of Kolchak's troops to the enemy increased, and it soon was apparent

that, unless ardent popular support could be secured, the Siberian government was doomed. By early July, the decision was taken by the cabinet to authorize the meeting of the *Sibzemgor*.¹ Next, Admiral Kolchak issued a stirring appeal to the Siberian people to rally about his government.

'We are fighting for the national Russian cause; for the regeneration of Russia; for her unification and indivisibility. We are fighting for the rights of our nation; for the right to decide, through a Constituent Assembly, freely chosen by the people, the administration of the State; to decide the agrarian question; and to improve the life of the workmen.' This appeal went on to point out the failure of Bolshevism to fulfill its promises, as well as its crimes against liberty and the consequent necessity of annihilating it. It showed the impossibility of summoning a Constituent Assembly, representing the entire nation, until Bolshevism should be wiped off the slate. 'The struggle is for free Russia and for the rights of the people. We must be victorious or die. There is no other choice.' The Admiral reminded the peasants that in the history of Russia the people have always united in critical moments and found in themselves the strength to save the country.

It is worthy of remark that this state paper contained the first pledge of a Constituent Assembly made by Admiral Kolchak. He had always before talked publicly of a national assembly based on universal suffrage, to which he would turn over his power when he had pacified Russia.

This impressive declaration that the government, headed by Admiral Kol-

¹ The last advices from Siberia are that this assembly has been called to meet by the government. Some friends of Russia think this may prove a long step toward a unique national congress. — THE AUTHOR.

chak, which from the first had been engineered by reactionaries who had felt themselves free to choose as dictator a man of recognized democratic sympathies, was now convinced that Russia's only hope of salvation rested with the people, met with immediate popular response. The All-Russian National Union at once issued a summons to all citizens to make a supreme effort to save the nation, because no reliance could be placed upon any other agency than the people themselves. Russia must achieve her own deliverance, and that through a great popular uprising. 'The fight against Bolshevism is the fight for right and liberty. Victory will give us an indivisible and United Russia.'

Immediately the people were heard from. Cities in Siberia which had been openly apathetic and secretly antagonistic to the Kolchak government have begun with enthusiasm to organize infantry and cavalry companies. In the country the peasants, not to be left behind, have formed themselves into detachments of volunteers. The Cossacks, on a large scale, have responded to an appeal of the government to mobilize. Desertions from the army have decreased, and the spirit to fight, which for months has been notably absent in the Kolchak army, has risen steadily. And best of all as an indication of popular confidence, the Council of the All-Siberian Congress of Coöperative Societies has recently voted to place its

organization at the disposal of Admiral Kolchak.

Meantime, General Denikin, Commander-in-Chief in South Russia, who has consistently maintained that he is loyal to the Kolchak government, has been asked by the Chief of the British Military Mission in that section of the country, General Sir C. G. Briggs, to define his aim, and has responded most frankly. He declares that his objective is, first, overthrow of Bolshevism and restitution of law and order; second, reconstruction of a powerful united and indivisible Russia; third, convocation of a people's assembly based on universal suffrage; fourth, decentralization through wide regional autonomy and liberal local self-government; fifth, guaranties of civil and religious freedom; sixth, land-reform; and seventh, generous labor legislation.

Out of the dense political chaos order seems certainly beginning slowly to evolve. It is marked on the one hand by a growing conviction that Russia must not depend upon foreign military assistance to rid herself of her internal enemies, and on the other hand, by a clarifying consciousness that Russia's chief hope lies in her people, in the patient, strong, reliable, and long-exploited peasant population. This, by getting together with the intelligentsia, who are animated by unselfish public spirit, and the city workmen, may, so a considerable number of Russians believe, save the great Republic.

ADVENTURES IN BOLSHEVISM

BY CLARA SAVAGE

I

ONE of the latest popular songs in Paris is called '*Tout Tombe*' — 'Everything Falls.' They were whistling it and singing it and playing it in all the restaurants when I came back to Paris from Budapest. I had gone to Hungary to get a good look at Bolshevism. And I had had it. Ten days of living in a formerly fashionable hotel, renamed the 'Soviet House,' Bela Kun on the next floor down, the entrance guarded by machine-guns, the Red Army patrolling the streets. Rather a rare experience even in these days of revolution! But back again in gay, worldly-wise Paris, the latest song hit came as an augury. Sure enough, in a few days the Bela Kun régime fell.

What was Bela Kun trying to do anyway? What is this communistic talk all about? How will five months of Bolshevism affect the future of Hungary? What is its significance for the rest of the world? These are much-discussed questions in official circles. In considering them, the testimony of one who saw the Bela Kun régime in full swing may be valuable.

The scrap of paper for which I had endured all the hardships and exasperations incident to obtaining passports nowadays stated that 'Frau Klara Savage' might proceed from Vienna to Budapest and back again.

'If you can get back!' remarked one of the Austrian officials. 'You had better not stay too long or you may never get out. It's about time for a counter

revolution in Hungary. I'd advise you not to get caught in it.'

I had visions of being strung up by the Red Army, and the young Hungarian business man we met on the train encouraged the belief. Through him we got a rather incoherent impression of the capital's reaction to Bolshevism.

'You see before you a ruined man,' he said sadly. 'I was formerly a member of a large business firm; but my shares have been taken over by the government. I am not permitted to draw more than a small sum from my bank account per month; I must work for almost nothing.'

In a pause of the conversation he drew me aside and whispered, 'Would you do me a great favor?'

I saw myself involved in a plot to bring about a counter-revolution.

'Would you put sister's silk stockings in your suitcase?'

Here was our first hint of some of the practical difficulties involved in Bolshevism. He explained that such necessities as silk stockings were not to be obtained in Budapest; that he had bought a pair in Vienna, but that unless I, an American, would get them through the customs for him, he was afraid the Red Guard would confiscate them for their own sisters. I took them.

Leaving the train at the frontier, you must walk about a quarter of a mile till you come to a bridge that is the connecting link between Austria and Hungary. No one can pass here without a permit. Was it not Carlyle who said that one of the first signs of evolution

was man's acceptance of standing in line, instead of knocking his neighbor down with a club and getting there first? Hours and hours of standing in line for official *visés* make one wish, however, for more club and less evolution. It was some time before the official in the hut at the side of the bridge stamped our passes. Then we forward-faced out of Austria straight into a line of Red Guards standing, guns in hand, on the Hungarian side of the bridge.

I confess to being nervous. Their red cap-bands, red sleeve-bands, red buttons and rosettes, and their guns gave them a decidedly ferocious appearance. But, as usually happens when you have been dreading things, they are n't so bad as they look. For all their red bands and guns and general fierceness, they seemed, when you talked to them, surprisingly like any boys in uniform.

There were three of us, and as many Red Guards escorted us to a special train guaranteed to arrive in Budapest at two in the morning. They even stopped and refreshed us along the way with coffee at their barracks. Why?

'Because you are Americans.'

'American' is a magic word that opens every door. What is it that makes them like us so much? I began to ask myself after traveling through Switzerland, Austria, and Hungary. Perhaps it is because we live so far away! But, seriously, I believe it is because, in spite of all our mistakes, they believe in us.

We rode through the fertile country lands of Hungary. The fields promised a plenteous harvest. In the rolling meadows great herds of cattle browsed. Wheat rippled in the breeze. Men and women trudged home after the day's work. Hungary is a lush country, fertile and self-supporting as far as agricultural products are concerned.

Late afternoon deepened into night. I was tired and sleepy, and when one of

the Red Guard invited me to stretch out on one seat in his compartment, while he occupied the other, I forgot that he was what is commonly called a bloodthirsty Bolshevik, and accepted. As a matter of fact, he was a mild-looking Bolshevik, wearing eyeglasses, and he insisted that I have his overcoat for a cover. Beneath it I slept an untroubled sleep till I felt him shaking me. It was two in the morning, and we had arrived at Budapest.

II

We stumbled out into the darkness. The Red Guards found a coachman driving a bedraggled horse hitched to a musty hack, and in we piled. How still the streets were! How deserted! No late revelers returning home at this hour in the morning. Did no one revel in a communistic state? The slow hoofs of the old horse reëchoed on the asphalt with a ghostly rhythm. Then, turning a corner, we were suddenly halted by a Red Guard with a gun. He inquired in Hungarian who we were and where we were going. Not knowing any Hungarian, and having very little idea where we were going, we answered as best we could. We flourished beneath the light of his pocket-lamp our voluminous American passports. We learned afterward that one of the unwritten laws of Hungary — Bolshevik or not Bolshevik — is unerring politeness to the stranger within their gates. In no country does one meet with such courtesy.

The Red Guard saluted, and we rode on. One after another, we stopped at the hotels. They were all full. At last, we decided to try the stronghold of Bolshevism itself, the Soviet House, where Bela Kun and almost all the other government officials lived. It was a good deal like walking up to the White House in Washington and demanding bed and board; but with the usual American audacity we did it.

Here again the word American opened the door to us. We were given the best rooms in the house. Hot tea came up at three in the morning. We tumbled into bed and slept an untroubled sleep in this very hotbed of Bolshevism.

Waking up in communistic Budapest was like waking up in a strange new world, where most of the ideas with which you had been brought up, concerning government, society, life in general, did n't fit. The result was that you did one of two things — became immediately disgusted with this whole new state of affairs and went home to condemn it, or decided to try to be as open-minded as possible, to look it over carefully and dispassionately, and then decide what you thought of it.

Unless you were unalterably convinced that the particular form of government, of social life, of industry, to which you were accustomed was the right one for all times and places, you found it absorbingly interesting to watch this experiment along totally different lines. At times one would feel irritated, at times enthusiastic, at times homesick, because one was n't used to this new state of affairs, and found it difficult to adapt one's self to it.

At times, I went up to my room to laugh, for Bolshevism certainly has its humorous aspects. At other times, I felt strongly the sincerity, the groping after truth which actuate the real Communist, and was stirred, as any human being must be stirred, to see men struggling after an ideal. And all the time I found myself more awake mentally, more keenly concerned with fundamental questions affecting society, than ever before. You may not sympathize with this attempt at a communistic state in Hungary, you may eventually condemn it, but you've got to think about it. Russia lighted the red fire of Bolshevism, and the flames are spreading. Signs of unrest and Bolshevik

tendencies are expressing themselves in strikes and labor demonstrations all over the world. You can't really be alive to-day unless you realize the seriousness of this fact and try to understand it.

The fundamental idea in the communistic state of Hungary was that every adult person, man or woman, should earn his own living. Imagine living in a place where they take that story about Jesus Christ declaring that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to get into heaven, literally, and begin to take away his riches from the poor rich man! Imagine a place where no one can earn more than forty to fifty dollars a week, and no one less than fifteen!

That was the kind of a place communistic Budapest was trying to be. To understand it you have to understand the scheme of things — the plan of government. Briefly, it is like this.

The governing body of the state was the National Soviet or Workingman's Council (*Munkástanács* they call it in Hungarian), which is composed of representatives elected from the local Soviets of the various cities, towns, and counties. The local Soviets are made up of workers representing the various trades or professions, and are elected by their fellow workers. You would find artists, ditch-diggers, bank presidents, dressmakers, and other widely varying professions represented in the Soviet. The National Soviet elected the heads of the government departments, called commissars. There were twenty-six commissars acting as heads of the twelve departments. There were, for instance, the commissary of education, of hygiene, of production, of transportation and railroads, of justice, and so on, corresponding to the administrative departments of our government.

I attended a big meeting of the Budapest Soviet, at which the chief question discussed was the distribution of food.

It was a burning question. There was plenty of food in the country, but to organize the distribution of it and relieve the shortage in the cities was a difficult task, complicated by the shortage of coal resulting in poor railroad service. The National Commissar of Food addressed the meeting. Men and women delegates listened to what he had to say, interrupting him, from time to time, with shouts of approval or disapproval, with questions or suggestions. There was no doubt that this man was directly responsible to the people. He talked over with them his difficulties and his plans for overcoming them; he listened to their suggestions and complaints. There was no feeling that the speaker was removed from his audience because he held an official position. He was one of them. If he had better ideas than the rest, all right; if not, they said so and suggested others.

Hungary under Bela Kun, who was nominally the Commissar of Foreign Affairs, but actually the leader of this communistic state, patterned its government after that of Russia. Bela Kun is a former co-worker and close friend of Lenin. They were in communication every day by wireless. But Hungary avoided some of the mistakes made by the Russian Bolsheviks. For instance, in Russia one of the first steps was the confiscation by the government of all land privately owned. Now Hungary, as an agricultural country, has a large peasant population. Peasants, in the main, are a peaceful, conservative class. They live far removed from the seething unrest of cities, and when crops are plentiful and prices good, grow rich and contented. If you own your own farm, have plenty to eat and wear, and money saved, you are not apt to be the stuff of which Bolsheviks are made. You are apt to think that the world as it is is a very good place and wonder why anyone tries to change it.

So it was with the peasants of Hungary. If when the Communists came into power they had followed the example of Russia and confiscated all land, including the peasants' holdings, they would at once have alienated the strongest class. Bela Kun was wise. Peasants were allowed to keep their land up to a limit of two hundred acres.

On the other hand, the estate of the squire, who was the landlord in many rural districts of Hungary, was 'socialized.' The squire had formerly held much the position of a feudal lord owning a great estate worked by vassals. Under communism the estate was divided among peasants, who worked it on a coöperative basis. In the main, the peasants of Hungary were left unmolested by communism, and, as a class, were rather indifferent to what form of government existed, so long as crops were abundant and prices good.

When I was in Hungary the wage-scale for workers had not been entirely worked out, but three thousand kronen (about \$120 in American money, as exchange went then, but with a value of not quite twice that amount to Hungarians) was fixed as the largest salary per month that anyone could earn. Society was divided into groups, according to professions and trades, by a government committee. Highly skilled manual workers, professional men, and artists earned the same pay in some cases. Every adult who was able to work was compelled to do so, but special provision was made for the sick and the old.

One morning we were admitted to the Military Tribunal, which is the court of justice in a communist state. As a rule, it was not open to the public, and it was with some difficulty that we were admitted. A man who had been the trustee of a great munitions factory before the days of communism was being tried on the charge that he had kept his workingmen from organizing

in trade-unions and had in other ways interfered with what they believed to be the rights of the workers. The accused was a tall, iron-gray man, with a lantern jaw and sharp eyes. He stood stiffly erect in his military uniform and faced his three judges with an arrogant dignity. There was no jury. The man stated his case. Without understanding Hungarian, one could see that he was making a straight-to-the-point, dignified statement. When translated, we found he had said that, as his factory was a munitions plant, it was operated under military law; that he was, first of all, a soldier, and had simply obeyed the commands of those above him.

His statement finished, four witnesses appeared, three for and one against him. They were workmen from his own factory. Three of them declared that he was right: he had been the tool of powerful military authorities; that he meant no harm, but had not been strong enough to withstand pressure brought to bear by those higher up. I watched the face of the prisoner. It must have been hard for him to listen to these workmen over whom he had formerly tyrannized declare that he meant well, but was weak! The fourth witness attacked him bitterly, but his questioning brought out the fact that he had an irrelevant personal grievance.

The entire trial was conducted with the utmost calm, dignity, and fairness. There was no bullying by the judges, no attempt at tricky cross-questioning, no sharp practices. We heard, the next day, that the man was acquitted.

This trial seems to me fairly representative and important. Here was a man of the hated bourgeois class, who had been ruthless in attempting to curtail the rights of the workingmen. He was brought to trial by the workingmen, before workingmen judges, and they said he was not to blame, that he was merely the tool of an old system,

and acquitted him. After all the tales of bloodshed and public execution for offenses, which have been attributed to Bolshevism, I was glad to see an actual trial by the Military Tribunal.

That same day I went out to one of the big prisons on the outskirts of the city, for the purpose of seeing political prisoners. (As an aside, I must remark that Hungarian prisons are models which put ours to shame. They are light, airy, spotlessly clean. They are surrounded by lawns and gardens, where the prisoners take daily recreation.) A young college man, the son of a wealthy banker, took us to visit this prison. I have my suspicions that he was no Communist, although he did n't say so. It was about as risky to go about in Budapest declaring that you were n't a Communist and a believer in Bolshevism as it is in other countries to declare that you are a Bolshevik! Many of this young man's friends were political prisoners. It made visiting prison with him seem much like attending a delightful official reception.

'Oh, how do you do?' he exclaimed, seeing a distinguished-looking gentleman sitting under a tree, reading, in the yard. 'Let me introduce you to our former minister of war,' he said to me.

The minister laughed and shook hands. He showed us the book he was reading. 'Light stuff,' he remarked, 'light stuff. I never had time enough to read before. I was always too busy, but now I'm enjoying myself.'

We walked on and were introduced to several counts, barons, former state officials, and a bishop. They admitted that they were treated with the utmost courtesy in prison, that their rooms were comfortable and clean, that their friends were allowed to come each day, and might bring them food to supplement the plain prison fare. They could read and write whenever they wished, and were free to stroll about the prison

lawn and talk together. They were gradually being freed. Many of them were going back to government positions. One of the astonishing points about this Communist government in Budapest was its absorption of all elements. They were willing to have as government workers men who had not been Communists, who had actually been political prisoners because of their antipathy to this form of government, if they professed a change of heart and gave pledges of good behavior.

On the whole, I would describe these political prisoners as fundamentally rebellious and thoroughly frightened at the state of affairs in Hungary. They were afraid that a new order had come, and that they of the aristocracy would never find a place in it.

We had another glimpse of this side of things in Hungary, when we dined with a family which had formerly been wealthy. Now they had no more money, no more food than anyone else; their retinue of servants had been reduced to one maid, and on the next day their large apartment was to be divided so that another family would occupy a part of it. They were utterly rebellious. After a simple, but very good dinner, for which the mother apologized profusely, we went to the reception-room for coffee and were joined by a girl cousin, who was a perfect specimen of this type of family, delicately bred, sensitive, with a fragile blonde loveliness. She had been used to having everything she wanted. She was an artist, had studied in Italy.

'I want to go back to Italy,' she said, 'but I can't leave this abominable country. All our money is confiscated. They have taken away several rooms of our apartment, though I managed to keep an extra one by calling it my studio. And they have seized our summer home on the Danube, and filled it full of dirty little proletariat children.'

I asked her what her work was under the new government.

'Oh, they classify me as a "young artist!" I'm allotted 2500 kronen [\$100.00] a month, because my work has won some recognition. It's about enough to pay for one of my hats!'

By way of contrast, I visited one of the former slum districts of Budapest. Many of the families had moved to better quarters, but we found one family of thirteen living in two rooms. The father was then earning 2000 kronen a month as a skilled workman, and they were about to move to a better house.

'We're getting our chance,' said the father of the family. 'We're going to live like decent folks and take care of the children and have some comfort.'

There you have the two sides of the picture—the rebellious bourgeoisie, resentful at having their big houses, their servants, their limousines, their bank-accounts taken from them, forced to live simply and to work, and the proletariat, who believed they were getting a chance they had never had to live comfortably and bring up their children decently.

III

But, to get right down to it, how does communism affect the welfare of children? About the most important question you can ask of any government is what it is doing for the next generation. I had come to Hungary from Austria, where children were starving to death by the hundreds. Four years of food-blockade is having its effect. I saw hospitals filled with children slowly dying from hunger—'Angel Factories,' they call them. You could n't see this in communistic Hungary. When the Bolshevik government tackled the food-problem, it decreed, first of all, that children should have milk, that they should be well fed. The children in Hungary are plump and well.

Forms of government are interesting enough, but the thing that came nearest to making me a Bolshevik was a visit to the big baths in Budapest where all the school-children are bathed once a week. Just before the Bolsheviks came into control, a magnificent new hotel had been built on the shore of the Danube, with all the elaborate perfection necessary to satisfy the most exacting, sophisticated taste. Then along came the Bolsheviks. They took it over and decreed that its famous mud baths and sulphur baths should be open to everyone for a nominal sum. Certain days a week are reserved for the children.

If you could have seen them! Five hundred small boys, with straight, supple little bodies, standing in line to march in front of the doctor and be examined before being allowed in the bath. Children with weak hearts, any form of skin-disease, or contagion, must be bathed separately. Once pronounced fit, off they scampered to scrub themselves earnestly with soap and water in the showers, and then rush out and into the big pool. The bathing-rooms were of white marble, the great pools lined with turquoise-blue tiles and filled with crystal-clear water. Into them splashed the small boys. You can't imagine a happier sight, unless it was the five hundred little girls in the next room bathing in another great turquoise-blue pool, their softly curved, beautiful little bodies flushed pink from splashing and swimming. Such perfect joy as that one hour a week was to those children! And then to see them coming away, hand in hand, with damp curls or pigtailed and shining, scrubbed little faces. You had to stop and think for a moment to know whether you had stepped into the Kingdom of Heaven or into a Bolshevik state.

'But,' says someone, 'public baths for children are perfectly possible without Bolshevism.'

Yes, it seems as if they ought to be. I do not claim that the world should go Bolshevik so that children may have a weekly bath; but I would like to point out that any form of government that puts food for babies and the health of its children first is a form of government worth consideration.

The housing problem was one which was creating a good deal of difficulty in Budapest. The Communist government had decreed that no family should be entitled to more than three rooms, in addition to the kitchen, bathroom, and rooms set apart for definite work. Stories have been current that in Hungary millionaires and street-sweepers had been forced to share the same apartment; but although some curious combinations resulted as a rule, families with similar tastes and professions were encouraged to live together.

One Sunday afternoon a young woman invited us to tea. She and her husband were living in a delightful apartment which they shared with two other families. She was an ardent Communist, but even she admitted it was inconvenient to 'socialize' the one bathroom and the one kitchen to such an extent that all three families used them. She hastened to explain, however, that she believed the embarrassment would be only temporary, since extensive plans for building new model apartments, better fitted to communist ideas, were under way.

We had some difficulty in getting away from Hungary. Budapest was almost surrounded by its enemies, the Roumanians, Serbs, and Czechs. We took the train one evening, rode for ten minutes, and woke next morning exactly where we had gone to sleep the night before. The advance of the enemy had made further travel unsafe.

The next night we repeated the experiment. This time we rode until an early

hour of the morning, when those of us who had had war experiences heard a familiar sound — bombardment. The Czechs were bombarding Komoron, and, carelessly enough, our train had steamed in the direction of the bombardment. It backed out. Trains armed with machine-guns passed us. How we finally got out of Hungary after three days and three nights travel is a story not without its picturesque details, but its main importance lay in the fact that it gave us time to get a perspective on this communistic state.

My main criticism of Bolshevism, as I saw it in Hungary, is that it did not seem to be a spontaneous movement on the part of the majority of the people. Rather, it was something imposed on them from without. As a result it had to be enforced with all the rigor possible. Bolshevism is a synonym for anarchy and chaos to many people. Instead of anarchy and chaos in Hungary, there was the other extreme — over-organization, over-control. Talk about freedom and personal liberty! There was n't any in Budapest. You could not walk down certain streets, or eat, or buy a pocket-handkerchief without a permit; you could n't do this, and you could n't do that. The newspapers — all government-owned — printed long columns every day of rules to govern your daily life. And you could n't get away from it all. You could n't leave town without a government permit, and you could n't go home and be alone, for there were other families living in your apartment, sharing your bath. It's a terrible thing to be so utterly government-regulated!

And Bela Kun? Bela Kun was an absolute dictator. He could not very well help being, because there was n't another man among the Bolshevik group in Hungary who could compare

with him from the point of view of personality, intellect, and executive ability. When I first shook hands with him, I saw a dark, squat, thick-set man, with great rolling lips and a thick nose in a broad face. An ugly little man, more muscular than intellectual in appearance. Then I sat near him on a platform, while he addressed an immense audience of men and women. He put one foot up on the edge of his chair and leaned toward them, the perspiration pouring from his forehead, his right arm driving his words home with hammer-strokes in rhythm with his short sentences. Then you saw his real self — the self of a man who is absolutely sincere, pledged to what he believes is a great ideal, fired with a great faith, and willing to sacrifice anything for the sake of his cause. Ask even his enemies, and they will tell you that Bela Kun is all that I have said.

But is an absolute dictatorship at the head of an over-organized form of government a step forward? Or is the present situation in Hungary merely temporary? Will the communist ideals be able to emerge from the red tape of regulations and prove themselves to the rest of the world? These were some of the questions I asked myself as I came away from Hungary.

The answer is postponed. At present, Hungary has swung back to the old form of government by the aristocracy, with an archduke on the throne. The French keep right on singing '*Tout Tombe.*' And it is a well-known fact that a pendulum is apt to swing far in one direction and then in the other, before it hits the happy medium.¹

¹ Since the above was written, the pendulum has swung back once more, and the archduke has been dispossessed, after a very brief tenure of office, at the demand of the Allies. — THE EDITORS.

OUR RAILROAD PROBLEM

BY GEORGE W. ANDERSON

I

FOR ninety years we have had a railroad problem. It grew out of undertaking to make public highways sources of private profit. It was formerly a state problem. It is now a national problem. The war compelled recognition of the utter inadequacy of our transportation system and its financial unsoundness and of the resultant menace to the nation's capacity to mobilize for the great struggle. Our habitual American luxuries — inefficiency and waste — were instinctively agreed to be inadmissible indulgences in war-times. With general assent the railroads were, on December 26, 1917, taken under government control by the President. Under the Federal Control Act of March 21, 1918, government operation may, if the President so decides, continue for twenty-one months after the proclamation of peace. No one expects or desires the return of the roads to former conditions.

For a generation railroad-security-holders have had worse treatment than railroad-users. For two prior generations the chief victims were the using public. The Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 asserted, in meagre and inadequate fashion, that the state-chartered railroads are essentially national highways. The Interstate Commerce Commission has now eliminated the worst of the extortions and discriminations from which the using public suffered for nearly eighty years. But the security-holders had, until Federal control came, no protection from the nation.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has no jurisdiction in that regard. By the Federal Control Act, Congress empowered the President to contract to pay compensation on a basis not exceeding the average net earnings for the three years ending June 30, 1917. This measure assured regular payment of accruing interest on bonds and all regular dividends on stock. The security-holders have thus for two years been well taken care of by the government. If they could have a permanent status even somewhat less favorable, their lot, as compared with the past, would be a safe and happy one. The number of stockholders owning a few shares each has recently been increasing, indicating that many people have confidence in the ultimate sanity and justice of the American government.

Since the government took control, railroad rates have been raised about 25 per cent — a less increase than has obtained in the selling price of the product of any other great industry; wages have been increased, perhaps 60 to 70 per cent — also a less increase than has obtained in any other great industry. If railroad rates had been increased as have the prices of steel and most other products, the sky-rocketing spiral of high prices would have been made much worse. Increased freight rates are always reflected several times over in increased prices of the freight moved. The disproportion between the increase in the price charged for transportation and the increase in the cost thereof has necessarily resulted in diminished net

earnings. The government will not earn the amount that it agrees to pay for the use of the roads by about \$300,000,000 a year. No disbursement of, perhaps, \$600,000,000, from the Federal Treasury for war purposes, will compare in value of return to the American people with this railroad expenditure, with its resultant financial soundness of railroad securities and but moderate increases in the cost of transportation service. Railroad rates are to-day the lowest in the history of railroading. Considering the conditions with which the companies would have had to deal if the government had not assumed the burden, the management for two years has been the most efficient and the most economical the country has ever had.

Congress is now struggling with the problem of creating a real national transportation policy. More than thirty plans have been submitted. Only a brief sketch dealing with generalizations—which are always inaccurate—can here be attempted.

At the outset it is desirable to have in mind some fundamental facts and guiding principles that ought to control. There are three, and only three, parties in main and controlling interest:—

1. The public served—essentially a unit; not divisible into manufacturers, farmers, shippers or other special classes. Railroad rates are generally absorbed into the prices paid by the general consumer; everyone is interested in railroad service and in railroad rates.

2. The operating forces: numbering about 2,250,000 employees and operating officials, mostly of a superior type, who make railroading their life-work—a very stable and intelligent class.

3. The security-holders; the owners of about \$10,000,000,000 at par of bonds bearing an average interest rate of a little less than $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, and the recipients annually of about \$300,000,000

in dividends upon about \$4,000,000,000 at par of regularly dividend-paying stocks; besides the odds and ends of other stocks and bonds, largely speculative or representative of wrecked or embryonic railroad enterprises. Directly and indirectly the owners aggregate millions, in large part women.

The problem before Congress is how to coördinate these three factors so as to do essential justice to all. The corporations that have hitherto managed our railroads ought, for most purposes, to be ignored. They are largely legal myths, increasingly for many years nests of financial and political intrigue. For two years they have had a moribund and nearly useless existence, wasting large sums on official and legal forces that have contributed little to the solution of our transportation problem.

The first and most obvious economic right and need of the railroad-using public is uninterrupted service. This can be obtained only by the coördinated, continuous activities of Class 2, the operating forces. The American public now has no generally accepted *legal* right to continuous service. Otherwise stated, the operating forces have a legal right to strike.¹ The primary and most fundamental change required is, therefore, to provide for continuous service. That can be done only by creating a radically new legal status for labor. No plan of reorganization is worth discussing, or has the slightest prospect of satisfying the just demands and desires of the American people, that does not make

¹ This statement is not intended as an expression of opinion on a point of law—which, under the doctrines of the Supreme Court laid down in the Debs case (158 U.S.C. Reports, 564), as well as under some of the war legislation of 1918, might, under quite conceivable circumstances, be open to serious doubt. It is the present practical condition—not an arguable legal theory—as to the right of the public to have uninterrupted service from essential public utilities, with which we are now concerned.—
THE AUTHOR.

railroad strikes illegal and practically impossible. With illegal strikes, plainly the courts of equity and the courts criminal have long dealt efficiently. With this fundamental right of the public to continuous service, the forces most active and vociferous in Washington show little disposition to deal in any hopeful fashion. The perspective of the railroad presidents is perhaps indicated by the fact that they have submitted an elaborate bill of eighty sections, dealing in detail with the return of the railroads to corporate management, their consolidation into so-called rate-group systems under Federal charters, and the restoration of railroad credit — and containing on page 85, in fine print, the statement: 'Note. Provision as to Labor Controversies to be added.'

These and most of the other capitalistic forces now contending in Washington regard the relation of dollars to railroad service as primary, and the relation of the human workman to railroad service as of but minor and secondary significance. But railroad transportation now bears a relation to the safety and comfort of the American people fairly commensurate with the relation of the crew of a ship on the ocean to the safety and comfort of the passengers thereon. A strike of the crew of a ship has always been mutiny — crime.

The right of the individual employee to leave the railroad service should remain inviolate. But the present legal right of the mass of the employees, by combination and conspiracy, to take the country by the throat until it assents to their demands, just or unjust, must be taken away. No people can be really free while their right to a life of peaceful activity lies subject to the control of extra-governmental bodies. Labor unions to-day are extra-governmental bodies. They have the powers, but not the responsibilities, of government. Their domination is as intoler-

able as the capitalistic 'invisible government' that we have been fighting for a generation, until the Germans diverted our attention to world-affairs. Our dominating forces must be governmental, official. Then, when they do not suit us, we may change them through orderly political processes. Thus only can there be evolutionary democratic progress.

Assuming, then, that it is an essential part of any sound and constructive railroad policy that strikes be made illegal, how may this be effected justly and as matter of practical politics? It can be done in one way and in one way only: the management and control of our transportation industry must be turned over to such forces as ought to command and will command the confidence of the mass of the employees that they will hereafter receive just and human treatment. Giving up the right of strike, they must have a substitute which will effectually ensure them justice and which they will recognize as ensuring them justice. This weapon of economic war cannot be taken away, as a matter either of justice or of practical politics, without giving to railroad labor an entirely different status from that which has obtained under capitalistic domination of our transportation industry. Any attempt of capitalistic forces to ride rough-shod over several million organized voters will fail.

Probably no plan can be suggested for making strikes illegal which will not command the opposition of most of the prominent labor leaders of to-day. These men are now in the seats of power. For a generation capital has taught them lessons in arrogance and in disregard of paramount public right. It may be that they have learned these lessons. Some recent occurrences indicate that they have. But the solidarity and power of our labor unions are more dependent upon pressure from without

than attraction from within. It is the pressure of outside injustice which drives men in the mass into organizations having purposes and control that many of them dislike. Intelligent citizens, such as constitute the mass of our railroad employees, will welcome a self-respecting status that will release them from the obligation to strike under orders.

II

In measuring the forces at work and the way in which the problem must practically be dealt with, some important historic facts should not be overlooked. In the light of those facts, the cause for surprise is, not that union labor in the railroad industry has been so strong, but that it has been so weak. Only the four brotherhoods have ever been sufficiently organized to affect substantially their wage and other labor conditions; other railroad labor has been shamefully underpaid and exploited.

The popular impression as to railroad wages, both before and during Federal control, is largely the result of misrepresenting propaganda. Until action was taken under the report of the Wage Commission appointed by Director-General McAdoo on January 18, 1918, wages were astonishingly low. In the report, dated April 30, 1918, of this bi-partisan commission, of which Secretary Lane was chairman, is the following summary of wage conditions: —

It has been a somewhat popular impression that railroad employees were among the most highly paid workers. But figures gathered from the railroads disposed of this belief. Fifty-one per cent of all employees during December, 1917, received \$75 per month or less. And eighty per cent received \$100 per month or less. Even among the locomotive engineers, commonly spoken of as highly paid, a preponderating number receive less than \$170 per month, and this compensation they have attained by the

most compact and complete organization, handled with a full appreciation of all strategic values. Between the grades receiving from \$150 to \$250 per month, there is included less than three per cent of all the employees (excluding officials), and these aggregate less than sixty thousand men out of a grand total of two million. The greatest number of employees, on all the roads, fall into the class receiving between \$60 and \$65 per month — 181,693; while within the range of the next ten dollars in monthly salary there is a total of 312,761 persons. In December, 1917, there were 111,477 clerks receiving annual pay of \$900 or less. In 1917 the average pay of this class was but \$56.77 per month. There were 270,855 sectionmen whose average pay as a class was \$50.31 per month; 121,000 other unskilled laborers whose average pay was \$58.25 per month; 130,075 station service employees whose average pay was \$58.57 per month; 75,325 road freight brakemen and flagmen whose average pay was \$100.17 per month; and 16,465 road passenger brakemen and flagmen whose average pay was \$91.10 per month.

Not only were railroad wages unconscionably low before the government took over the railroads, but the ghastly burden of industrial accidents was until a few years ago left to rest almost entirely upon labor. The compensation acts, enacted against violent opposition by most of the railroads, have now to some degree ameliorated the fate of the victims of our numerous railroad-employee accidents. But the fellow-servant doctrine, the assumption-of-risk doctrine, the contributory-negligence doctrine, all had their origin or greatest operation in the field of railroad-employee accidents. Broadly speaking, the old railroad management treated labor as a commodity to be bought in the lowest market and junked when shattered in service.

Labor has not, and has no reason to have, confidence in getting a square deal if the railroads are returned to corporations operating them for private

profit and dominated by the financial cliques that have of recent years controlled our great railroad systems. For that matter, neither have the security-holders. Labor is embittered by generations of ill-treatment and exploitation. The representatives of labor say, and with substantial truth, that the forces which, until December 26, 1917, dominated our transportation industry, are representative neither of the rights of the millions of human beings who have done the essential transportation work, nor of the rights of the other millions who have furnished the money to pay for the transportation facilities.

Accordingly, railroad labor has prepared a programme of its own. As might be expected, it asks more than it ought to have. The 'Plumb plan' provides that the government shall take by eminent domain the railroad properties. This is fair enough to the owners; indeed, far more favorable to security-holders than most of the plans urged by capitalistic forces. The owners of property taken by eminent domain generally get more, not less, than they ought to have. The Plumb plan proposes that the roads thus nationally owned shall be operated by a corporation controlled by directors, one third appointed by the President, one third elected by the railroad operating officials, and one third by classified labor. It claims to put an effective check upon such directorate's making undue increase in railroad wages by providing for an excess-profits fund to be divided between the operating officials and classified labor and the public, the officials, who are initially to make wages, to have a dividend at twice the rate accruing to employees. The argument is that the desire for large dividends will give the operating officials a sufficient incentive to economy and consequent dividends for themselves to ensure reasonable railroad wages. But the fact would remain

that two thirds of the directors would represent employees and not the public served, or owners of the property used.

Manifestly, the American people ought never to accept a management of their transportation industry controlled by, and in reasonable prospect largely in behalf of, the employees. The railroad business is a public business. It must be controlled by and in behalf of the public. Labor is entitled to a full and fair representation in the management; it is not entitled to control.

But, viewed in proper perspective, the opportunity of the holders of bonds, or of stock, or of both, to participate intelligently in the selection of the management of a great industry is very much less than the opportunity of the employees in that industry. The mass of us bondholders or stockholders know practically nothing about the industries in which we are thus part-owners. In large corporations, stockholders exercise no more selective power over directorates than do bondholders. Employees of an experienced, intelligent type, like the mass of the railroad employees, know very much about the industry in which they labor. They may, and must, if the industry is to be progressive and efficient, have an incentive and an opportunity to contribute to sound and efficient management.

But our national highway-carrier industry must be dominated, not by those who live out of its treasury, but by those owing no duty except to the general public served, or else by a system of such checks and balances between labor, capital, and the public, as to give reasonable prospect of a management just, efficient, economical, and progressive. Such meagre representation as two directors out of from eleven to fifteen, given by the bill under consideration by the Senate Committee, known as the Cummins bill, will not, and I think ought not, to satisfy la-

bor's just demands. The Cummins bill leaves the full control of the railroad industry where it was prior to Federal control, in the hands of capitalistic interests. To put two labor directors into a large board would give labor little or no influence in determining proper wage and other labor conditions. Such labor directors would be almost certain to find their efforts futile; they would be disregarded and discredited. Discord and distrust between a management so constituted and the mass of the labor forces would be fairly certain.

Moreover, viewed in proper perspective, to give labor strong and self-respecting representation in the management of our transportation industry is not to extend a privilege, perhaps not even to recognize a right; it is, rather, to place responsibility where, in the public interest, responsibility belongs. As already indicated, railroad labor as now organized has great — too great, almost dominant — power, without proper legal responsibility for the use of that power. Labor must hereafter be so related to the management and continued and efficient operation of our public utilities as to take its full share of responsibility for their continuous, economical, and efficient operation. In my view, this can be done only by ousting capital from the dominant managerial control it has hitherto had. Capitalistic control in the management of our railroad industry is a failure. The combination of capitalistic control with national and state regulation is a failure.

III

Few people are in a position to know how bad our railroad management has been. Most of those who do know are in no position safely and frankly to tell. This indictment does not run against the operating management; most of the men directing actual operation are

faithful and efficient. But no body functions well without a head. Good arms, legs, and trunk are valueless until coördinated and directed by a good head. The railroad arms, legs, and trunk are fairly good; the head is muddled, incompetent, non-coördinating — determined to pervert the uses of the body from their normal and wholesome functions. We ought either to put our railroad industry fully under public direction, or to try the experiment of a balanced administration — making, say, one third of the directors public directors, probably appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, one third capitalistic directors chosen substantially as hitherto, and one third labor directors. I think it clear that in the management of a public business like the railroad business, labor is as much entitled to representation as capital, and that neither is entitled to control. The control must, directly or indirectly, be by the public for the public.

Even with such full and self-respecting representation of labor in the management, wage and other labor controversies would surely arise. These must be settled by some competent, courageous, permanent, and therefore trusted, tribunal — organized with an efficient staff for the purpose of keeping in close touch with labor conditions, and receiving salaries equal to those paid the Interstate Commerce Commissioners, or other persons holding important positions in the management and control of our railroad industry. Nothing could be more unfortunate than to minimize the importance of such a tribunal by providing, as does the Cummins bill, for a labor court, the members of which are to be paid \$4000 each, while the salaries of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners are raised to \$12,000. Labor will certainly look askance at a proposition to put \$4000 men in control of the rights of

human beings in this hazardous industry, while \$12,000 men are required to fix proper rates for carrying coal and calves. Confidence in a square deal is not promoted by such propositions.

Doubtless, as the railroad presidents contend, if private capital is to furnish the money requisite for needed railroad development, new credit based on radically changed financial conditions is necessary. But new management grounded on a radically changed attitude toward the human factors is far more essential. Money can be obtained on the public credit if necessary or desirable. Continuous, efficient, and economical service is impossible so long as our railroads are run by or for absentee landlords engaged in rack-renting schemes. The tenants will not work for such landlords.

The railroads lost their credit largely because there was no confidence that the management would use honestly, and in the public interest, the proceeds of increased rates if granted. Generous rates might well have been allowed if railroad management had shown any sign of using the proceeds, above a fair return to security-holders, with conscientious regard for public right, or even for the interests of their widely scattered stockholders. Outside the manipulations and speculations of the stock market, and such wreckings as the New Haven, Rock Island, and Frisco, the Interstate Commerce Commission has been compelled to face possible serious results to the public, arising out of the constitutional claims urged upon them by highly paid railroad counsel concerning rates and valuation. These counsel claim a constitutional right to capitalize any excess earnings (thus making the rate-payer furnish both capital and a return thereon), as well as unearned increment in land (an important factor in the values of the terminals in our rapidly

growing cities), going-concern values, besides other sorts of intangible and artificial so-called values representing in no part investors' money put with honesty and reasonable prudence into the public service, but rather ingenious legal schemes of public extortion. To the creation of our railroads, the public has contributed about \$700,000,000 of public moneys and a land area about equal to that of Texas. The value of these lands to the railroads cannot now be estimated, but it is enormous. For this tremendous contribution of public property to railroads privately owned, the public now has nothing to show.

Under such circumstances, no tribunal having any justice-loving instincts or regard for the public interests could allow increases in rates not demonstrated as necessary. No such demonstration was or could be made by the railroads, whose management has persistently refused to adopt modern book-keeping methods in charging maintenance and depreciation in the annual expenses, so as to show with approximate accuracy the real cost of the product sold. The only rate base presented to the Commission has been 'property accounts' bearing no sound relation to original cost, to reproduction cost less depreciation, or to any other arguably sound value of the property used in the public service. A worse or more inadequate system it would be hard to create, or even conceive.

Nor should we forget the national scandal of the interlocking directorates, now made illegal by Section 10 of the Clayton Act of October 15, 1914. The real object of these interlocking directorates was the despoilment of the railroad corporations for the benefit of the other concerns with which they interlocked. Otherwise stated, many of the railroad directors represented adverse interests, and operated from within, to the great damage of their trust estate.

These criticisms, necessarily general, should not be applied too broadly. It is, of course, not true that all, or nearly all, of the men who have served and are serving as railroad directors and as railroad presidents have been engaged in schemes of graft and conscious breaches of trust. But the system under which our great railroads have for a generation been controlled has, as it were, offered a premium for so-called 'honest graft' and breaches of trust. The Pennsylvania management to-day may be as honest and high-minded as any court in the land; a year hence the road may be in the hands of spoilers, who will wreck it as the Alton and New Haven were wrecked. The point is that the present system offers no security either to the investing or to the railroad-using public.

Some of the opponents of a real national transportation policy have humorously expressed a fear that thus 'the railroads might get into politics.' They have never been out of politics. For half a century they have been the most corrupt and corrupting influence in American political life, except possibly the liquor interests, with which they have been found in frequent coöperation. Their degradation of our newspaper press has been a menace of hardly less importance. Genuine democracy and a venial press cannot permanently coexist. Gratitude — 'a lively expectation of favors to come' — accounts for the gross misrepresentation in the current newspaper press of the achievements of the Federal War Control of our railroads and of the real significance of most of the plans now being urged upon Congress.

The fact is that the forces represented by the Association of Railroad Presidents have even now accepted, only under compulsion and with mental reservations, the proposition that the railroad business is really public business. Their, perhaps unconscious, atti-

tude is like that of the clergyman who said confidentially, 'The curse of my profession is that one has constantly to pander to the moral sentiment of the community.' Such pandering by our railroad magnates is a present distressing necessity from which they are struggling to be relieved by plans of reorganization little comprehended by the American people. A few years ago many of these same men were advocating rebating as but the exercise of a 'constitutional right to use our own money as we please.' As well depute the task of rebuilding the social and political structure of Continental Europe for real and effective democracy to the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs and their Junker clans as turn back our national highways to the exploiting forces that have controlled them for a generation. The talk about 'returning the railroads to their owners' would be nonsense if it did not connote a hidden menace both to the 'owners' and to the American people. The 'owners' have had nothing to do with managing the great railroad properties for thirty years.

IV

Next in importance to providing a new status for labor which will make it both just and politically possible to take away the right to strike, is the question whether we shall retain the competitive theory in our railroad organization and management, as an assumed incentive to efficiency and progressive development. Several chambers of commerce have advocated what is called 'competition in service' a taking phrase. The Cummins bill provides that it shall be the policy of the United States as soon as practicable to consolidate the railroads, in ownership and for operation, into not less than twenty, or more than twenty-five, separate and distinct systems. For such meagre

and utterly inadequate coördination the American public is to submit to seven years of 'voluntary consolidations,' as Jacob served seven years for Rachel. Failing such results from seven years of financial manœuvring, compulsory consolidation is to ensue.

The Cummins bill also provides that 'competition shall be preserved as fully as possible.' But on analysis the contention for what is called competition seems to be almost entirely delusive. What is really wanted is not competition, but an incentive to efficiency, economy, and progressive development. Under such regulation as is proposed, there can be nothing fairly called competition. The essence of competition is the right and opportunity of the managers of a property to get business on their own terms and make all the profits they can. There is general agreement that competition must be eliminated from rate-making, and that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall have the right to prescribe minimum as well as maximum rates, so as to eliminate such vestiges of rate-competition as have survived the regulation of the last thirty years. With rates made by public authority, the selling price of the product of the railroad industry is put out of the management's control. Wages, which cover more than half the cost of the transportation product, are also expected to be made by other than the nominal employer. The railroad presidents do not expect, probably do not desire, to take the burden of dealing with the wage question. National control over railroad labor conditions was asserted by the Adamson Act. It will never revert to the boards of directors of privately owned and managed railroad corporations. New securities are to be issued only after public approval. Common use of terminals is to be determined by paramount public interests, as obvious-

ly it ought to be. Extensions, whether for new business or demanded in the public interest, — and whether profitable or not, — are to be made only under public approval or pursuant to public mandate. If, perchance, any competition survives under such extensive regulation, — so that two railroads are found competing for the same line of business, — then pooling of earnings is, under public approval, intended to end such competition.

Adequately to discuss the pros and cons of the competitive theory as applied to the highway-carrier industry would require a book. But it is safe to assert that the great weight of sound and informed opinion is that competition in railroading has, certainly for a generation, done the American people more harm than good. The wastes of competition in railroading are great and obvious; the economies delusive and theoretical. Some other incentive for efficiency must, and I think may, be found in a plan for guarded and limited profit-sharing.

Moreover, the Cummins bill, as does also the bill presented by the railroad presidents, provides that the Interstate Commerce Commission shall divide the railroads into 'rate-making groups,' having 'in view the similarity of transportation and traffic conditions therein. There is no such thing as a rate-making group of railroads. The Interstate Commerce Commission cannot perform this task. It is impossible of performance.

V

The conclusion is that we shall never have any railroad transportation system worthy the name of 'system' until the roads are unified. Every road worth talking about is a factor in interstate commerce. Railroads are interrelated national highways. They are bounded only by the ocean — hardly by our

national boundaries either on the north or on the south. Until this fact is recognized, we shall make little sound progress toward a national highway-carrier system.

Unification and federalization are both absolutely essential. To continue the struggle under the competitive theory, and under the absurd and complicated provisions of state charters and inconsistent and hampering state laws, is to invite failure.

Paradoxical as it may at first seem, the unification of our railroads under a single Federal charter makes far easier of proper and satisfactory solution the problem of local and state control over transportation problems that ought to be locally controlled. When our national highways are operated under a Federal charter, the Federal government may safely delegate in large measure to state authorities the enforcement of Federal rights — such as commutation rates around our large cities, the elimination of grade crossings, and local questions of train service and safety appliances. As the agency is a Federal agency, the Federal government can retain for itself full reviewing control over all questions having real national significance — such, for instance, as the building of an expensive station in Boston, Buffalo, or Denver.

The law should also require the Federal directors to provide to the utmost practicable degree for local administration. A centralized administration of a single Federal railroad company, under a statute requiring regional administration to the full extent practicable, is far easier of management than are complicated systems such as the Pennsylvania. These great railroad systems are now as bureaucratic as the most over-grown government bureaus. Besides, they have all sorts of troubles arising from conflicting state charters, state laws, and state regulating commissions. In

other words, unification is a condition precedent to effective local control over local interests in an essentially national highway system.

It hardly need be pointed out that the much-discussed problem of the strong and the weak roads vanishes when we have unification. This problem can be solved in no other way. All other proposed solutions either play into the hands of speculators and exploiting interests or utterly fail to meet the difficulty.

Over this question whether the railroads shall be incorporated under Federal charters is raging a violent conflict between contending capitalistic forces. The railroad presidents advocate Federal incorporation, voluntary for a period and thereafter compulsory, somewhat as does the Cummins bill. But a fierce attack is made upon this proposition by the representatives of the railroad security-holders, the proponents of the so-called Warfield plan. They allege that compulsory Federal incorporation is unconstitutional, and buttress their allegation by the learned opinion of eminent counsel. They contend that the railroads should continue under state charters. They have become, for present purposes, ardent supporters of state rights; and would gain political support from the natural state jealousy of Federal encroachment, and the desire of state commissions to continue to make intro-state rates, with little regard to the paramount rights of interstate commerce to move on equal and undiscriminating terms.

These two great financial forces — the railroad presidents, representing in a general way the old régime, and the National Association of owners of Railroad Securities, represented by forces that desire to get into the seats of power and pleasing profits — are engaged in violent and acrimonious controversies as to the respective merits and demerits,

the constitutionality and unconstitutionality, of their opposing schemes. Perhaps they are rendering a valuable public service by showing up the unsoundness, if not the unconstitutionality, of each other's plans. The plans of both contestants are essentially private-interest-serving and not public-interest-serving. It is manifest to the outside and detached observer of their contest, that they are carrying on an old-fashioned railroad fight, where the gist of the question is which of two sets of exploiting forces shall get control of the financial and political situation for purposes of private profit.

The Cummins bill resembles in some important respects the plan of the railroad executives. It endeavors to deal with the problem of the strong and the weak roads by taking from the strong roads the excess earnings above a fair return (whatever that may be held to be), and turning one half thereof into a labor-welfare scheme, and turning the other over to the contemplated transportation board for the purchase by the nation of equipment, or for loans to other carriers for the purpose of equipment and other transportation facilities. While this plan attempts to avoid the alleged vicious exploiting features of the Warfield plan, in that the excess profits of the strong roads are not thus diverted to the purpose of putting value under watered or otherwise unsound stocks, it is attacked by the railroad executives as being unconstitutional. Only a decision by the Supreme Court, probably rendered after years of confusion, uncertainty, and litigation, can determine that question. No such question should be left open.

VI

But no one has yet suggested that the United States has not a plain constitutional right to charter a Federal

corporation with power to issue its stock in exchange for the stocks of existing corporations, and to take by eminent domain for national transportation purposes any property fit therefor. The very simplicity of this plan seems to be one — perhaps the controlling — reason why it is not acceptable to the forces that profit by chaos and contention.

If the views thus crudely outlined — that we must have a new management for railroads in which labor is an efficient and responsible part, and that our railroads must be unified into a single national system — are sound, what are the rights of the security-holders and how shall a plan for reorganization and unification be most easily accomplished?

Manifestly, no such eminent domain proceedings as are provided by the Plumb plan are necessary or desirable. Railroad-security-holders are to-day in a trading mood. Good railroad securities are selling on a basis of eight to ten per cent return from dividends regularly paid for the past five years. No security-holders who are intelligent and informed desire to return to the old régime, perhaps to share the fate which befell the security-holders of the New Haven, Boston & Maine, Frisco, Rock Island, Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton — not to mention others in the not remote past. It is entirely clear that railroad-security-holders need and are probably entitled to have their just rights protected by the Federal government, which has for years regulated, and now controls, the operations of the railroads owned by these security-holders. The bonds outstanding in the hands of the public and bearing an average interest rate less than that paid by the government on the Victory Loan should, with certain exceptions for present purposes negligible, be paid according to their tenor. Pending payment, they should be guaranteed, prin-

cial and interest, by the Federal government. As to the stockholders in receipt during the past five years of regular dividends, plainly they would be justly, even generously, treated if given an opportunity to exchange their stocks for stock in a Federal corporation on which standard dividends should accrue at such a rate as to give them as much as, or even somewhat less than, the regular dividends paid during the past five years. The plan is as simple as the consolidation of any great railroad system. It is merely a stock-swapping proposition.

If the railroads were once unified under Federal charter, with a statute permitting the new corporation, and requiring the Interstate Commerce Commission, to make rates adequate to pay a standard dividend of not less than five or more than six per cent, then the relations of these stockholders to the Federal government would be substantially like those of the Boston Elevated to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. In the new stock certificates there should be a provision that the Federal government may at any time expropriate the stockholders at par and accrued standard dividend. This would insure the government in its right at any time to change the plan of organization and control, as experience might dictate. Such a provision in the stock certificates would affect to no substantial degree the market value or other rights of the stockholders.

Such exchange of stock would not, of course, take care of wrecked, embryonic, or otherwise unfortunate railroad properties. The rights of the owners of such properties might have to be determined by due process of law. But as soon as the Federal government was in control, not only, as now, of the rate-making power, but also of the actual ownership in a single Federal corporation of all the great systems and

trunk lines, the owners of the remaining railroad properties would be in no position to force exorbitant prices from the Federal government. The question would be, what, in justice, should the new railroad company pay such owners for their rights and interests in the odds and ends of railroad properties not included in the great consolidation which would be effected without litigation and as matter of trade.

Whether the Federal government should guarantee a minimum dividend of, say, four per cent on the stock of such unified railroad company, would be a question for fair discussion. Probably such guaranty would improve credit, reduce the cost of capital, and thus the ultimate cost of transportation, while costing the government nothing.

Railroad rates should be so adjusted as to make the railroad users pay the real cost of transportation, including interest on the bonds, standard dividends on the stock, and the full cost of maintenance of the properties. An incentive to efficiency, economy, and progress might well be furnished by providing that any excess profits made in fat years above the standard dividend should be divided into thirds — one third to go as a dividend on wages on a classified schedule to be worked out under the approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission; one third to stockholders to be used in fat years up to a reasonable maximum dividend, probably not exceeding seven per cent, any balance to be put into a reserve fund to meet possible deficiencies in standard dividends in lean years; and the other third for public uses, perhaps to amortise capital investment or to provide for government equipment.

Many of the plans now before Congress contemplate some such species of profit-sharing as an incentive to efficiency, economy, and progress. Competition has utterly failed to give us these

results; profit-sharing is an experiment worth trying.

It is perhaps not surprising that the forces now active in Washington are essentially private-interest-seeking forces and not *public*-interest-serving forces. Our railroads have always been purveyors of perquisites and of special privileges. Our railroad fights have almost always been contests to see which of two financial cliques should have the chance of exploiting either the railroad-using public, or the railroad-owning public, or both. This general characterization is in the main applicable to the present Washington situation. The railroad presidents represent the dominating financial forces whose mismanagement is illustrated, perhaps in extreme degree, by the fate of the New Haven, Rock Island, and Frisco.

In the view of the railroad presidents the whole question of railroad reorganization is a question of railroad credit. They say, in effect, 'Raise rates twenty-five to fifty per cent, and put us back into our comfortable seats of power, with salaries ranging from forty to one hundred thousand dollars a year, and all will be well.' They demand railroad rates sufficient to provide a six per cent return on the full value of the railroad property (whatever that may be), plus three per cent more to be ploughed into the property, so as to take proper care of maintenance, depreciation, and expenditures for non-revenue producers, like grade-crossing elimination, ornate stations, etc. They are probably correct in their claim that for many years most of the companies have been charging too much to capital account. In part, this is due to the rules of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and in part to the fact, already adverted to, that railroad managers have persistently refused to keep their books so as to show their actual expenses. This muddled and inadequate

book-keeping system is here adverted to as but another illustration of the sort of management that has brought our railroads to their present financial slough, and that is almost certain to result from tying up the national highway business with Wall Street and profit-seeking manipulation.

But rates based on nine per cent for capital will create no enthusiasm among shippers when the days of war-profits have passed.

Whether out of this chaos of conflicting interests the Congressional committees — on which are serving many men of superior abilities, large experience, and unquestionable desire to perform their duties in statesmanlike and effective fashion — will succeed in working out this year a sound and effective railroad system may well be doubted. The year preceding a presidential election is rarely a time for strong and constructive statesmanship. Rather is it a time for manoeuvring for political position; a time when men in office are afraid to deal boldly and radically with great problems of which any attempted solution is sure to offend some influential political interest. The temper of the times does not seem constructive.

Haste makes waste. It would be a calamity to the nation and to railroad-security-holders to have the roads turned back to corporations under any plan now under apparently serious consideration. Moreover, out of the present urgent desire to 'do something, even if crude and merely tentative,' arises another danger too serious to be passed unmentioned. That danger is that the Interstate Commerce Commission will be ruined by being over-burdened, not only with an intolerable mass of work, but by imposing upon it functions which it is not, by training, tradition, organization, or personnel, fit to perform. That Commission has done work of great value to the country. It com-

mands and deserves public confidence. It is our only present national transportation instrumentality. But, like other human institutions, its capacity is limited. It cannot successfully run the railroads or solve problems of organization which require bold and far-reaching legislative enactments. It must be kept to its quasi-judicial and administrative tasks, under statutes capable of intelligent and coherent construction and covering all essential principles for rate-making, security-approving, and other properly delegated, regulatory provisions — else it will break under the burden.

It is broadly true that we have our present railroad chaos because the national legislature has failed to meet and deal with problems that only it can deal with. If now, in haste and confusion, the burden of solving the insoluble is thrown, in indefinite, incoherent fashion, upon the Interstate Commerce Commission, a bad situation will be

made worse. Congress will destroy the only effective national transportation institution that the country now has.

If by the time this article is published some measure much sounder and more constructive than any yet formulated is not well on its way toward enactment, the best thing that can happen to the American public — and especially to the railroad-security-owning public — is an extension of Federal control until after the next presidential election. This may be done either by the President under the authority of the present act, or by joint resolution of Congress. The responsibility obviously ought to be taken in part by Congress, and not be borne by the President alone. If the roads are turned back under any of the pending plans, most of them will be in the hands of receivers within six months; manipulators, speculators, and exploiters will flourish at the expense of the railroad-using public and the railroad-owning public.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

GRAM NEGATIVE DIPLOCOCCI

(The laboratory of an American Base Hospital in France)

I WAS working intently over my microscope, searching amid the débris of a stained slide for lurking cocci. Back and forth, through a labyrinth of red and blue fibres, I wandered: here a cell — here another; red-stained leucocytes, these. No organisms here. Good. More cells — a group this time; still nothing suspicious. I lifted my focus a trifle: two tiny red spots —

A knock at the door interrupted me,

and I looked up, calling, 'Come in.'

No one entered. It was very quiet in the laboratory that afternoon — Christmas afternoon. A fire hummed in the iron stove; a coal settled quietly down into place. Over in the far corner a mouse had discovered my precious cake of chocolate, and was gnawing away at the paper wrapper. Rain poured down in a dismal patter on the roof and swished against the windows. No one was stirring. Probably I had been mistaken: it was only the wind rattling the paper windows in the door. I bent again to my red spots. Intra-cellular Gram

negative cocci, when found in the spinal fluid, could mean only one thing —

The knock again, — tap, tap, — more distinct this time.

'Come in!' Who on earth would stand out in the rain and knock on the door so timidly? No one had ever entered so ceremoniously before. Still no one came in. Strange. No sound now save the fire and the rain: the mouse had stopped when I spoke. I sat a moment, listening. Faint voices reached me from the wards across the street; someone passed, slushing through the deep mud; someone laughed. Then, quite unmistakably, I heard a sob. I sat very still. Seconds passed; another sob; then another followed it in quick succession. Silence again. The mouse was at work once more; it was working on the chocolate now.

Crossing to the door, I threw it open.

A strange figure stood there in the twilight — a strange little old man, stoop-shouldered, bare-headed, the rain streaming down on the few matted gray hairs. He was dressed in the nondescript garb of the Spanish laborer — great wooden shoes, baggy patched trousers, and ragged coat. A great olive-drab muffler was wound several times around his neck, yet the two ends hung nearly to the ground. In his hands — dirty, black-nailed, work-worn hands — he fidgeted an old cap. His face was deeply lined and overgrown with a gray stubbly beard of several days' growth — a thin, starved face, with deep-set, bleary eyes.

A great sob shook him from head to foot. I stood there in the doorway and waited, knowing neither French nor Spanish, and knowing full well that English was useless.

'Monsieur,' he sobbed.

'Monsieur,' I repeated, not knowing what else to say.

Sob after sob ran through his bent frame, but there were no tears: he was

very old. Puzzled, I awaited further developments, while the old man fingered his cap and sobbed.

'Monsieur,' he repeated, but seemed unable to go on.

'Oui, monsieur.' Then, plucking up courage, I ventured further: 'Entrez-vous?'

The ancient did not move. Finally, 'Christoval — ici?' he sobbed.

Christoval! I began to understand in spite of myself.

'Oui; Christoval ici,' I replied.

A sob a little deeper than the others was the only reply. Then, quite suddenly, his cap crushed in his palm, he raised his face, and both arms shot toward me.

'Christoval — mon fils!' he cried.

Ah, the anguish of it! So that was it. Yes, I understood. Christoval, the Spanish laborer who had died that Christmas morning of spinal meningitis; Christoval, who lay in the adjoining room wrapped in a white sheet; Christoval, for whom we had fought a losing fight for days.

'Entrez-vous, monsieur,' I repeated; and helped the tottering old man to a seat by the stove. What a picture of utter misery he made, sitting there, sobbing. I hardly knew what to do. If only he could cry a *tear*!

I patted him gently on the shoulder, with a vague idea of quieting him. The effect was quite unexpected. He looked up at me, then reached for and took my hand in both his calloused palms.

'Mon fils,' he repeated.

I hesitated no longer; contagion or no contagion, I could not send him away unsatisfied. His sacrifice was enough: he had the right to see his boy. Taking him gently by the arm, I led him to the door of the adjoining room. There I paused for just a moment: the sobbing had stopped — in fact, he seemed scarcely to breathe. It was very quiet: only the rain on the roof. I looked at

the old man: he was very calm. I opened the door.

Then, in the twilight, father and son met for the last time.

Kneeling near the body of his boy, his head buried in his poor old hands, the ancient prayed — half to himself, half aloud — prayed with all the strength of his body and the power of his soul — prayed over the body of his dead son. Surely, if ever prayer ascended, that one did. And then the sobbing began again, but deeper, slower. In fear that he might get too close to the body, I led him gently — very gently — from the room. And as he passed out into the rain again, — childless, crushed, convinced, — he turned and faced me. A great tear sparkled in the corner of each eye! So Nature relented at the last moment and granted him the blessed relief of tears!

'Merci, monsieur; merci, merci!' was all he whispered. And touching his finger to his forehead, he turned and plodded off through the mud and rain.

I closed the door, and with a very deep sigh, returned to my microscope and the little red spots. Long I studied over that field and others. More and more tiny red spots revealed themselves where no spots should be. Intra-cellular Gram negative diplococci, when found in fluid taken from the spine, could mean only one thing. And I knew even without further culture, that up in our 'contagious ward' one of Uncle Sam's boys was well started along the same path that the younger Christoval had so lately followed.

A PARABLE FOR PHILANTHROPISTS

Christopher and I were motoring through the Adirondacks; and, on the morning in question, were traversing an unusually long stretch of unbroken wilderness. For ten or fifteen miles we had passed not a cottage, not a camp,

not even a trail. Nothing but forest on both sides of the road — wild, tangled forest, beautiful, fragrant, and infinitely lonely. Its silence had fallen upon us. We felt as if we had escaped forever from the troubled haunts of men, and could never again be confronted with human problems. We drove slowly, with only a half apprehensive eye on the gray sky, which threatened rain.

I was just thinking that it was strange we saw so little evidence of the wild animal life with which the woods must abound, when suddenly, like an answer to my mental challenge, there came a little stir in the bushes ahead of us. A tiny, discreet stir. No suggestion of a bear or a deer. Perhaps a hedgehog, however. As we passed, I looked closely and, to my astonishment, saw, not a hedgehog, not even a rabbit or squirrel, but — of all things, in that uninhabited wilderness — a shrinking, small gray kitten. I could hardly have been more surprised by the appearance of a woodchuck on Fifth Avenue.

Christopher saw it as soon as I did, and he slid into neutral and stopped the car. An indignant and disdainful look crept about his mouth. I knew what he was thinking. We live in a summer-resorted valley ourselves, — and we have had incredulously disgusted experience with people who abandon pet cats when they close their cottages. But not out in the wilderness like this, at the mercy of all kinds of dangers, and so little and helpless, its mother's milk scarcely dry on its mouth. I was so angry that I could not speak, as I got out of the car and went back along the road.

'I don't know what in the world we'll do with it,' said Christopher.

The point was well taken. We were planning to spend the night in a hotel. Neither of us hesitated, however. Our duty seemed clear.

'I suppose we can leave it at some camp or farmhouse,' I suggested.

'And pay them for taking care of it!' Christopher added, ironically.

The kitten remained just where we had discovered it until we were near enough to look it in the eye. It had evidently been a pet. Its fur was sleek and its face wore the open, candid expression peculiar to well-bred cats. It seemed glad to see us. Steadfastly it returned our gaze, and its pink mouth opened in a plaintive meow.

'Kitty!' I murmured. I'm fond of cats, and this one quite went to my heart. 'Pick her up for me, Christopher. I'll hold her while you drive.'

So Christopher went to pick her up, and for the next hour and a half he continued to repeat the motion.

Who could have believed it would be so hard to make connections with a pet kitten? She was not afraid of us. On the contrary, the minute we let her alone, she came stealing back to the side of the road where she could see us and call to us. But she simply could not make up her mind to let us rescue her.

First Christopher tried, with a confident method which left him staring rather foolishly at his unexpectedly empty hand. Then I tried.

'That's not the way. Evidently, she's been out here long enough to get frightened. Poor little thing! We must coax her into confidence.'

So Christopher sat down on a rock and lighted a cigarette while, slowly, slowly, discoursing, 'Poor kitty! nice kitty!' in my most mellifluous accents, I crossed the road and approached the spot where the kitten crouched. It took me at least ten minutes, and, in the end, she slipped from beneath my very fingers. My discomfiture was worse than Christopher's, for the retreating ball of fur turned and spat at me.

'Hard luck!' said Christopher, sympathetically, if also a little critically, 'when you so nearly had her. I'll try again next; but we'd better sit still

for a while till she gets over her scare.'

As we sat waiting, it became evident that it really was going to rain. In fact, already a fine mist was in the air.

'Those bushes will soon be nice and wet,' remarked Christopher.

'Well,' I replied, much subdued, 'she's near the edge now. Go and get her, and get it over with.'

Three minutes later, after a slow approach followed by a plunge on Christopher's part, the kitten was in the heart of the forest.

'Oh, I say!' cried Christopher. 'This is hopeless. We might stay here all day and all night and all another day. Don't you think we'd better conclude that we've done our best? After all, there are plenty of mice and grass-hoppers in the woods.'

I recognized this as sound, sensible masculine advice, and I longed to accept it. The prospect of spending indefinite hours dodging about tangled bushes in the rain was not exhilarating. Moreover, the next inn was leagues ahead, and we were hungry. But the sentiment of my sex was too much for me.

'I'm afraid I could never look Shem in the face again,' I murmured.

Shem is our yellow cat at home.

Christopher was admirable. He always is, but on this occasion he outdid himself. He said nothing further, but took off his hat and coat, turned up his trousers, and went to work. For nearly an hour he pursued that kitten, trying every method he could think of or I could suggest. He stalked and coaxed, he waited and plunged, he withdrew, he circumvented and headed off. The rain fell steadily, and the bushes more than fulfilled their promise of wetness. I was very unhappy. After all, I care more about Christopher than about kittens. But something of the kitten's perversity had infected me. As she could not bring herself to be caught, so I could not bring myself to abandon her.

'Well,' said Christopher finally (he spoke carefully; for the last half hour when he had said anything at all, he had said it carefully), 'I'm going to make one more effort, and then —'

It was a thorough effort. He made a wide détour about the kitten's position, entering a part of the forest which he had not penetrated before, and was about to close in on the maddening out-cast, when, to my perplexity, he suddenly desisted from the whole undertaking and returned to the road, shaking the rain from his hair and turning down his trousers with as dark an air of disgust as I have ever seen. I wanted to ask, 'What in the world is the matter?' but I thought I'd better not.

He told me, however, presently. The situation was one which just had to be shared. 'There's a trail over there,' he said concisely, 'leading to an occupied camp. We've spent the morning trying to kidnap that kitten.'

Perhaps there is nothing more to be said. Certainly Christopher and I said nothing for many miles. I was too humbly chastened, and he was too — well, let us call it considerate. But we did some thinking; and, after a most opportunely good dinner at an unexpected wayside inn, I was relieved to hear Christopher begin to meditate aloud.

'It was n't crying at all,' he reflected. 'It was just saying, as its mother had taught it, "Welcome to our mountain home." How embarrassed it must have been!'

'And frightened,' I added. 'No wonder I thought it looked scared. Several times we nearly had it.'

'Well,' Christopher concluded, with a grave glance at me, 'philanthropy's a ticklish business.'

BEING ONE OF THEM

I think it began when I stepped into the elevator that would take me to the

third floor of the building that houses the local water company.

'Good morning,' said I to the elevator man.

'A fine morning,' said he to me.

The thought crossed my mind that it was a pity he had to spend this fine morning in a sunless elevator-shaft, but all I said was, 'Yes, indeed it is! Third, please.'

I entered the office and handed my bill and my check under the wicket to the clerk. He quickly dispatched the business—Dub! dub! the rubber stamp banged on the bill, and on the coupon, my receipt was handed to me, and forth I went. There at the open elevator-door was the man waiting for me.

'How did you know I'd be out at once?' I asked.

'It don't take long to pay a water-bill,' he answered.

Of course, the water company's office is not the only one on the third floor of that building, but I passed lightly by the obvious question how he knew where I was going, and said instead, 'There must be a good many people paying their water-bills.'

With zest he answered, 'Many! I should say there was! They was comin' and goin' all day yesterday. And last night, too, till near nine o'clock. Lord, I was tired!'

And with that we parted on the ground floor, and I went on my way, considering. For a day or so at the beginning of each month, do all people lose individuality in that man's eye? Short or tall, light or dark, thick or thin, Gentile or Jew, are we all only 'they' to him? people going up with unpaid bills in their hands, people coming down pocketing their receipts? payers of water-rates?

I met my child's dancing teacher. My child, in my opinion, will some day out-Russian the Russians. At present, fat three-year-old legs end rather

abruptly in wee feet encased in the smallest known dancing-slippers; but the pirouettings and pointings of my prodigy promise well. I stopped to speak to the teacher. She is nice. I like her. She has individuality in my mind. But in the course of the conversation she said something about 'the mothers, and I at once knew I had no individuality in her mind. Even detached, in the spring sunshine, on a down-town street, I am still only one of 'them' — one of that long row of fondly beaming females who sit against the wall on Thursday afternoons. To me they are individuals — Stephen's mother, fair-haired like her boy; Alice's mother, with Alice's same smile; perhaps they are individuals to Stephen's and Alice's teacher, but she called them 'the mothers.'

I left her and climbed the steps to a dry-cleaning establishment on the second floor of an old building. There I was greeted by the proprietress, a business woman of tact with whom I have had many an interview, both face to face and over the telephone. These interviews, though entirely on business matters, have always left a pleasant impression, a flavor of personality. To-day's was like preceding interviews. I was greeted with a personal smile. We conferred earnestly together about my husband's fur-lined coat. I asked if it could be returned to me in a sealed package, so that I'd not have to bear the responsibility if moths ate the coat.

'Boxes are high and hard to get, and so we are n't sending anything home sealed this year,' said my dry-cleaning friend. 'They used to always expect it, but I guess they'll have to realize it's impossible, now.'

'They' expected? Who expected? moths? fur-linings? boxes? Oh, yes! of course! Customers. I was one of 'them' to her. I was merely a human being who stored up my goods where moth

and dust corrupt. I was a soldier in that vast army that wages war on dirt, with no more individuality in the dry-cleaner's eye than has one khaki-clad soldier in the parade to the citizen looking from a high window. It was growing amusing.

I left the cleaner's. I stepped into the street-car at the corner. We've recently adopted that thorn in the flesh, the six-cent fare, in our town. I fished in my purse. The exact change was n't there. I searched further. No pennies! I handed the conductor a ten-cent piece, and when he doled back my four pennies, I said something entirely pleasant, though it sounded a little like 'nuisance!' His reply was, 'They all hate a six-cent fare.'

'They' again! This time I was one of the traveling public. What I meant to that conductor was a person, one of hundreds who pass under his observation every day, who, like the others, hated a six-cent fare. Only that and nothing more. To him I was n't a payer of water-rates, or the mother of an aspirant for terpsichorean fame, or even a slayer of moths.

As I wrote the above, my next-door neighbor came to borrow something for private theatricals. (We still have private theatricals in our town, despite peace conferences and the spread of Bolshevism.)

'I wonder if you'd lend me one of your linen collars?' said my neighbor. 'Helen is to take a man's part and wants a linen collar, and her throat is so slender none of our husbands' collars will fit. I tried to think who wore linen collars, and you were the only woman I could think of who still does.'

Aha! At last I have achieved individualism, if only of an Arrow Brand. I had seen myself as others saw me — one of 'them,' but now I was in a different position, dragged there, so to speak, by the collar.